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JOHN DONNE - And DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S

COMPLETE POETRY

AND

SELECTED PROSE

EDITED BY



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CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

n T andan	1572
Born in London Matriculated Hart Hall, Oxford	Oct. 1584
Transferred to Trinity College, Cambridge	1587
Admitted to Lincoln's Inn	May 6th, 1592
	? (c. 1594–1596)
Foreign Travel	June, 1596
Foreign Service with the Earl of Essex The Azores Expedition (The Islands Voyage)	•
The Azores Expedition (The Islands Vojugo)	1598-1602
Secretary to Sir Thomas Egerton	c. 1590–1601
Songs and Sonets, composed	c. 1590–1608
Problemes and Paradoxes, composed	Dec., 1601
Married to Anne More	
Imprisoned in the Fleet by Sir George More	April, 1602
Marriage ratified	
Residence with Sir Francis Wooley at Pyrfor	1605-1609
Residence at Mitcham	c. 1605-1607
Employed by Thomas Morton	1608
Biathanatos composed (pub. 1644)	April 17th, 1610
Hon. M.A., Oxford	•
Residence at Drury House. Pseudo-Martyr	published 1610
Composition of Divine poems	after 1610
Ignatius his Conclave, published	1611
Anatomy of the World, published	1611
The Second Anniversary, published	1612
	_
Nov.	, 1011 - Ocpt., 1-1-
Essays in Divinity, composed (pub. 1651)	c. 1615
Ordained priest	Jan. 23rd, 1614/5
Decree of Divinity, Cambridge	April, 1615
First surviving Sermon (To the Queen at	Greenwich)
	Tapara Jessy
Presented to the livings of Keyston and Sev	
- to the Renchers of Lill	t., 1616–Feb., 1622
	, 2020
Preached to the Earl of Dorset at Knole	March 24th, 1617
First Sermon preached at Paul's Cross	Aug., 1617
Death of his wife	- 3,

xii CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE With Doncaster's Embassy to Germany May, 1619-Dec., 1620 Dean of Saint Paul's Nov. 19th, 1621 Seriously ill. Composition of Devotions (pub. 1624) Winter, 1623 Appointed to St. Dunstan's in the West March, 1624 Plague in London. Retires to Magdalen Danvers' house at Chelsea Autumn, 1625 Death's Duell preached Feb. 12th, 1630/1 Dies in London March 31st, 1631 First collected edition of Poems, with Paradoxes, etc. 1633 LXXX Sermons with Walton's Life, published 1640 Fifty Sermons, published 1649 XXVI Sermons, published

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THE PRAISE that has been accorded to Donne's writings by three centuries of his admirers is not more remarkable than the contempt in which they have been held by his detractors. No English writer has provoked such passionate like and dislike, for Donne more than any of his contemporaries has suffered from the vagaries of that changeable and elusive spirit, Taste. The elegies printed after his death bear witness to the popularity he enjoyed, both as a poet and as a divine, and to the end of the seventeenth century his influence as a writer in the "metaphysical style" can be traced in the work of poets and poetasters alike. This influence, though widespread, was never deep, for the turbid flood of mediæval thought and feeling that flows through Donne's writings dwindled into mere rivulets as the century advanced and in the end disappeared altogether. Donne was the last great disciple of scholasticism, of those dark esoteric beliefs that the " new philosophy," as he described the scientific renascence of the early seventeenth century, was to " call in doubt." When Donne died the heritage of the Middle Ages passed to no heir; "Death's Duell" was, as it were, a final claim to that title, its preaching a landmark in the transition of the old world into a new.

In the Augustan age Donne was barely remembered in Pope's version of his Satires, and in Johnson's Life of Cowley. Appreciation of his peculiar and brilliant gifts seemed lost until Coleridge and De Quincey attempted to renew it during one of those revolutions in taste, more puzzling to the critic, than any political upheaval to the historian—the Romantic revival. Yet this attempt to restore Donne to favour inspired little enthusiasm, and in spite of Browning he was again forgotten. Only recently, by yet another revolution in taste, has Donne regained part of his former reputation, and new editions of his works and fresh criticisms of them have invited the

attention to which they are entitled, and the admiration they deserve.

This renewed interest is due very largely to the labours of a few men and women: to Sir Edmund Gosse, whose Life and Letters, though it is incomplete and not always accurate, must still be considered the standard biography; to Dr. Jessopp for his study of Donne as a theologian; to Miss Ramsay and Mrs. Simpson respectively for their studies of Donne's scholasticism and Donne's prose, and to a large body of critics too numerous for individual mention, but amongst whom it is not invidious to pick out Mr. John Sparrow (ed. Devotions, 1923) and Signor Mario Praz (Secentismo e Marinismo in Inghilterra 1927). To all these a student of Donne's writings, whether a specialist or a common reader, is indebted, but to none more deeply than to Professor H. J. C. Grierson, whose critical edition of the poems, published at Oxford in 1912, will always remain the editio princeps with which subsequent editions may disagree on minor points, but the importance of which will not alter nor ever be lightly estimated.

This edition owes more to Professor Grierson than to any other of Donne's editors. The present text of the poems is substantially his text, for the simple reason that it is wellnigh impossible to improve on his recension. Doubtless his interpretation of the text may not be everywhere approved, but the text itself, the value of which no fresh evidence has since diminished, nor, one supposes, could, in future, diminish, must perforce be the foundation of a new edition. In the notes and prefaces to the poems in this edition the sources of the text are indicated in detail, but it is as well to add (as a vindication of the possible accusation that Professor Grierson's work has been incorporated in this edition, thereby sparing its editor the expense of all the time and energy he gave to it) that all the old editions and a majority of the manuscript collections, including some that Professor Grierson did not examine, have been recollated in the preparation of the present text, and the result of this heavy task was to show that only in a few cases was it possible, or advisable, to depart from his readings.

This is not a critical edition, that is to say no elaborate apparatus criticus has been printed to justify the chosen text. Yet it has been prepared with all that care could bestow and accuracy command, and will have achieved its end if it has not wholly failed to present Donne's poetry and a selection of his prose that the critic may approve and the common reader

enjoy. In a volume of this size there is little room for commentary, so that the notes have been limited to those that seemed indispensable, either because they introduced a new interpretation or treated of an old one that could not be omitted without confusion to the reader. For a full discussion of any crux, he must refer to the work of Donne's other editors and especially to Professor Grierson's.

In order to unravel the complicated threads of Donne's thought, to trace them in his writings, it is essential to have some idea of his dual character: the "Jack Donne" of the early poems and the Juvenilia, and the Doctor Donne of the Sermons and controversial works. For it is a mistake to suppose that Donne's life was divided into two halves by his entering Holy Orders, or that his mode of thought suffered a sudden change at that time. Such an error can only be made by one who has read his poetry and neglected his prose. One of the aims of this edition is to enable him to rectify such an error by reading concurrently the early poems with the early prose works, the Divine poems with the Sermons, so that he may find how Donne's poetry can be paralleled in his prose, and how the substance of which they are composed is compact and indivisible, while only the mould which contains it is different.

Each section of this book is prefaced by a short note, indicating briefly the history and source of the pages that follow, and, where necessary, these indications are amplified in the notes at the end of the volume.

I am indebted to many people: to some for their help, to some for their advice, to others for allowing me the use of MSS., etc., without which this edition would be the poorer. I can only offer this brief tribute of thanks to Professor Grierson, to Mr. John Sparrow, to Mr. F. L. Lucas, to Mr. T. S. Eliot, to Mr. George Rylands for the advice they have generously given me. I owe much to the late Sir Edmund Gosse, both for the interest he took in my work and for his kindness in allowing me to use two valuable MSS. from his library and to print from one of them certain poems of Donne which appear in none of the early editions or manuscript collections: to Mr. Wiifred Merton for permitting me to examine a MS. of poems formerly owned by Dowden from which he allowed me to print some readings: to Mr. Des Graz and Messrs. Sotheby for placing at my disposal a MS. of poems formerly in Lord Leconfield's library: to the Earl

of Powis for allowing me to print an unpublished and hitherto unrecorded letter: to Professor Grierson, to Mrs. Percy Simpson and the Delegates of the Clarendon Press for permission to print a poem and four letters from the Burley MS. which was destroyed by fire. I am very deeply in the debt of Mr. Geoffrey Keynes for having placed at my disposal the whole of his collection of Donne's works, probably the finest in existence, and allowing me to carry away volume after volume and keep them by me as long as I wished, without which assistance I could never have completed my work so soon or so pleasurably. Anyone who has suffered the inconveniences of collating texts in public places will understand how much time and labour is saved by being able to work how, where, and when one chooses. At the same time I must not omit to mention the help I have received from his Bibliography of Donne (1914). A few minor acknowledgments are mentioned in the notes. Finally I should like to record here my gratitude to the Nonesuch Press for lending or buying for me books by Donne or relating to him.

JOHN HAYWARD.

NOTE TO THE SECOND IMPRESSION

THE text of the first edition has been carefully searched for misprints and inconsistences, and where any have been found they have been corrected in this, the second, impression. Besides, two additions have been made. The first, a latin epigram (p. 326), has been printed from the autograph original in Harvard College Library. The second is a passage (p. 577) from the first of the 'Six Sermons,' printed in 1634. By giving his permission to print the former, Mr. Geoffrey Keynes has added to the particular debt of gratitude that this edition owes to him. The general debt has been increased by the kindness of Mr. Richard Jennings, the owner of the John Cave MS., and by Professor Grierson, Mr. John Sparrow, and Mrs. Simpson, who have helped in tracing imperfections in the text.

NOTE TO THE THIRD IMPRESSION

so substantial changes in the text have been made since the second impression of this edition was published in 1929. But a few readings in the text and some opinions in the notes have been revised in the light of recent research. The extent and variety of these enquiries into Donne's life and writings since the first appearance of this book in 1929 are indicated in the carefully revised and considerably augmented second edition (1932) of Mr. Geoffrey Keynes's bibliography.

J. H.

NOTE TO THE FOURTH IMPRESSION

PART from the correction of a few typographical errors, some additions to the notes, and the alteration of the address of Letter XXXIII, the only important change that has been made in this, the fourth, impression, is that the text of Letter XXXI is now exactly reproduced, for the first time, from Donne's holograph instead of, as hitherto, from the earliest printed version of 1651. The original of this important letter was sold in London on February 1, 1934, to Messrs. Maggs, through whose courtesy it now appears in its correct form.

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GENERAL NOTE ON THE TEXT

THE spelling of the original text, whether prose or poetry, has been retained, with the following exceptions*: (indicating comparison) has been changed to than throughout; and than to then where the original text prints than for the sake of the rhyme (e.g. Elegie IV, 1. 32). The long f has become s, where necessary v has been changed to u, i to j. y to i, and all abbreviations (usually these occur only in MS.) have been expanded to their full value throughout. In a few places where confusion was likely to occur, hast to haste, and least to lest, to to too, of to off have been silently altered. Some minor changes in spelling are recorded in the notes. Elizabethan use of a mark of interrogation to denote an exclamation has been altered to conform with modern usage. In the prose works dropped, turned and inverted letters have been silently corrected, and proper names, where they are obviously incorrect, have been altered to the correct forms as they are printed elsewhere. As far as possible the punctuation of the early editions and MS. collections has been retained. When, however, it is necessary to supplement or alter the punctuation of the text upon which a recension is based, the punctuation of another edition or a manuscript often supplies the defect. Every effort has been made to reduce editorial conjectures to the smallest number consistent with intelligibility of the text. Except in a very few instances, the Sermons, which Donne prepared for the Press with special attention to the use of stops, capitals and italics, are reprinted exactly as they are found in the original editions.

^{*} Note. These exceptions have not been made in the text of Letter XXXI, which exactly reproduces Donne's manuscript.

THE POEMS

Author		The state of the s		
Accession No.				
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	general de la la la companya de la c			
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NOTE ON THE TEXT OF THE POEMS

I HERE are two sources for the text of Donne's poems: the early editions, which were printed after his death, and the MS. collections, some made before, others shortly after it. No holograph MSS. of Donne's poetry exist, and it is doubtful if any of the MS. collections were prepared with his authority, although certain readings in them are sometimes to be preferred to those in the editions. None of these collections is as complete or as reliable as the first printed edition of 1633, but when several good MSS. agree where the editions differ in a reading, then the reading of the MSS. is probably correct. The temptation for an editor is to rely too much on the MSS, when they concur and to neglect the printed texts. The text of 1633, however, was not set up from any one MS. that has been preserved, so that, having regard to its general excellence compared to any individual MS. or later edition, it must always be recognised as the foundation of Donne's text. Where its readings are erroneous or obscure, a correct solution may often be found in the MSS. and later editions. The latter then must be regarded as tributaries to the chief source—the edition of 1633.

The canon of Donne's poems is far from complete in that edition, but with the exception of Basse's "Epitaph on Shakespeare," all the poems in it are by Donne. In the later editions new poems were introduced, some of which are certainly not Donne's, while others as certainly can be attributed to him. The Burley MS. added one poem to the canon, and a number were added for the first time by Sir Edmund Gosse from the Westmoreland MS. In the present edition the "Ode: Of our Sense of Sin" (ed. 1635, p. 369) has been omitted and the verse-letter to the Countess of Huntingdon (ed. 1635, p. 191) has been introduced, otherwise the canon is the same as that established by Professor Grierson in 1912.

The arrangement of the poems follows the order established by Professor Grierson, which is, generally speaking, that of the edition of 1635. Where a poem could not be placed, either by the date of its composition or its relation to a group, there seemed no reason to alter its position.

Some of the questions discussed in this place have been amplified in the notes, to which the reader is referred.

The following are the editions and MSS. that have been used in the preparation of the text:

Editions: 1633, 1635, 1639, 1650, 1669, 1719, 1895 (Grolier Club edition); 1896 (Sir E. K. Chambers); 1912 (Prof.

H. J. C. Grierson). (The editions of 1649 and 1654 are textually identical with the edition of 1650, but the 1650 and 1654 editions contain thirteen additions, of which seven are by Donne.)

Manuscripts:

British Museum: * Additional MS. 10309.

•	• •	Additional MS.	10309.
		>>	11811.
	Ú))	18647 (misprinted by
			Grierson as 18646).
		**	23229.
	â	**	25707.
		**	34744.
		Egerton MS.	2013.
		**	2230.
		Harleian MS.	3910.
	*	33	4064.
	Ċ	**	4955 (misprinted by
			Grierson as 4944).
	*	**	5110 (Satyres).
	*	>>	3998 (Progress of the
			Soule).
	*	Lansdowne MS.	. 740.
		**	777•
		Stowe MS.	961.
		Sloane MS.	1792.
		Ashmole MS.	38.

Bodleian, Oxford

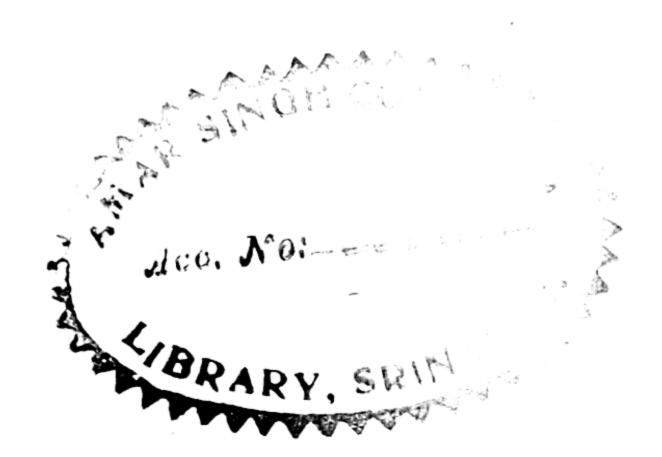
Rawlinson Poetical MS. 31.

Cambridge University Library: * Additional MS. 5778

Private Manuscripts:

- * MS. formerly owned by Professor Dowden (Grierson: D), now in the possession of Wilfred Merton, Esquire.
- * MS. formerly owned by Lord Leconfield (Grierson: Lec.), sold at Sotheby's, April, 1928, now in the possession of Geoffrey Keynes, Esquire.
- * MS. (Westmoreland MS.) formerly in the library of Sir Edmund Gosse (Grierson: W), sold at Sotheby's, July, 1928.
- * MS. formerly in the library of Sir Edmund Gosse (Grierson: G). (Progresse of the Soule.) Sold at Sotheby's, May, 1929.

- * MS. at Trinity College, Cambridge (Grierson: TCC)
 The John Cave MS. (Grierson: JC) now in the possession
 of Richard Jennings, Esquire.
 - * MSS. so marked contain important texts.



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SONGS & SONETS

the "songs and sonets" were written by Donne before the turn of the century, according to Ben Jonson "ere he was twenty-five years old," but there is no evidence to show the exact date of their composition. The majority of them probably belong to the years between Donne's leaving Cambridge and his marriage. At any rate it is safe to assume that those in which lust and a kind of cynical wit predominate are the earliest examples of his verse and are contemporary with the "Paradoxes and Problemes." His meeting with Anne More in 1598 was the cause of a sudden change in his attitude to women, reflected in his poetry by an increase of passion and an effort to analyse his attitude to love. To this period belongs such a poem as "The Ecstasie." Only in a few instances after this date did he return again to his early manner.

With four exceptions, the edition of 1633 is the source of all the poems included under the general title "Songs and Sonets." "A Farewell to Love" and "A Lecture upon the Shadow' were printed for the first time in 1635; "The Token" and "Self Love" in 1649 (i.e. an early issue of the 1650 edition). The title of this last poem was suggested by Sir E. K. Chambers. In the arrangement of the titles of the "Valediction" poems I have followed Professor Grierson, who established this arrangement from the title given to the poem "A Valediction: of my name in the window" in a group of MSS. (Dowden Harleian 4955, Leconfield).



THE GOOD-MORROW

I WONDER by my troth, what thou, and I Did, till we lov'd? were we not wean'd till then? But suck'd on countrey pleasures, childishly? Or snorted we in the seaven sleepers den? T'was so; But this, all pleasures fancies bee. If ever any beauty I did see, Which I desir'd, and got, t'was but a dreame of thee.

And now good morrow to our waking soules,
Which watch not one another out of feare;
For love, all love of other sights controules,
And makes one little roome, an every where.
Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,
Let Maps to other, worlds on worlds have showne,
Let us possesse one world, each hath one, and is one, to the

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appeares,
And true plaine hearts doe in the faces rest,
Where can we finde two better hemispheares
Without sharpe North, without declining West?
What ever dyes, was not mixt equally;
If our two loves be one, or, thou and I
Love so alike, that none doe slacken, none can die.

SONG

Goe, and catche a falling starre,
Get with child a mandrake roote,
Tell me, where all past yeares are,
Or who cleft the Divels foot,
Teach me to heare Mermaides singing,
Or to keep off envies stinging,

And finde What winde

Serves to advance an honest minde.

If thou beest borne to strange sights,
Things invisible to see,
Ride ten thousand daies and nights,
Till age snow white haires on thee,
Thou, when thou retorn'st, wilt tell mee
All strange wonders that befell thee,

And sweare No where

Lives a woman true, and faire.

If thou findst one, let mee know,
Such a Pilgrimage were sweet;
Yet doe not, I would not goe,
Though at next doore wee might meet,
Though shee were true, when you met her,
And last, till you write your letter,

Yet shee Will bee

False, ere I come, to two, or three.

WOMANS CONSTANCY

Now thou hast lov'd me one whole day,
To morrow when thou leav'st, what wilt thou say?
Wilt thou then Antedate some new made vow?
Or say that now

We are not just those persons, which we were?
Or, that oathes made in reverentiall feare
Of Love, and his wrath, any may forsweare?
Or, as true deaths, true maryages untie,
So lovers contracts, images of those,
Binde but till sleep, deaths image, them unloose?

Or, your owne end to Justifie,
For having purpos'd change, and falsehood; you
Can have no way but falsehood to be true?
Vaine lunatique, against these scapes I could

Dispute, and conquer, if I would, Which I abstaine to doe, For by to morrow, I may thinke so too.

THE UNDERTAKING

Than all the Worthies did,
And yet a braver thence doth spring,
Which is, to keepe that hid.

It were but madnes now t'impart
The skill of specular stone,
When he which can have learn'd the art
To cut it, can finde none.

So, if I now should utter this,
Others (because no more
Such stuffe to worke upon, there is,)
Would love but as before.

But he who lovelinesse within

Hath found, all outward loathes,

For he who colour loves, and skinne,

Loves but their oldest clothes.

If, as I have, you also doe
Vertue'attir'd in woman see,
And dare love that, and say so too,
And forget the Hee and Shee;

And if this love, though placed so, From prophane men you hide, Which will no faith on this bestow, Or, if they doe, deride:

Then you have done a braver thing Than all the Worthies did; And a braver thence will spring, Which is, to keepe that hid.

THE SUNNE RISING

BUSIE old foole, unruly Sunne,
Why dost thou thus,
Through windowes, and through curtaines call on us?
Must to thy motions lovers seasons run?
Sawcy pedantique wretch, goe chide

Sawcy pedantique wretch, goe chide

Late schoole boyes and sowre prentices,

Goe tell Court-huntsmen, that the King will ride,

Call countrey ants to harvest offices;

Love, all alike, no season knowes, nor clyme,

Nor houres, dayes, moneths, which are the rags of time.

Thy beames, so reverend, and strong
Why shouldst thou thinke?

I could eclipse and cloud them with a winke,
But that I would not lose her sight so long:

If her ever have not blinded thine

If her eyes have not blinded thine,
Looke, and to morrow late, tell mee,
Whether both the India's of spice and Myne
Be where thou leftst them, or lie here with mee.
Aske for those Kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,
And thou shalt heare, All here in one bed lay.

She'is all States, and all Princes, I, Nothing else is.

Princes doe but play us; compar'd to this, All honor's mimique; All wealth alchimie.

Thou sunne art halfe as happy'as wee,
In that the world's contracted thus;
Thine age askes ease, and since thy duties bee
To warme the world, that's done in warming us.
Shine here to us, and thou art every where;
This bed thy center is, these walls, thy spheare.

THE INDIFFERENT

I CAN love both faire and browne,

Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want betraies,

Her who loves lonenesse best, and her who maskes and

plaies,

Her whom the country form'd, and whom the town,
Her who believes, and her who tries,
Her who still weepes with spungie eyes,
And her who is dry corke, and never cries;
I can love her, and her, and you and you,
I can love any, so she be not true.

Will no other vice content you?
Wil it not serve your turn to do, as did your mothers?
Or have you all old vices spent, and now would finde out others?

Or doth a feare, that men are true, torment you? Oh we are not, be not you so,
Let mee, and doe you, twenty know.
Rob mee, but binde me not, and let me goe.
Must I, who came to travaile thorow you,
Grow your fixt subject, because you are true?

Venus heard me sigh this song, And by Loves sweetest Part, Variety, she swore, She heard not this till now; and that it should be so no more.

She went, examin'd, and return'd ere long,
And said, alas, Some two or three
Poore Heretiques in love there bee,
Which thinke to stablish dangerous constancie.
But I have told them, since you will be true,
You shall be true to them, who'are false to you.

LOVES USURY

FOR every houre that thou wilt spare mee now, I will allow,

Usurious God of Love, twenty to thee,
When with my browne, my gray haires equall bee;
Till then, Love, let my body raigne, and let
Mee travell, sojourne, snatch, plot, have, forget,
Resume my last yeares relict: thinke that yet
We'had never met.

Let mee thinke any rivalls letter mine,
And at next nine

Keepe midnights promise; mistake by the way
The maid, and tell the Lady of that delay;
Onely let mee love none, no, not the sport;
From country grasse, to comfitures of Court,
Or cities quelque choses, let report
My minde transport.

This bargaine's good; if when I'am old, I bee Inflam'd by thee, If thine owne honour, or my shame, or paine,

Thou covet, most at that age thou shalt gaine.

Doe thy will then, then subject and degree,

And fruit of love, Love I submit to thee,

Spare mee till then, I'll beare it, though she bee

One that loves mee.

THE CANONIZATION

FOR Godsake hold your tongue, and let me love,
Or chide my palsie, or my gout,
My five gray haires, or ruin'd fortune flout,
With wealth your state, your minde with Arts improve,
Take you a course, get you a place,
Observe his honour, or his grace,
Or the Kings reall, or his stamped face
Contemplate, what you will, approve,
So you will let me love.

Alas, alas, who's injur'd by my love?

What merchants ships have my sighs drown'd?

Who saies my teares have overflow'd his ground?

When did my colds a forward spring remove?

When did the heats which my veines fill

Adde one more to the plaguie Bill?

Soldiers finde warres, and Lawyers finde out still

Litigious men, which quarrels move,

Though she and I do love.

Call us what you will, wee are made such by love;
Call her one, mee another flye,
We'are Tapers too, and at our owne cost die,
And wee in us finde the'Eagle and the Dove.
The Phœnix ridle hath more wit
By us, we two being one, are it.
So to one neutrall thing both sexes fit,
Wee dye and rise the same, and prove
Mysterious by this love.

Wee can dye by it, if not live by love,
And if unfit for tombes and hearse
Our legend bee, it will be fit for verse;
And if no peece of Chronicle wee prove,

We'll build in sonnets pretty roomes;
As well a well wrought urne becomes
The greatest ashes, as halfe-acre tombes,
And by these hymnes, all shall approve
Us Canoniz'd for Love:

And thus invoke us; You whom reverend love
Made one anothers hermitage;
You, to whom love was peace, that now is rage;
Who did the whole worlds soule contract, and drove
Into the glasses of your eyes
(So made such mirrors, and such spies,
That they did all to you epitomize,)
Countries, Townes, Courts: Beg from above
A patterne of your love!

THE TRIPLE FOOLE

I AM two fooles, I know,

For loving, and for saying so
In whining Poëtry;

But where's that wiseman, that would not be I,
If she would not deny?

Then as th'earths inward narrow crooked lanes
Do purge sea waters fretfull salt away,
I thought, if I could draw my paines,

Through Rimes vexation, I should them allay.

Griefe brought to numbers cannot be so fierce,

For, he tames it, that fetters it in verse.

But when I have done so,

Some man, his art and voice to show,

Doth Set and sing my paine,

And, by delighting many, frees againe

Griefe, which verse did restraine.

To Love, and Griefe tribute of Verse belongs,

But not of such as pleases when'tis read,

Both are increased by such songs:

For both their triumphs so are published, And I, which was two fooles, do so grow three; Who are a little wise, the best fooles bee.

LOVERS INFINITENESSE

Deare, I shall never have it all,
I cannot breath one other sigh, to move,
Nor can intreat one other teare to fall,
And all my treasure, which should purchase thee,
Sighs, teares, and oathes, and letters I have spent.
Yet no more can be due to mee,
Than at the bargaine made was ment,
If then thy gift of love were partiall,
That some to mee, some should to others fall,
Deare, I shall never have Thee All.

Or if then thou gavest mee all,
All was but All, which thou hadst then;
But if in thy heart, since, there be or shall,
New love created bee, by other men,
Which have their stocks intire, and can in teares,
In sighs, in oathes, and letters outbid mee,
This new love may beget new feares,
For, this love was not vowed by thee.
And yet it was, thy gift being generall,
The ground, thy heart is mine, what ever shall
Grow there, deare, I should have it all.

Yet I would not have all yet,
Hee that hath all can have no more,
And since my love doth every day admit
New growth, thou shouldst have new rewards in
store;

Thou canst not every day give me thy heart, If thou canst give it, then thou never gavest it: Loves riddles are, that though thy heart depart, It stayes at home, and thou with losing savest it:
But wee will have a way more liberall,
Than changing hearts, to joyne them, so wee shall
Be one, and one anothers All.

SONG

For wearinesse of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter Love for mee;
But since that I
Must dye at last, 'tis best,
To use my selfe in jest
Thus by fain'd deaths to dye;

Yesternight the Sunne went hence,
And yet is here to day,
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor halfe so short a way:
Then feare not mee,
But beleeve that I shall make
Speedier journeyes, since I take
More wings and spurres than hee.

O how feeble is mans power,
That if good fortune fall,
Cannot adde another houre,
Nor a lost houre recall!
But come bad chance,
And wee joyne to'it our strength,
And wee teach it art and length,
It selfe o'r us to'advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not winde, But sigh'st my soule away, When thou weep'st, unkindly kinde, My lifes blood doth decay. It cannot bee
That thou lov'st mee, as thou say'st,
If in thine my life thou waste,
That art the best of mee.

Let not thy divining heart
Forethinke me any ill,
Destiny may take thy part,
And may thy feares fulfill;
But thinke that wee
Are but turn'd aside to sleepe;
They who one another keepe
Alive, ne'r parted bee.

THE LEGACIE

WHEN I dyed last, and, Deare, I dye
As often as from thee I goe,
Though it be but an houre agoe,
And Lovers houres be full eternity,
I can remember yet, that I
Something did say, and something did bestow;
Though I be dead, which sent mee, I should be
Mine owne executor and Legacie.

I heard mee say, Tell her anon,

That my selfe, (that is you, not I,)

Did kill me, and when I felt mee dye,

I bid mee send my heart, when I was gone,

But I alas could there finde none,

When I had ripp'd me, 'and search'd where hearts

did lye;

It kill'd mee againe, that I who still was true,

In life, in my last Will should cozen you.

Yet I found something like a heart, But colours it, and corners had, It was not good, it was not bad, It was intire to none, and few had part.

As good as could be made by art

It seem'd; and therefore for our losses sad,

I meant to send this heart in stead of mine,

But oh, no man could hold it, for twas thine.

A FEAVER

OH doe not die, for I shall hate
All women so, when thou art gone,
That thee I shall not celebrate,
When I remember, thou wast one.

But yet thou canst not die, I know,
To leave this world behinde, is death,
But when thou from this world wilt goe,
The whole world vapors with thy breath.

Or if, when thou, the worlds soule, goest,
It stay, tis but thy carkasse then,
The fairest woman, but thy ghost,
But corrupt wormes, the worthyest men.

O wrangling schooles, that search what fire Shall burne this world, had none the wit Unto this knowledge to aspire, That this her feaver might be it?

And yet she cannot wast by this,

Nor long beare this torturing wrong,

For such corruption needfull is

To fuell such a feaver long.

These burning fits but meteors bee,
Whose matter in thee is soone spent.
Thy beauty,'and all parts, which are thee.
Are unchangeable firmament.



Yet t'was of my minde, seising thee,
'Though it in thee cannot persever.

For I had rather owner bee
Of thee one houre, than all else ever.

(AIRE AND ANGELS)

Before I knew thy face or name;
So in a voice, so in a shapelesse flame,
Angells affect us oft, and worship'd bee;
Still when, to where thou wert, I came,
Some lovely glorious nothing I did see.
But since my soule, whose child love is,
Takes limmes of flesh, and else could nothing doe,
More subtile than the parent is,
Love must not be, but take a body too,
And therefore what thou wert, and who,
I bid Love aske, and now
That it assume thy body, I allow,
And fixe it selfe in thy lip, eye, and brow.

Whilst thus to ballast love, I thought,
And so more steddily to have gone,
With wares which would sinke admiration,
I saw, I had loves pinnace overfraught,
Ev'ry thy haire for love to worke upon
Is much too much, some fitter must be sought;
For, nor in nothing, nor in things
Extreme, and scatt'ring bright, can love inhere;
Then as an Angell, face, and wings
Of aire, not pure as it, yet pure doth weare,
So thy love may be my loves spheare;
Just such disparitie
As is twixt Aire and Angells puritie,
'Twixt womens love, and mens will ever bee.

BREAKE OF DAY

'T I s true, 'tis day; what though it be?
O wilt thou therefore rise from me?
Why should we rise, because 'tis light?
Did we lie downe, because 'twas night?
Love which in spight of darknesse brought us hether,
Should in despight of light keepe us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye;
If it could speake as well as spie,
This were the worst, that it could say,
That being well, I faine would stay,
And that I lov'd my heart and honor so,
That I would not from him, that had them, goe.

Must businesse thee from hence remove?
Oh, that's the worst disease of love,
The poore, the foule, the false, love can
Admit, but not the busied man.
He which hath businesse, and makes love, doth doe
Such wrong, as when a maryed man doth wooe.

THE ANNIVERSARIE

All kings, and all their favorites,
All glory of honors, beauties, wits,
The Sun it selfe, which makes times, as they passe,
Is elder by a yeare, now, than it was
When thou and I first one another saw:
All other things, to their destruction draw,
Only our love hath no decay;
This, no to morrow hath, nor yesterday,
Running it never runs from us away,
But truly keepes his first, last, everlasting day.

Two graves must hide thine and mine coarse, If one might, death were no divorce Alas, as well as other Princes, wee,

(Who Prince enough in one another bee,)

Must leave at last in death, these eyes, and eares,

Oft fed with true oathes, and with sweet salt teares;

But soules where nothing dwells but love

(All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove

This, or a love increased there above,

When bodies to their graves, soules from their graves remove.

And then wee shall be throughly blest,
But wee no more, than all the rest;
Here upon earth, we'are Kings, and none but wee
Can be such Kings, nor of such subjects bee.
Who is so safe as wee? where none can doe
Treason to us, except one of us two.

True and false feares let us refraine,

Let us love nobly, and live, and adde againe

Yeares and yeares unto yeares, till we attaine

To write threescore: this is the second of our raigne.

A VALEDICTION: OF MY NAME, IN THE WINDOW

I

My name engrav'd herein,

Doth contribute my firmnesse to this glasse,

Which, ever since that charme, hath beene
As hard, as that which grav'd it, was;

Thine eye will give it price enough, to mock

The diamonds of either rock.

П

'Tis much that glasse should bee As all confessing, and through-shine as I, 'Tis more, that it shewes thee to thee, And cleare reflects thee to thine eye.

But all such rules, loves magique can undoe,

Here you see mee, and I am you.

III

As no one point, nor dash,
Which are but accessaries to this name,
The showers and tempests can outwash,
So shall all times finde mee the same;
You this intirenesse better may fulfill,
Who have the patterne with you still.

IIII

Or if too hard and deepe
This learning be, for a scratch'd name to teach,
It, as a given deaths head keepe,
Lovers mortalitie to preach,
Or thinke this ragged bony name to bee
My ruinous Anatomie.

V

Then, as all my soules bee,

Emparadis'd in you, (in whom alone

I understand, and grow and see,)

The rafters of my body, bone

Being still with you, the Muscle, Sinew, and Veine,

Which tile this house, will come againe.

VI

And recompact my scattered body so.

As all the vertuous powers which are
Fix'd in the starres, are said to flow
Into such characters, as graved bee
When these starres have supremacie:

VII

So since this name was cut
When love and griefe their exaltation had,
No doore 'gainst this names influence shut;
As much more loving, as more sad,
'Twill make thee; and thou shouldst, till I returne,
Since I die daily, daily mourne.

VIII

When thy inconsiderate hand
Flings ope this casement, with my trembling name,
To looke on one, whose wit or land,
New battry to thy heart may frame,
Then thinke this name alive, and that thou thus
In it offendst my Genius.

ΙX

And when thy melted maid,

Corrupted by thy Lover's gold, and page,

His letter at thy pillow'hath laid,

Disputed it, and tam'd thy rage,

And thou begin'st to thaw towards him, for this,

May my name step in, and hide his.

X

And if this treason goe

To an overt act, and that thou write againe:

In superscribing, this name flow
Into thy fancy, from the pane.

So, in forgetting thou remembrest right,
And unaware to mee shalt write.

XI

But glasse, and lines must bee,
No meanes our firme substantiall love to keene;
Neere death inflicts this lethargie,

And this I murmure in my sleepe; Impute this idle talke, to that I goe, For dying men talke often so.

TWICKNAM GARDEN

Hither I come to seeke the spring,
And at mine eyes, and at mine eares,
Receive such balmes, as else cure every thing;
But O, selfe traytor. I do bring
The spider love, which transubstantiates all,
And can convert Manna to gall,
And that this place may thoroughly be thought
True Paradise, I have the serpent brought.

'Twere wholsomer for mee, that winter did
Benight the glory of this place,
And that a grave frost did forbid
These trees to laugh, and mocke mee to my face;
But that I may not this disgrace
Indure, nor yet leave loving, Love let mee
Some senslesse peece of this place bee;
Make me a mandrake, so I may groane here,
Or a stone fountaine weeping out my yeare.

Hither with christall vyals, lovers come,
And take my teares, which are loves wine,
And try your mistresse Teares at home,
For all are false, that tast not just like mine;
Alas, hearts do not in eyes shine,
Nor can you more judge womans thoughts by teares,
Than by her shadow, what she weares.
O perverse sexe, where none is true but shee,
Who's therefore true, because her truth kills mee.

A VALEDICTION: OF THE BOOKE

I'LL tell thee now (deare Love) what thou shalt doe
To anger destiny, as she doth us,
How I shall stay, though she Esloygne me thus
And how posterity shall know it too;

How thine may out-endure
Sybills glory, and obscure
Her who from Pindar could allure,

And her, through whose helpe Lucan is not lame,
And her, whose booke (they say) Homer did finde, and
name.

Of letters, which have past twixt thee and mee,
Thence write our Annals, and in them will bee
To all whom loves subliming fire invades,
Rule and example found;
There, the faith of any ground
No schismatique will dare to wound,
That sees, how Love this grace to us affords,
To make, to keep, to use, to be these his Records.

This Booke, as long-liv'd as the elements,
Or as the worlds forme, this all-graved tome
In cypher writ, or new made Idiome,
Wee for loves clergie only'are instruments:
When this booke is made thus,
Should againe the ravenous
Vandals and Goths inundate us,
Learning were safe; in this our Universe
Schooles might learne Sciences, Spheares Musick, Angels
Verse.

Here Loves Divines, (since all Divinity
Is love or wonder) may finde all they seeke,
Whether abstract spirituall love they like,

Their Soules exhal'd with what they do not see,
Or, loth so to amuze
Faiths infirmitie, they chuse

Something which they may see and use;

For, though minde be the heaven, where love doth sit: Beauty a convenient type may be to figure it.

Here more than in their bookes may Lawyers finde,
Both by what titles Mistresses are ours,
And how prerogative these states devours,
Transferr'd from Love himselfe, to womankinde,
Who though from heart, and eyes,
They exact great subsidies,
Forsake him who on them relies,
And for the cause, honour, or conscience give,
Chimeraes, vaine as they, or their prerogative.

Here Statesmen, (or of them, they which can reade,)
May of their occupation finde the grounds:
Love and their art alike it deadly wounds,
If to consider what 'tis, one proceed,
In both they doe excell
Who the present governe well,
Whose weaknesse none doth, or dares tell;
In this thy booke, such will their nothing see,
As in the Bible some can finde out Alchimy.

Thus vent thy thoughts; abroad I'll studie thee,
As he removes farre off, that great heights takes;
How great love is, presence best tryall makes,
But absence tryes how long this love will bee;
To take a latitude

Sun, or starres, are fitliest view'd At their brightest, but to conclude

Of longitudes, what other way have wee, But to marke when, and where the darke eclipses bee?

COMMUNITIE

For ill is ill, and good good still,
But there are things indifferent,
Which wee may neither hate, nor love,
But one, and then another prove,
As wee shall finde our fancy bent.

If then at first wise Nature had
Made women either good or bad,
Then some wee might hate, and some chuse,
But since shee did them so create,
That we may neither love, nor hate,
Onely this rests, All, all may use.

If they were good it would be seene,
Good is as visible as greene,
And to all eyes it selfe betrayes:
If they were bad, they could not last,
Bad doth it selfe, and others wast,
So, they deserve nor blame, nor praise.

But they are ours as fruits are ours,
He that but tasts, he that devours,
And he that leaves all, doth as well:
Chang'd loves are but chang'd sorts of meat,
And when hee hath the kernell eate,
Who doth not fling away the shell?

LOVES GROWTH

As I had thought it was,
Because it doth endure
Vicissitude, and season, as the grasse;
Me thinkes I lyed all winter, when I swore,
My love was infinite, if spring make'it more

But if this medicine, love, which cures all sorrow With more, not onely bee no quintessence, But mixt of all stuffes, paining soule, or sense, And of the Sunne his working vigour borrow, Love's not so pure, and abstract, as they use To say, which have no Mistresse but their Muse, But as all else, being elemented too, Love sometimes would contemplate, sometimes do.

And yet no greater, but more eminent,

Love by the Spring is growne;

As, in the firmament,

Starres by the Sunne are not inlarg'd, but showne.

Gentle love deeds, as blossomes on a bough,

From loves awakened root do bud out now.

If, as in water stir'd more circles bee

Produc'd by one, love such additions take,

Those like so many spheares, but one heaven make,

For, they are all concentrique unto thee.

And though each spring doe adde to love new heate,

As princes doe in times of action get

New taxes, and remit them not in peace,

No winter shall abate the springs encrease.

LOVES EXCHANGE

Love, any devill else but you, Would for a given Soule give something too. At Court your fellowes every day, Give th'art of Riming, Huntsmanship, or Play, For them which were their owne before; Onely I have nothing which gave more, But am, alas, by being lowly, lower.

I aske no dispensation now

To falsifie a teare, or sigh, or vow,

I do not sue from thee to draw

A non obstante on natures law,

These are prerogatives, they inhere
In thee and thine; none should forsweare
Except that hee Loves minion were.

Give mee thy weaknesse, make mee blinde,
Both wayes, as thou and thine, in eies and minde;
Love, let me never know that this
Is love, or, that love childish is.
Let me not know that others know
That she knowes my paines, lest that so
A tender shame make me mine owne new woe.

If thou give nothing, yet thou'art just,
Because I would not thy first motions trust;
Small townes which stand stiffe, till great shot
Enforce them, by warres law condition not.
Such in loves warfare is my case,
I may not article for grace,
Having put Love at last to shew this face.

This face, by which he could command
And change the Idolatrie of any land,
This face, which wheresoe'r it comes,
Can call vow'd men from cloisters, dead from tombes,
And melt both Poles at once, and store
Deserts with cities, and make more
Mynes in the earth, than Quarries were before.

For this, Love is enrag'd with mee,
Yet kills not. If I must example bee
To future Rebells; If th'unborne
Must learne, by my being cut up, and torne:
Kill, and dissect me, Love; for this
Torture against thine owne end is,
Rack't carcasses make ill Anatomies.

CONFINED LOVE

SOME man unworthy to be possessor

Of old or new love, himselfe being false or weake,

Thought his paine and shame would be lesser,

If on womankind he might his anger wreake,

And thence a law did grow,

One might but one man know;

But are other creatures so?

Are Sunne, Moone, or Starres by law forbidden,
To smile where they list, or lend away their light?
Are birds divorc'd, or are they chidden
If they leave their mate, or lie abroad a-night?
Beasts doe no joyntures lose
Though they new lovers choose,
But we are made worse than those.

Who e'r rigg'd faire ship to lie in harbors,
And not to seeke new lands, or not to deale withall?
Or built faire houses, set trees, and arbors,
Only to lock up, or else to let them fall?
Good is not good, unlesse
A thousand it possesse,
But doth wast with greedinesse.

THE DREAME

Would I have broke this happy dreame,

It was a theame

For reason, much too strong for phantasie,

Therefore thou wakd'st me wisely; yet

My Dreame thou brok'st not, but continued'st it,

Thou art so truth, that thoughts of thee suffice,

To make dreames truths; and fables histories;

Enter these armes, for since thou thoughtst it best, Not to dreame all my dreame, let's act the rest.

As lightning, or a Tapers light,
Thine eyes, and not thy noise wak'd mee;
Yet I thought thee

(For thou lovest truth) an Angell, at first sight,
But when I saw thou sawest my heart,
And knew'st my thoughts, beyond an Angels art,
When thou knew'st what I dreamt, when thou knew'st
when

Excesse of joy would wake me, and cam'st then, I must confesse, it could not chuse but bee Prophane, to thinke thee any thing but thee.

Comming and staying show'd thee, thee, But rising makes me doubt, that now,

Thou art not thou.

That love is weake, where feare's as strong as hee; 'Tis not all spirit, pure, and brave,
If mixture it of Feare, Shame, Honor, have.
Perchance as torches which must ready bee,
Men light and put out, so thou deal'st with mee,
Thou cam'st to kindle, goest to come; Then I
Will dreame that hope againe, but else would die.

A VALEDICTION: OF WEEPING

LET me powre forth
My teares before thy face, whil'st I stay here,
For thy face coines them, and thy stampe they beare,
And by this Mintage they are something worth,

For thus they bee Pregnant of thee;

Fruits of much griefe they are, emblemes of more, When a teare falls, that thou falls which it bore, So thou and I are nothing then, when on a divers shore. On a round ball

A workeman that hath copies by, can lay

An Europe, Afrique, and an Asia,

And quickly make that, which was nothing, All,

So doth each teare,

Which thee doth weare,

A globe, yea world by that impression grow,

Till thy teares mixt with mine doe overflow

This world, by waters sent from thee, my heaven dissolved so.

O more than Moone,

Draw not up seas to drowne me in thy spheare, Weepe me not dead, in thine armes, but forbeare To teach the sea, what it may doe too soone;

Let not the winde

Example finde,

To doe me more harme, than it purposeth; Since thou and I sigh one anothers breath, Who e'r sighes most, is cruellest, and hastes the others death.

LOVES ALCHYMIE

SOME that have deeper digg'd loves Myne than I, Say, where his centrique happinesse doth lie:

I have lov'd, and got, and told,

But should I love, get, tell, till I were old,

I should not finde that hidden mysterie;

Oh, 'tis imposture all:

And as no chymique yet th'Elixar got,

But glorifies his pregnant pot,

If by the way to him befall

Some odoriferous thing, or medicinall,

So, lovers dreame a rich and long delight,

But get a winter-seeming summers night.

Our ease, our thrift, our honor, and our day, Shall we, for this vaine Bubles shadow pay?

Ends love in this, that my man,
Can be as happy'as I can; If he can
Endure the short scorne of a Bridegroomes play?
That loving wretch that sweares,
'Tis not the bodies marry, but the mindes,
Which he in her Angelique findes,
Would sweare as justly, that he heares,
In that dayes rude hoarse minstralsey, the spheares.
Hope not for minde in women; at their best
Sweetnesse and wit, they'are but Mummy, possest.

THE FLEA

MARKE but this flea, and marke in this,
How little that which thou deny'st me is;
It suck'd me first, and now sucks thee,
And in this flea, our two bloods mingled bee;
Thou know'st that this cannot be said
A sinne, nor shame, nor losse of maidenhead,
Yet this enjoyes before it wooe,
And pamper'd swells with one blood made of two,
And this, alas, is more than wee would doe.

Oh stay, three lives in one flea spare,
Where wee almost, yea more than maryed are.
This flea is you and I, and this
Our mariage bed, and mariage temple is;
Though parents grudge, and you, w'are met,
And cloysterd in these living walls of Jet.
Though use make you apt to kill mee,
Let not to that, selfe murder added bee,
And sacrilege, three sinnes in killing three.

Cruell and sodaine, hast thou since
Purpled thy naile, in blood of innocence?
Wherein could this flea guilty bee,
Except in that drop which it suckt from thee?

Yet thou triumph'st, and saist that thou
Find'st not thy selfe, nor mee the weaker now;
'Tis true, then learne how false, feares bee;
Just so much honor, when thou yeeld'st to mee,
Will wast, as this flea's death tooke life from thee.

THE CURSE

Who is my mistris, wither by this curse;

His only, and only his purse

May some dull heart to love dispose,

And shee yeeld then to all that are his foes;

May he be scorn'd by one, whom all else scorne,

Forsweare to others, what to her he'hath sworne,

With feare of missing, shame of getting, torne:

Madnesse his sorrow, gout his cramp, may hee
Make, by but thinking, who hath made him such:
And may he feele no touch

Of conscience, but of fame, and bee
Anguish'd, not that'twas sinne, but that'twas shee:
In early and long scarcenesse may he rot,
For land which had been his, if he had not
Himselfe incestuously an heire begot:

May he dreame Treason, and beleeve, that hee Meant to performe it, and confesse, and die,

And no record tell why:

His sonnes, which none of his may bee, Inherite nothing but his infamie:

Or may he so long Parasites have fed, That he would faine be theirs, whom he hath bred,

And at the last be circumcis'd for bread:

The venom of all stepdames, gamsters gall, What Tyrans, and their subjects interwish, What Plants, Myne, Beasts, Foule, Fish, Can contribute, all ill which all Prophets, or Poets spake; And all which shall Be annex'd in schedules unto this by mee, Fall on that man; For if it be a shee Nature beforehand hath out-cursed mee.

THE MESSAGE

SEND home my long strayd eyes to mee,
Which (Oh) too long have dwelt on thee;
Yet since there they have learn'd such ill,
Such forc'd fashions,
And false passions,
That they be
Made by thee
Fit for no good sight, keep them still.

Send home my harmlesse heart againe, Which no unworthy thought could staine; But if it be taught by thine

> To make jestings Of protestings,

And crosse both
Word and oath,
Keepe it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
That I may know, and see thy lyes,
And may laugh and joy, when thou
Art in anguish
And dost languish
For some one
That will none,
Or prove as false as thou art now.

A NOCTURNALL UPON S. LUCIES DAY,

BEING THE SHORTEST DAY.

Lucies, who scarce seaven houres herself unmaskes,

The Sunne is spent, and now his flasks

Send forth light squibs, no constant rayes;

The worlds whole sap is sunke:

The generall balme th'hydroptique earth hath drunk,

Whither, as to the beds-feet, life is shrunke,

Dead and enterr'd; yet all these seeme to laugh,

Compar'd with mee, who am their Epitaph.

Study me then, you who shall lovers bee

At the next world, that is, at the next Spring:

For I am every dead thing,

In whom love wrought new Alchimie.

For his art did expresse

A quintessence even from nothingnesse,

From dull privations, and leane emptinesse:

He ruin'd mee, and I am re-begot

Of absence, darknesse, death; things which are not.

All others, from all things, draw all that's good,
Life, soule, forme, spirit, whence they beeing have;
I, by loves limbecke, am the grave
Of all, that's nothing. Oft a flood
Have wee two wept, and so
Drownd the whole world, us two; oft did we grow
To be two Chaosses, when we did show
Care to ought else; and often absences
Withdrew our soules, and made us carcasses.

But I am by her death, (which word wrongs her)
Of the first nothing, the Elixer grown;
Were I a man, that I were one,
I needs must know; I should preferre,

If I were any beast,

Some ends, some means; Yea plants, yea stones detest,

And love; All, all some properties invest;

If I an ordinary nothing were,

As shadow, a light, and body must be here.

But I am None; nor will my Sunne renew.
You lovers, for whose sake, the lesser Sunne
At this time to the Goat is runne
To fetch new lust, and give it you,
Enjoy your summer all;
Since shee enjoyes her long nights festivall,
Let mee prepare towards her, and let mee call
This houre her Vigill, and her Eve, since this
Both the yeares, and the dayes deep midnight is.

WITCHCRAFT BY A PICTURE

I FIXE mine eye on thine, and there
Pitty my picture burning in thine eye,
My picture drown'd in a transparent teare,
When I looke lower I espie;
Hadst thou the wicked skill
By pictures made and mard, to kill,
How many wayes mightst thou performe thy will?

But now I have drunke thy sweet salt teares,
And though thou poure more I'll depart;
My picture vanish'd, vanish feares,
That I can be endamag'd by that art;
Though thou retaine of mee
One picture more, yet that will bee,
Being in thine owne heart, from all malice free.

THE BAITE

COME live with mee, and bee my love, And wee will some new pleasures prove Of golden sands, and christall brookes, With silken lines, and silver hookes.

There will the river whispering runne Warm'd by thy eyes, more than the Sunne. And there the inamor'd fish will stay, Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swimme in that live bath, Each fish, which every channell hath, Will amorously to thee swimme, Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou, to be so seene, beest loath, By Sunne, or Moone, thou darknest both, And if my selfe have leave to see, I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds, And cut their legges, with shells and weeds, Or treacherously poore fish beset, With strangling snare, or windowie net:

Let coarse bold hands, from slimy nest The bedded fish in banks out-wrest, Or curious traitors, sleavesilke flies Bewitch poore fishes wandring eyes.

For thee, thou needst no such deceit, For thou thy selfe art thine owne bait; That fish, that is not catch'd thereby, Alas, is wiser farre than I.

THE APPARITION

WHEN by thy scorne, O murdresse, I am dead, And that thou thinkst thee free From all solicitation from mee, Then shall my ghost come to thy bed, And thee, fain'd vestall, in worse armes shall see; Then thy sicke taper will begin to winke, And he, whose thou art then, being tyr'd before, Will, if thou stirre, or pinch to wake him, thinke

Thou call'st for more,
And in false sleepe will from thee shrinke,
And then poore Aspen wretch, neglected thou
Bath'd in a cold quicksilver sweat wilt lye

A veryer ghost than I; What I will say, I will not tell thee now, Lest that preserve thee'; and since my love is spent, I'had rather thou shouldst painfully repent, Than by my threatnings rest still innocent.

THE BROKEN HEART

That he hath been in love an houre,
Yet not that love so soone decayes,
But that it can tenne in lesse space devour;
Who will believe mee, if I swear?
That I have had the plague a yeare?
Who would not laugh at mee, if I should say,
I saw a flaske of powder burne a day?

Ah, what a trifle is a heart,

If once into loves hands it come!

All other griefes allow a part

To other griefes, and aske themselves but some;

They come to us, but us Love draws,

Hee swallows us, and never chawes:

By him, as by chain'd shot, whole rankes doe dye,

He is the tyran Pike, our hearts the Frye.

If 'twere not so, what did become
Of my heart, when I first saw thee?
I brought a heart into the roome,
But from the roome, I carried none with mee:
If it had gone to thee, I know
Mine would have taught thine heart to show
More pitty unto mee: but Love, alas,
At one first blow did shiver it as glasse.

Yet nothing can to nothing fall,

Nor any place be empty quite,

Therefore I thinke my breast hath all Those peeces still, though they be not unite;

And now as broken glasses show

A hundred lesser faces, so

My ragges of heart can like, wish, and adore,

But after one such love, can love no more.

A VALEDICTION: FORBIDDING MOURNING

As virtuous men passe mildly away,
And whisper to their soules, to goe,
Whilst some of their sad friends doe say,
The breath goes now, and some say, no:

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No teare-floods, nor sigh-tempests move,
T'were prophanation of our joyes
To tell the layetie our love.

Moying of th'earth brings harmes and feares, Men reckon what it did and meant, But trepidation of the spheares, Though greater farre, is innocent. Dull sublunary lovers love
(Whose soule is sense) cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
Those things which elemented it.

But we by a love, so much refin'd,
That our selves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
Care lesse, eyes, lips, and hands to misse.

Our two soules therefore, which are one, Though I must goe, endure not yet A breach, but an expansion, Like gold to ayery thinnesse beate.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiffe twin compasses are two,
Thy soule the fixt foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if the other doe.

And though it in the center sit,
Yet when the other far doth rome,
It leanes, and hearkens after it,
And growes erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to mee, who must
Like th'other foot, obliquely runne;
Thy firmnes drawes my circle just,
And makes me end, where I begunne.

THE EXTASIE

WHERE, like a pillow on a bed, A Pregnant banke swel'd up, to rest The violets reclining head, Sat we two, one anothers best. Our hands were firmely cimented

With a fast balme, which thence did spring,

Our eyes, upon one double string;

So to'entergraft our hands, as yet .

Was all the meanes to make us one,

And pictures in our eyes to get,

Was all our propagation.

As 'twixt two equall Armies, Fate Suspends uncertaine victorie,

Our soules, (which to advance their state, Were gone out,) hung 'twixt her, and mee.

And whil'st our soules negotiate there, Wee like sepulchrall statues lay;

All day, the same our postures were, And wee said nothing, all the day.

If any, so by love refin'd,

That he soules language understood,

And by good love were growen all minde, Within convenient distance stood, '

He (though he knew not which soul spake, Because both meant, both spake the same)

Might thence a new concoction take,

And part farre purer than he came.

This Extasie doth unperplex

(We said) and tell us what we love,

Wee see by this, it was not sexe,

Wee see, we saw not what did move:

But as all severall soules containe -

Mixture of things, they know not what,

Love, these mixt soules, doth mixe againe, And makes both one, each this and that.

A single violet transplant,

The strength, the colour, and the size, (All which before was poore, and scant,)
Redoubles still, and multiplies.

When love, with one another so.
Interinanimates two soules,

That abler soule, which thence doth flow, Defects of lonelinesse controules.

Wee then, who are this new soule, know, Of what we are compos'd, and made,

For, th'Atomies of which we grow,

Are soules, whom no change can invade.

But O alas, so long, so farre ~

Our bodies why doe wee forbeare?

They are ours, though they are not wee, Wee are The intelligences, they the spheares.

We owe them thankes, because they thus, Did us, to us, at first convay,

Yeelded their forces, sense, to us, Nor are drosse to us, but allay.

On man heavens influence workes not so, But that it first imprints the ayre,

Soe soule into the soule may flow, Though it to body first repaire.

As our blood labours to beget A. Spirits, as like soules as it can,

Because such fingers need to knit

That subtile knot, which makes us man?

So must pure lovers soules descend 'I'affections, and to faculties,

Which sense may reach and apprehend, Else a great Prince in prison lies.

To'our bodies turne wee then, that so Weake men on love reveal'd may looke ;

Loves mysteries in soules doe grow, But yet the body is his booke.

And if some lover, such as wee, Have heard this dialogue of one,

Let him still marke us, he shall see Small change, when we'are to bodies gone.

LOVES DEITIE

I LONG to talke with some old lovers ghost,
Who dyed before the god of Love was borne:
I cannot thinke that hee, who then lov'd most,
Sunke so low, as to love one which did scorne.
But since this god produc'd a destinie,
And that vice-nature, custome, lets it be;
I must love her, that loves not mee.

Sure, they which made him god, meant not so much.

Nor he, in his young godhead practis'd it.

But when an even flame two hearts did touch,

His office was indulgently to fit

Actives to passives. Correspondencie

Only his subject was; It cannot bee

Love, till I love her, that loves mee.

But every moderne god will now extend
His vast prerogative, as far as Jove.
To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend,
All is the purlewe of the God of Love.
Oh were wee wak'ned by this Tyrannie
To ungod this child againe, it could not bee
I should love her, who loves not mee.

Rebell and Atheist too, why murmure I,

As though I felt the worst that love could doe?

Love might make me leave loving, or might trie

A deeper plague, to make her love mee too,

Which, since she loves before, I'am loth to see;

Falshood is worse than hate; and that must bee,

If shee whom I love, should love mee.

LOVES DIET

To what a combersome unwieldinesse

And burdenous corpulence my love had growne,

But that I did, to make it lesse,

And keepe it in proportion,

Give it a diet, made it feed upon

That which love worst endures, discretion.

Above one sigh a day I'allow'd him not,
Of which my fortune, and my faults had part;
And if sometimes by stealth he got
A she sigh from my mistresse heart,
And thought to feast on that, I let him see
'Twas neither very sound, nor meant to mee.

If he wroung from mee'a teare, I brin'd it so
With scorne or shame, that him it nourish'd not;
If he suck'd hers, I let him know
'Twas not a teare, which hee had got,
His drinke was counterfeit, as was his meat;
For, eyes which rowle towards all, weepe not, but
sweat.

What ever he would dictate, I writ that,
But burnt my letters; When she writ to me,
And that that favour made him fat,
I said, if any title bee
Convey'd by this, Ah, what doth it availe,
To be the fortieth name in an entaile?

Thus I reclaim'd my buzard love, to flye
At what, and when, and how, and where I chuse;
Now negligent of sport I lye,
And now as other Fawkners use,
I spring a mistresse, sweare, write, sign and weepe:
And the game kill'd, or lost, goe talke, and sleepe.

THE WILL

Great love, some Legacies; Here I bequeath
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see,
If they be blinde, then Love, I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame; to'Embassadours mine eares;
To women or the sea, my teares.

Thou, Love, hast taught mee heretofore

By making mee serve her who'had twenty more,

That I should give to none, but such, as had too much before.

My constancie I to the planets give;
My truth to them, who at the Court doe live;
Mine ingenuity and opennesse,
To Jesuites; to Buffones my pensivenesse;
My silence to'any, who abroad hath beene;
My mony to a Capuchin.

Thou Love taught'st me, by appointing mee To love there, where no love receiv'd can be, Onely to give to such as have an incapacitie.

My faith I give to Roman Catholiques;
All my good works unto the Schismaticks
Of Amsterdam: my best civility
And Courtship, to an Universitie;
My modesty I give to souldiers bare;
My patience let gamesters share.
Thou Love taughtst mee, by making mee
Love her that holds my love disparity,
Onely to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those Which were my friends; Mine industrie to foes; To Schoolemen I bequeath my doubtfulnesse; My sicknesse to Physitians, or excesse; To Nature, all that I in Ryme have writ; And to my company my wit.

Thou Love, by making mee adore
Her, who begot this love in mee before,
Taughtst me to make, as though I gave, when I did but
restore.

To him for whom the passing bell next tolls, I give my physick bookes; my writen rowles Of Morall counsels, I to Bedlam give; My brazen medals, unto them which live In want of bread; To them which passe among All forrainers, mine English tongue.

Thou, Love, by making mee love one Who thinkes her friendship a fit portion For yonger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion.

Therefore I'll give no more; But I'll undoe
The world by dying; because love dies too.
Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Than gold in Mines, where none doth draw it forth;
And all your graces no more use shall have
Than a Sun dyall in a grave.

Thou Love taughtst mee, by making mee
Love her, who doth neglect both mee and thee,
To'invent, and practise this one way, to'annihilate all
three.

THE FUNERALL

WHO ever comes to shroud me, do not harme
Nor question much

That subtile wreath of haire, which crowns my arme; The mystery, the signe you must not touch,

For'tis my outward Soule,

Viceroy to that, which then to heaven being gone, Will leave this to controule,

And keep these limbes, her Provinces, from dissolution.

For if the sinewie thread my braine lets fall Through every part,

Can tye those parts, and make mee one of all;

These haires which upward grew, and strength and art Have from a better braine,

Can better do'it; Except she meant that I

By this should know my pain,

As prisoners then are manacled, when they'are condemn'd to die.

What ere shee meant by'it, bury it with me, For since I am

Loves martyr, it might breed idolatrie,

If into others hands these Reliques came;

As'twas humility

To afford to it all that a Soule can doe,

So,'tis some bravery,

That since you would save none of mee, I bury some of you.

THE BLOSSOME

Whom I have watch'd sixe or seaven dayes,
And seene thy birth, and seene what every houre
Gave to thy growth, thee to this height to raise,
And now dost laugh and triumph on this bough,
Little think'st thou

That it will freeze anon, and that I shall To morrow finde thee falne, or not at all.

Little think'st thou poore heart
That labour'st yet to nestle thee,
And think'st by hovering here to get a part
In a forbidden or forbidding tree,
And hop'st her stiffenesse by long siege to bow;
Little think'st thou,

That thou to morrow, ere that Sunne doth wake, Must with this Sunne, and mee a journey take.

But thou which lov'st to bee
Subtile to plague thy selfe, wilt say,
Alas, if you must goe, what's that to mee?
Here lyes my businesse, and here I will stay:
You goe to friends, whose love and meanes present
Various content

To your eyes, eares, and tongue, and every part. If then your body goe, what need you a heart?

Well then, stay here; but know,
When thou hast stayd and done thy most;
A naked thinking heart, that makes no show,
Is to a woman, but a kinde of Ghost;
How shall shee know my heart; or having none,
Know thee for one?

Practise may make her know some other part, But take my word, shee doth not know a Heart.

Meet mee at London, then,

Twenty dayes hence, and thou shalt see Mee fresher, and more fat, by being with men, Than if I had staid still with her and thee. For Gods sake, if you can, be you so too:

I would give you

There, to another friend, whom wee shall finde
As glad to have my body, as my minde.

THE PRIMROSE, BEING AT MONTGOMERY CASTLE, UPON THE HILL, ON WHICH IT IS SITUATE

UPON this Primrose hill,
Where, if Heav'n would distill
A shoure of raine, each severall drop might goe
To his owne primrose, and grow Manna so;

And where their forme, and their infinitie

Make a terrestriall Galaxie,

As the small starres doe in the skie:

I walke to finde a true Love; and I see

That'tis not a mere woman, that is shee,

But must, or more, or lesse than woman bee.

Yet know I not, which flower
I wish; a sixe, or foure;
For should my true-Love lesse than woman bee,
She were scarce any thing; and then, should she
Be more than woman, shee would get above

All thought of sexe, and thinke to move
My heart to study her, and not to love;
Both these were monsters; Since there must reside
Falshood in woman, I could more abide,
She were by art, than Nature falsify'd.

Live Primrose then, and thrive
With thy true number five;
And women, whom this flower doth represent,
With this mysterious number be content;
Ten is the farthest number; if halfe ten
Belonge unto each woman, then

Each woman may take halfe us men;
Or if this will not serve their turne, Since all
Numbers are odde, or even, and they fall
First into this, five, women may take us all.

THE RELIQUE

WHEN my grave is broke up againe
Some second ghest to entertaine,
(For graves have learn'd that woman-head
To be to more than one a Bed)
And he that digs it, spies

And he that digs it, spies

A bracelet of bright haire about the bone,

Will he not let'us alone,

And thinke that there a loving couple lies, Who thought that this device might be some way To make their soules, at the last busie day, Meet at this grave, and make a little stay?

If this fall in a time, or land, Where mis-devotion doth command, Then, he that digges us up, will bring Us, to the Bishop, and the King,

To make us Reliques; then Thou shalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I

A something else thereby;
All women shall adore us, and some men;
And since at such time, miracles are sought,
I would have that age by this paper taught
What miracles wee harmlesse lovers wrought.

First, we lov'd well and faithfully,
Yet knew not what wee lov'd, nor why,
Difference of sex no more wee knew,
Than our Guardian Angells doe;
Comming and going, wee
Perchance might kisse, but not between those meales;
Our hands ne'r toucht the seales,
Which nature, injur'd by late law, sets free:
These miracles wee did; but now alas,
All measure, and all language, I should passe,
Should I tell what a miracle shee was.

THE DAMPE

WHEN I am dead, and Doctors know not why,
And my friends curiositie
Will have me cut up to survay each part,
When they shall finde your Picture in my heart,
You thinke a sodaine dampe of love
Will through all their senses move,

And worke on them as mee, and so preferre Your murder, to the name of Massacre.

Poore victories! But if you dare be brave,
And pleasure in your conquest have,
First kill th'enormous Gyant, your Disdaine,
And let th'enchantresse Honor, next be slaine,
And like a Goth and Vandall rize,
Deface Records, and Histories

Deface Records, and Histories
Of your owne arts and triumphs over men,
And without such advantage kill me then.

For I could muster up as well as you
My Gyants, and my Witches too,
Which are vast Constancy, and Secretnesse,
But these I neyther looke for, nor professe;
Kill mee as Woman, let mee die
As a meere man; doe you but try
Your passive valor, and you shall finde then,
Naked you'have odds enough of any man.

THE DISSOLUTION

To their first Elements resolve;
And wee were mutuall Elements to us,
And made of one another.
My body then doth hers involve,
And those things whereof I consist, hereby
In me abundant grow, and burdenous,
And nourish not, but smother.
My fire of Passion, sighes of ayre,
Water of teares, and earthly sad despaire,

Which my materialls bee,
But neere worne out by loves securitie,
Shee, to my losse, doth by her death repaire,
And I might live long wretched so

But that my fire doth with my fuell grow.

Now as those Active Kings

Whose foraine conquest treasure brings,

Receive more, and spend more, and soonest breake:

This (which I am amaz'd that I can speake)

This death, hath with my store

My use encreas'd.

And so my soule more earnestly releas'd, Will outstrip hers; As bullets flowen before A latter bullet may o'rtake, the pouder being more.

A JEAT RING SENT

THOU art not so black, as my heart,
Nor halfe so brittle, as her heart, thou art;
What would'st thou say? shall both our properties by thee
bee spoke,

Nothing more endlesse, nothing sooner broke?

Marriage rings are not of this stuffe;
Oh, why should ought lesse precious, or lesse tough
Figure our loves? Except in thy name thou have bid it say,
I'am cheap, and nought but fashion, fling me'away.

Yet stay with mee since thou art come,
Circle this fingers top, which did'st her thombe.
Be justly proud, and gladly safe, that thou dost dwell with
me,

She that, Oh, broke her faith, would soon breake thee.

NEGATIVE LOVE

Which on an eye, cheeke, lip, can prey,
Seldome to them, which soare no higher
Than vertue or the minde to'admire,
For sense, and understanding may
Know, what gives fuell to their fire:

My love, though silly, is more brave, For may I misse, when ere I crave, If I know yet, what I would have.

If that be simply perfectest
Which can by no way be exprest
But Negatives, my love is so.
To All, which all love, I say no.
If any who deciphers best,
What we know not, our selves, can know,
Let him teach mee that nothing; This
As yet my ease, and comfort is,
Though I speed not, I cannot misse.

THE PROHIBITION

At least remember, I forbade it thee;
Not that I shall repaire my'unthrifty wast
Of Breath and Blood, upon thy sighes, and teares,
By being to thee then what to me thou wast;
But, so great Joy, our life at once outweares,
Then, lest thy love, by my death, frustrate bee,
If thou love mee, take heed of loving mee.

Take heed of hating mee,
Or too much triumph in the Victorie.
Not that I shall be mine owne officer,
And hate with hate againe retaliate;
But thou wilt lose the stile of conquerour,
If I, thy conquest, perish by thy hate.
Then, lest my being nothing lessen thee,
If thou hate mee, take heed of hating mee.

Yet, love and hate mee too, So, these extreames shall neithers office doe; Love mee, that I may die the gentler way; Hate mee, because thy love is too great for mee; Or let these two, themselves, not me decay; So shall I, live, thy Stage, not triumph bee; Lest thou thy love and hate and mee undoe, To let mee live, O love and hate mee too.

THE EXPIRATION

So, so, breake off this last lamenting kisse,
Which sucks two soules, and vapors Both away,
Turne thou ghost that way, and let mee turne this,
And let our selves benight our happiest day,
We ask'd none leave to love; nor will we owe
Any, so cheape a death, as saying, Goe;

Goe; and if that word have not quite kil'd thee,
Ease mee with death, by bidding mee goe too.
Oh, if it have, let my word worke on mee,
And a just office on a murderer doe.
Except it be too late, to kill me so,
Being double dead, going, and bidding, goe.

THE COMPUTATION

I scarce beleev'd, thou could'st be gone away,
For forty more, I fed on favours past,
And forty'on hopes, that thou would'st, they might last.
Teares drown'd one hundred, and sighes blew out two,
A thousand, I did neither thinke, nor doe,
Or not divide, all being one thought of you;
Or in a thousand more, forgot that too.
Yet call not this long life; But thinke that I
Am, by being dead, Immortall; Can ghosts die?

THE PARADOX

NO Lover saith, I love, nor any other Can judge a perfect Lover;

Hee thinkes that else none can, nor will agree That any loves but hee:

I cannot say I lov'd, for who can say Hee was kill'd yesterday?

Love with excesse of heat, more yong than old, Death kills with too much cold;

Wee dye but once, and who lov'd last did die, Hee that saith twice, doth lye:

For though hee seeme to move, and stirre a while, It doth the sense beguile.

Such life is like the light which bideth yet When the lights life is set,

Or like the heat, which fire in solid matter Leaves behinde, two houres after.

Once I lov'd and dy'd; and am now become Mine Epitaph and Tombe.

Here dead men speake their last, and so do I; Love-slaine, loe, here I lye.

FAREWELL TO LOVE

WHILST yet to prove,

I thought there was some Deitie in love
So did I reverence, and gave

Worship; as Atheists at their dying houre

Call, what they cannot name, an unknowne power,
As ignorantly did I crave:

Thus when

Things not yet knowne are coveted by men, Our desires give them fashion, and so As they waxe lesser, fall, as they sise, grow. But, from late faire

His highnesse sitting in a golden Chaire,
Is not lesse cared for after three dayes

By children, than the thing which lovers so Blindly admire, and with such worship wooe;

Being had, enjoying it decayes:

And thence,

What before pleas'd them all, takes but one sense, And that so lamely, as it leaves behinde A kinde of sorrowing dulnesse to the minde.

Ah cannot wee,

As well as Cocks and Lyons jocund be,
After such pleasures? Unlesse wise
Nature decreed (since each such Act, they say,
Diminisheth the length of life a day)

This, as shee would man should despise The sport,

Because that other curse of being short, And onely for a minute made to be Eager desires, to raise posterity.

Since so, my minde
Shall not desire what no man else can finde,
I'll no more dote and runne
To pursue things which had indammag'd me.
And when I come where moving beauties be,
As men doe when the summers Sunne

Growes great,

Though I admire their greatnesse, shun their heat; Each place can afford shadowes. If all faile, 'Tis but applying worme-seed to the Taile.

A LECTURE UPON THE SHADOW

STAND still, and I will read to thee A Lecture, love, in Loves philosophy.

These three houres that we have spent,
Walking here, Two shadowes went
Along with us, which we our selves produc'd;
But, now the Sunne is just above our head,

We doe those shadowes tread;
And to brave clearnesse all things are reduc'd
So whilst our infant loves did grow,
Disguises did, and shadowes, flow,
From us, and our cares; but, now 'tis not so.

That love hath not attain'd the high'st degree, Which is still diligent lest others see.

Except our loves at this noone stay, We shall new shadowes make the other way.

As the first were made to blinde
Others; these which come behinde
Will worke upon our selves, and blind our eyes.
If our loves faint, and westwardly decline;

To me thou, falsly, thine,
And I to thee mine actions shall disguise.
The morning shadowes weare away,
But these grow longer all the day,
But oh, loves day is short, if love decay.

Love is a growing, or full constant light; And his first minute, after noone, is night.

SONNET. THE TOKEN

SEND me some token, that my hope may live,

Or that my easelesse thoughts may sleep and rest;

Send me some honey to make sweet my hive,

That in my passion I may hope the best.

I beg noe ribbond wrought with thine owne hands,

To knit our loves in the fantastick straine

Of new-toucht youth; nor Ring to shew the stands

Of our affection, that as that's round and plaine,

So should our loves meet in simplicity.

No, nor the Coralls which thy wrist infold,

Lac'd up together in congruity,

To shew our thoughts should rest in the same hold;

No, nor thy picture, though most gracious,

And most desir'd, because best like the best;

Nor witty Lines, which are most copious,

Within the Writings which thou hast addrest.

Send me nor this, nor that, t'increase my store, But swear thou thinkst I love thee, and no more.

SELFE LOVE

And strives against it still,
Never shall my fancy move;
For he loves 'gaynst his will;
Nor he which is all his own,
And can att pleasure chuse,
When I am caught he can be gone,
And when he list refuse.
Nor he that loves none but faire,
For such by all are sought;
Nor he that can for foul ones care,

For his Judgement then is nought:
Nor he that hath wit, for he
Will make me his jest or slave;
Nor a fool, for when others . . .,
He can neither
Nor he that still his Mistresse payes,
For she is thrall'd therefore:
Nor he that payes not, for he sayes
Within, shee's worth no more.
Is there then no kinde of men
Whom I may freely prove?
I will vent that humour then
In mine own selfe love.

je takin Turki matang katiyati Kuata, baji ya akif

EPIGRAMS

brummond of Hawthornden's praise of Donne's Epigrams, though exaggerated, is evidence of the esteem in which they were held by his contemporaries. "I think if he would he might easily be the best epigrammatist we have found in English, of which I have not yet seen any come near the ancients." Donne's epigrams must be classed with the early "Songs and Sonets"; certain of them, as Professor Grierson has pointed out, were probably written at the time of the attack on Cadiz in 1596. "The Sheaf of Miscellany Epigrams" included in the 1652 edition of the "Paradoxes and Problemes," purporting to have been translated from Donne's Latin by Jasper Mayne, are certainly spurious. Sir E. K. Chambers in his edition of the poems (1896) and Sir Edmund Gosse in "The Life and Letters" (1899) argue convincingly against their authenticity.

The edition of 1633 contains sixteen of the nineteen epigrams printed here. The remaining three are found in the Westmoreland MS., formerly in the library of Sir Edmund Gosse, with whose permission they now appear. The titles of the Westmoreland epigrams are as follows: "Cales and Guyana," "Sir John Wingfield" (the Westmoreland title is "Il Cavalliere Gio: Wingef." I have adopted, for easy reference sake, the English version of Professor Grierson's edition), "The Lier." Harleian MS. 3998, not noted by Grierson, contains eight of these epigrams: "Pyramus and Thisbe," "A Selfe-Accuser," "A Licentious Person," "Antiquary," "Disinherited," "Phryne," "An Obscure Writer," "Klockius" (title in H. 3998 "Sharpe Equevoq:"). The title "Klockius" and the titles of two other epigrams, "Ralphius" and "The Lier," are from the Hawthornden MS. at Edinburgh. In the editions and other MSS. these epigrams are without titles, and I have followed Professor Grierson in the titles of the Hawthornden MS., which I have not examined myself.



HERO AND LEANDER

BOTH rob'd of aire, we both lye in one ground, Both whom one fire had burnt, one water drownd.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE

T wo, by themselves, each other, love and feare Slaine, cruell friends, by parting have joyn'd here.

NIOBE

By childrens births, and death, I am become So dry, that I am now mine owne sad tombe.

A BURNT SHIP

But drowning, could be rescued from the flame,
Some men leap'd forth, and ever as they came
Neere the foes ships, did by their shot decay;
So all were lost, which in the ship were found,
They in the sea being burnt, they in the burnt ship drown'd.

FALL OF A WALL

UNDER an undermin'd, and shot-bruis'd wall A too-bold Captaine perish'd by the fall, Whose brave misfortune, happiest men envi'd, That had a towne for tombe, his bones to hide.

A LAME BEGGER

I A M unable, yonder begger cries, To stand, or move; if he say true, hee *lies*.

CALES AND GUYANA

IF you from spoyle of th'old worlds farthest end To the new world your kindled valors bend, What brave examples then do prove it trew That one things end doth still beginne a new.

SIR JOHN WINGEFIELD

BEYOND th'old Pillers many have travailed Towards the Suns cradle, and his throne, and bed. A fitter Piller our Earle did bestow In that late Island; for he well did know Farther than Wingefield no man dares to goe.

A SELFE ACCUSER

Y O U R mistris, that you follow whores, still taxeth you:
'Tis strange that she should thus confesse it, though'it be
true.

A LICENTIOUS PERSON

THY sinnes and haires may no man equal call, For, as thy sinnes increase, thy haires doe fall.

ANTIQUARY

IF in his Studie he hath so much care
To'hang all old strange things, let his wife beware.

DISINHERITED

THY father all from thee, by his last Will, Gave to the poore; Thou hast good title still.

PHRYNE

THY flattering picture, *Phryne*, is like thee, Onely in this, that you both painted be.

AN OBSCURE WRITER

PHILO, with twelve yeares study, hath beene griev'd To be understood; when will hee be beleev'd?

KLOCKIUS

KLOCKIUS so deeply hath sworne, ne'r more to come In bawdie house, that hee dares not goe home.

RADERUS

WHY this man gelded Martiall I muse, Except himselfe alone his tricks would use, As Katherine, for the Courts sake, put downe Stewes.

MERCURIUS GALLO-BELGICUS

LIKE Esops fellow-slaves, O Mercury,
Which could do all things, thy faith is; and I
Like Esops selfe, which nothing; I confesse
I should have had more faith, if thou hadst lesse;
Thy credit lost thy credit: 'Tis sinne to doe,
In this case, as thou wouldst be done unto,
To believe all: Change thy name: thou art like
Mercury in stealing, but lyest like a Greeke.

RALPHIUS

COMPASSION in the world againe is bred: Ralphius is sick, the broker keeps his bed.

THE LIER

And yet thou swear'st thou hast supp'd like a king: Like Nebuchadnezar perchance with grass and flowers, A sallet worse than Spanish dyeting.

aljestiči, adaletniki padine se il salili

oda, en las la lascende est aguadade dels comolod ell'

ELEGIES AND HEROICALL EPISTLE

The style of some resembles the early "Songs and Sonets," of others the later, while "The Autumnal" and "The Tale of a Citizen and his Wife" belong to a date posterior to Donne's marriage. Most of them, however, were composed in the 'nineties of the sixteenth century, and Professor Grierson has shown that thirteen elegies (Nos. I-VIII, XI, XVI, XVIII, XIX, XX), which are found collected together in two important groups of MSS., were the "most widely circulated, and probably the earliest . . ."

The basis for the text of eleven of the twenty elegies is the edition of 1633. For the remaining nine I have used as a basis the text in which they appeared for the first time, viz. 1635 edition: "The Bracelet"; "Julia"; "A Tale of a Citizen and his Wife"; "On his Mistris". 1650 edition: "Variety" (not in the early issue 1649). 1669 edition: "His Parting from her"; "Love's Progress"; "To his Mistris Going to Bed." The Westmoreland MS. (from which I print with Sir Edmund Gosse's permission): "Love's Warr." The 1633 edition gives no titles; the titles of the 1633 elegies I have taken therefore from the 1635 edition. The title "Variety" (Elegie XVII, untitled in the editions and MSS.) is Professor Grierson's, and I have adopted it for the sake of consistency. "Love's Progress" (untitled in the 1669 edition) is the title given in several MSS. "To his Mistris Going to Bed" is the 1669 title. Professor Grierson, following the Bridgewater MS., omits "To his Mistris" from the title.

The title "Heroicall Epistle" (title in 1633 which is the basis of the present text, "Sapho to Philænis") is the apt invention of Professor Grierson. This poem in the edition of 1635 and subsequent editions—the arrangement of poems in 1633 is usually so chaotic as to be worthless—was printed among the Verse Letters. In removing it into the neighbourhood of the Elegies and amplifying the title, I have followed Professor Grierson, whose treatment is obviously correct.

Following a suggestion by Mr. John Sparrow, I have divided the tenth Elegie, "The Dreame," into three stanzas. In this form the poem is more closely related to the "Songs and Sonets" than to the "Elegies", amongst which it has always been printed.



ELEGIE I

JEALOSIE

FOND woman, which would'st have thy husband die, And yet complain'st of his great jealousie; If swolne with poyson, hee lay in'his last bed, His body with a sere-barke covered, Drawing his breath, as thick and short, as can The nimblest crocheting Musitian, Ready with loathsome vomiting to spue His Soule out of one hell, into a new, Made deafe with his poore kindreds howling cries, Begging with few feign'd teares, great legacies, Thou would'st not weepe, but jolly,'and frolicke bee, As a slave, which to morrow should be free; Yet weep'st thou, when thou seest him hungerly Swallow his owne death, hearts-bane jealousie. O give him many thanks, he'is courteous, That in suspecting kindly warneth us. Wee must not, as wee us'd, flout openly, In scoffing ridles, his deformitie; Nor at his boord together being satt, With words, nor touch, scarce lookes adulterate. Nor when he swolne, and pamper'd with great fare Sits downe, and snorts, cag'd in his basket chaire, Must wee usurpe his owne bed any more, Nor kisse and play in his house, as before.

D 65

Now I see many dangers; for that is
His realme, his castle, and his diocesse.
But if, as envious men, which would revile
Their Prince, or coyne his gold, themselves exile
Into another countrie, and doe it there,
Wee play in another house, what should we feare?
There we will scorne his houshold policies,
His seely plots, and pensionary spies,
As the inhabitants of Thames right side
Do Londons Major; or Germans, the Popes pride.

ELEGIE II

THE ANAGRAM

MARRY, and love thy Flavia, for, shee Hath all things, whereby others beautious bee, For, though her eyes be small, her mouth is great, Though they be Ivory, yet her teeth be jeat, Though they be dimme, yet she is light enough, And though her harsh haire fall, her skinne is rough; What though her cheeks be yellow, her haire's red, Give her thine, and she hath a maydenhead. These things are beauties elements, where these Meet in one, that one must, as perfect, please. If red and white and each good quality Be in thy wench, ne'r aske where it doth lye. In buying things perfum'd, we aske; if there Be muske and amber in it, but not where. Though all her parts be not in th'usuall place, She'hath yet an Anagram of a good face. If we might put the letters but one way, In the leane dearth of words, what could wee say? When by the Gamut some Musitions make A perfect song, others will undertake, By the same Gamut chang'd, to equall it. Things simply good, can never be unfit.

She's faire as any, if all be like her, And if none bee, then she is singular. All love is wonder; if wee justly doe Account her wonderfull, why not lovely too? Love built on beauty, soone as beauty, dies, Chuse this face, chang'd by no deformities. Women are all like Angels; the faire be Like those which fell to worse; but such as thee, Like to good Angels, nothing can impaire: 'Tis lesse griefe to be foule, than to'have beene faire. For one nights revels, silke and gold we chuse, But, in long journeyes, cloth, and leather use. Beauty is barren oft; best husbands say, There is best land, where there is foulest way. Oh what a soveraigne Plaister will shee bee, If thy past sinnes have taught thee jealousie! Here needs no spies, nor eunuches; her commit Safe to thy foes; yea, to a Marmosit. When Belgiaes citties, the round countries drowne, That durty foulenesse guards, and armes the towne: So doth her face guard her; and so, for thee, Which, forc'd by businesse, absent oft must bee, Shee, whose face, like clouds, turnes the day to night, Who, mightier than the sea, makes Moores seem white, Who, though seaven yeares, she in the Stews had laid, A Nunnery durst receive, and thinke a maid, And though in childbeds labour she did lie, Midwifes would sweare, twere but a tympanie, Whom, if shee accuse her selfe, I credit lesse Than witches, which impossibles confesse, Whom Dildoes, Bedstaves, and her Velvet Glasse Would be as loath to touch as Joseph was: One like none, and lik'd of none, fittest were, For, things in fashion every man will weare.

ELEGIE III

CHANGE

ALTHOUGH thy hand and faith, and good workes too, Have scal'd thy love which nothing should undoe, Yea though thou fall backe, that apostasie Confirme thy love; yet much, much I feare thee. Women are like the Arts, forc'd unto none, Open to'all searchers, unpriz'd, if unknowne. If I have caught a bird, and let him flie, Another fouler using these meanes, as I, May catch the same bird; and, as these things bee, Women are made for men, not him, nor mee. Foxes and goats; all beasts change when they please, Shall women, more hot, wily, wild than these, Be bound to one man, and did Nature then Idly make them apter to'endure than men? They'are our clogges, not their owne; if a man bee Chain'd to a galley, yet the galley'is free; Who hath a plow-land, casts all his seed corne there, And yet allowes his ground more corne should beare; Though Danuby into the sea must flow, The sea receives the Rhene, Volga, and Po. By nature, which gave it, this liberty Thou lov'st, but Oh! canst thou love it and mee? Likenesse glues love: and if that thou so doe, To make us like and love, must I change too? More than thy hate, I hate'it, rather let mee Allow her change, than change as oft as shee, And soe not teach, but force my'opinion To love not any one, nor every one. To live in one land, is captivitie, To runne all countries, a wild roguery; Waters stincke soone, if in one place they bide, And in the vast sea are more putrifi'd:

But when they kisse one banke, and leaving this Never looke backe, but the next banke doe kisse, Then are they purest; Change'is the nursery Of musicke, joy, life, and eternity.

ELEGIE IV

THE PERFUME

ONCE, and but once found in thy company, All thy suppos'd escapes are laid on mee; And as a thiefe at barre, is question'd there By all the men, that have beene rob'd that yeare, So am I, (by this traiterous meanes surpriz'd) By thy Hydroptique father catechiz'd. Though he had wont to search with glazed eyes, As though he came to kill a Cockatrice, Though hee hath oft sworne, that hee would remove Thy beauties beautie, and food of our love, Hope of his goods, if I with thee were seene, Yet close and secret, as our soules, we'have beene. Though thy immortall mother which doth lye Still buried in her bed, yet will not dye, Takes this advantage to sleepe out day-light, And watch thy entries, and returnes all night, And, when she takes thy hand, and would seeme kind, Doth search what rings, and armelets she can finde, And kissing notes the colour of thy face, And fearing least thou'art swolne, doth thee embrace; To trie if thou long, doth name strange meates, And notes thy palenesse, blushing, sighs, and sweats; And politiquely will to thee confesse The sinnes of her owne youths ranke lustinesse; Yet love these Sorceries did remove, and move Thee to gull thine owne mother for my love. Thy little brethren, which like Faiery Sprights Oft skipt into our chamber, those sweet nights,

And kist, and ingled on thy fathers knee, Were brib'd next day, to tell what they did see: The grim eight-foot-high iron-bound serving-man, That oft names God in oathes, and onely then, He that to barre the first gate, doth as wide As the great Rhodian Colossus stride, Which, if in hell no other paines there were, Makes mee feare hell, because he must be there: Though by thy father he were hir'd to this, Could never witnesse any touch or kisse. But Oh, too common ill, I brought with mee That, which betray'd mee to my enemie: A loud perfume, which at my entrance cryed Even at thy fathers nose, so were wee spied. When, like a tyran King, that in his bed Smelt gunpowder, the pale wretch shivered. Had it beene some bad smell, he would have thought That his owne feet, or breath, that smell had wrought, But as wee in our Ile emprisoned, Where cattell onely,'and diverse dogs are bred, The pretious Unicornes, strange monsters call, So thought he good, strange, that had none at all. I taught my silkes, their whistling to forbeare, Even my opprest shoes, dumbe and speechlesse were, Onely, thou bitter sweet, whom I had laid Next mee, mee traiterously hast betraid, And unsuspected hast invisibly At once fled unto him, and staid with mee Base excrement of earth, which dost confound Sense, from distinguishing the sicke from sound; By thee the seely Amorous sucks his death By drawing in a leprous harlots breath; By thee, the greatest staine to mans estate Falls on us, to be call'd effeminate; Though you be much lov'd in the Princes hall, There, things that seeme, exceed substantiall. Gods, when yee fum'd on altars, were pleas'd well,

Because you'were burnt, not that they lik'd your smell; You'are loathsome all, being taken simply alone, Shall wee love ill things joyn'd, and hate each one? If you were good, your good doth soone decay; And you are rare, that takes the good away. All my perfumes, I give most willingly To'embalme thy fathers corse; What? will hee die?

ELEGIE V

HIS PICTURE

HERE take my Picture; though I bid farewell, Thine, in my heart, where my soule dwels, shall dwell. 'Tis like me now, but I dead, 'twill be more When wee are shadowes both, than'twas before. When weather-beaten I come backe; my hand, Perhaps with rude oares torne, or Sun beams tann'd, My face and brest of hairecloth, and my head With cares rash sodaine stormes, being o'rspread, My body'a sack of bones, broken within, And powders blew staines scatter'd on my skinne; If rivall fooles taxe thee to'have lov'd a man, So foule, and course, as, Oh, I may seeme then, This shall say what I was: and thou shalt say, Doe his hurts reach mee? doth my worth decay? Or doe they reach his judging minde, that hee Should now love lesse, what hee did love to see? That which in him was faire and delicate, Was but the milke, which in loves childish state Did nurse it: who now is growne strong enough To feed on that, which to disus'd tasts seemes tough.

ELEGIE VI

OH, let mee not serve so, as those men serve Whom honours smoakes at once fatten and sterve;

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Poorely enrich't with great mens words or lookes; Nor so write my name in thy loving bookes As those Idolatrous flatterers, which still Their Princes stiles, with many Realmes fulfill Whence they no tribute have, and where no sway. Such services I offer as shall pay Themselves, I hate dead names: Oh then let mee Favorite in Ordinary, or no favorite bee. When my Soule was in her owne body sheath'd, Nor yet by oathes betroth'd, nor kisses breath'd Into my Purgatory, faithlesse thee, Thy heart seem'd waxe, and steele thy constancie: So, carelesse flowers strow'd on the waters face, The curled whirlepooles suck, smack, and embrace, Yet drowne them; so, the tapers beamie eye Amorously twinkling, beckens the giddie flie, Yet burnes his wings; and such the devill is, Scarce visiting them, who are intirely his. When I behold a streame, which, from the spring, Doth with doubtfull melodious murmuring, Or in a speechlesse slumber, calmely ride Her wedded channels bosome, and then chide And bend her browes, and swell if any bough Do but stoop downe, or kisse her upmost brow: Yet, if her often gnawing kisses winne The traiterous banke to gape, and let her in, She rusheth violently, and doth divorce Her from her native, and her long-kept course, And rores, and braves it, and in gallant scorne, In flattering eddies promising retorne, She flouts the channell, who thenceforth is drie; Then say I; that is shee, and this am I. Yet let not thy deepe bitternesse beget Carelesse despaire in mee, for that will whet My minde to scorne; and Oh, love dull'd with paine Was ne'r so wise, nor well arm'd as disdaine. Then with new eyes I shall survay thee,'and spie

Death in thy cheekes, and darknesse in thine eye.

Though hope bred faith and love: thus taught, I shall As nations do from Rome, from thy love fall.

My hate shall outgrow thine, and utterly

I will renounce thy dalliance: and when I

Am the Recusant, in that resolute state,

What hurts it mee to be excommunicate?

ELEGIE VII

NATURES lay Ideot, I taught thee to love, And in that sophistrie, Oh, thou dost prove Too subtile: Foole, thou didst not understand The mystique language of the eye nor hand: Nor couldst thou judge the difference of the aire Of sighes, and say, this lies, this sounds despaire: Nor by the'eyes water call a maladie Desperately hot, or changing feaverously. I had not taught thee then, the Alphabet Of flowers, how they devisefully being set And bound up, might with speechlesse secrecie Deliver arrands mutely, and mutually. Remember since all thy words us'd to bee To every suitor; I, if my friends agree; Since, household charmes, thy husbands name to teach, Were all the love trickes, that thy wit could reach; And since, an houres discourse could scarce have made One answer in thee, and that ill arraid In broken proverbs, and torne sentences. Thou art not by so many duties his, That from the worlds Common having sever'd thee, Inlaid thee, neither to be seene, nor see, As mine: who have with amorous delicacies Refin'd thee'into a blis-full Paradise. Thy graces and good words my creatures bee; I planted knowledge and lifes tree in thee,

Which Oh, shall strangers taste? Must I alas
Frame and enamell Plate, and drinke in Glasse?
Chafe waxe for others seales? breake a colts force
And leave him then, beeing made a ready horse?

ELEGIE VIII

THE COMPARISON

As the sweet sweat of Roses in a Still, As that which from chaf'd muskats pores doth trill, As the Almighty Balme of th'early East, Such are the sweat drops of my Mistris breast, And on her [brow] her skin such lustre sets, They seeme no sweat drops, but pearle coronets. Ranke sweaty froth thy Mistresse's brow defiles, Like spermatique issue of ripe menstruous boiles, Or like the skumme, which, by needs lawlesse law Enforc'd, Sanserra's starved men did draw From parboild shooes, and bootes, and all the rest Which were with any soveraigne fatnes blest, And like vile lying stones in saffrond tinne, Or warts, or wheales, they hang upon her skinne. Round as the world's her head, on every side, Like to the fatall Ball which fell on Ide, Or that whereof God had such jealousie, As, for the ravishing thereof we die. Thy head is like a rough-hewne statue of jeat, Where marks for eyes, nose, mouth, are yet scarce set; Like the first Chaos, or flat seeming face Of Cynthia, when th'earths shadowes her embrace. Like Proserpines white beauty-keeping chest, Or Joves best fortunes urne, is her faire brest. Thine's like worme eaten trunkes, cloth'd in seals skin, Or grave, that's dust without, and stinke within. And like that slender stalke, at whose end stands The wood-bine quivering, are her armes and hands. Like rough bark'd elmboughes, or the russet skin

Of men late scurg'd for madnes, or for sinne, Like Sun-parch'd quarters on the citie gate, Such is thy tann'd skins lamentable state. And like a bunch of ragged carrets stand The short swolne fingers of thy gouty hand. Then like the Chymicks masculine equall fire, Which in the Lymbecks warme wombe doth inspire Into th'earths worthlesse durt a soule of gold, Such cherishing heat her best lov'd part doth hold. Thine's like the dread mouth of a fired gunne, Or like hot liquid metalls newly runne Into clay moulds, or like to that Ætna Where round about the grasse is burnt away. Are not your kisses then as filthy, and more, As a worme sucking an invenom'd sore? Doth not thy fearefull hand in feeling quake, As one which gath'ring flowers, still feares a snake? Is not your last act harsh, and violent, As when a Plough a stony ground doth rent? So kisse good Turtles, so devoutly nice Are Priests in handling reverent sacrifice, And such in searching wounds the Surgeon is As wee, when wee embrace, or touch, or kisse. Leave her, and I will leave comparing thus, She, and comparisons are odious.

ELEGIE IX THE AUTUMNALL

NO Spring, nor Summer Beauty hath such grace, As I have seen in one Autumnall face.

Yong Beauties force our love, and that's a Rape, This doth but counsaile, yet you cannot scape.

If t'were a shaine to love, here t'were no shame, Affection here takes Reverences name.

Were her first yeares the Golden Age; That's true, But now she's gold oft tried, and ever new.

That was her torrid and inflaming time, This is her tolerable Tropique clyme.

Faire eyes, who askes more heate than comes from hence, He in a fever wishes pestilence.

Call not these wrinkles, graves; If graves they were, They were Loves graves; for else he is no where.

Yet lies not Love dead here, but here doth sit Vow'd to this trench, like an Anachorit.

And here, till hers, which must be his death, come, He doth not digge a Grave, but build a Tombe.

Here dwells he, though he sojourne ev'ry where, In Progresse, yet his standing house is here.

Here, where still Evening is; not noone, nor night; Where no voluptuousnesse, yet all delight.

In all her words, unto all hearers fit, You may at Revels, you at Counsaile, sit.

This is loves timber, youth his under-wood; There he, as wine in June, enrages blood,

Which then comes seasonabliest, when our tast And appetite to other things, is past.

Xerxes strange Lydian love, the Platane tree, Was lov'd for age, none being so large as shee,

Or else because, being yong, nature did blesse Her youth with ages glory, Barrennesse.

If we love things long sought, Age is a thing Which we are fifty yeares in compassing.

If transitory things, which soone decay, Age must be lovelyest at the latest day.

But name not Winter-faces, whose skin's slacke; Lanke, as an unthrifts purse; but a soules sacke;

Whose Eyes seeke light within, for all here's shade; Whose mouthes are holes, rather worne out, than

Whose every tooth to a severall place is gone, [made; To vexe their soules at Resurrection;

Name not these living Deaths-heads unto mee, For these, not Ancient, but Antique be.

I hate extreames; yet I had rather stay

With Tombs, than Cradles, to weare out a day.

Since such loves naturall lation is, may still

My love descend, and journey downe the hill,

Not panting after growing beauties, so,

I shall ebbe out with them, who home-ward goe.

ELEGIE X

THE DREAME

Whose faire impression in my faithfull heart,
Makes mee her Medall, and makes her love mee,
As Kings do coynes, to which their stamps impart
The value: goe, and take my heart from hence,
Which now is growne too great and good for me:
Honours oppresse weake spirits, and our sense
Strong objects dull; the more, the lesse wee see.

When you are gone, and Reason gone with you,
Then Fantasie is Queene and Soule, and all;
She can present joyes meaner than you do;
Convenient, and more proportionall.
So, if I dreame I have you, I have you,
For, all our joyes are but fantasticall.
And so I scape the paine, for paine is true;
And sleepe which locks up sense, doth lock out all.

After a such fruition I shall wake,
And, but the waking, nothing shall repent;
And shall to love more thankfull Sonnets make,
Than if more honour, teares, and paines were spent.
But dearest heart, and dearer image stay;
Alas, true joyes at best are dreame enough;
Though you stay here you passe too fast away:
For even at first lifes Taper is a snuffe.

Fill'd with her love, may I be rather grown Mai with much heart, than ideott with none.

ELEGIE XI

THE BRACELET

Upon the losse of his Mistresses Chaine, for which he made satisfaction

NOT that in colour it was like thy haire, For Armelets of that thou maist let me weare: Nor that thy hand it oft embrac'd and kist, For so it had that good, which oft I mist: Nor for that silly old moralitie, That as these linkes were knit, our love should bee: Mourne I that I thy seavenfold chaine have lost; Nor for the luck sake; but the bitter cost. O, shall twelve righteous Angels, which as yet No leaven of vile soder did admit; Nor yet by any way have straid or gone From the first state of their Creation; Angels, which heaven commanded to provide All things to me, and be my faithfull guide; To gaine new friends, t'appease great enemies; To comfort my soule, when I lie or rise; Shall these twelve innocents, by thy severe Sentence (dread judge) my sins great burden beare? Shall they be damn'd, and in the furnace throwne, And punisht for offences not their owne? They save not me, they doe not ease my paines, When in that hell they'are burnt and tyed in chains. Were they but Crownes of France, I cared not, For, most of these, their natural! Countreys rot I think possesseth, they come here to us, So pale, so lame, so leane, so ruinous; And howsoe'r French Kings most Christian be, Their Crownes are circumcis'd most Jewishly. Or were they Spanish Stamps, still travelling, That are become as Catholique as their King,

Those unlickt beare-whelps, unfil'd pistolets That (more than Canon shot) availes or lets; Which negligently left unrounded, looke Like many angled figures, in the booke Of some great Conjurer that would enforce Nature, as these doe justice, from her course; Which, as the soule quickens head, feet and heart, As streames, like veines, run through th'earth's every part, Visit all Countries, and have slily made Gorgeous France, ruin'd, ragged and decay'd; Scotland, which knew no State, proud in one day: And mangled seventeen-headed Belgia. Or were it such gold as that wherewithall Almighty Chymiques from each minerall, Having by subtle fire a soule out-pull'd; Are dirtely and desperately gull'd: I would not spit to quench the fire they'are in, For, they are guilty of much hainous Sin. But, shall my harmlesse angels perish? Shall I lose my guard, my ease, my food, my all? Much hope which they should nourish will be dead, Much of my able youth, and lustyhead Will vanish; if thou love let them alone, For thou wilt love me lesse when they are gone; And be content that some lowd squeaking Cryer Well-pleas'd with one leane thred-bare groat, for hire, May like a devill roare through every street; And gall the finders conscience, if they meet. Or let mee creepe to some dread Conjurer, That with phantastique scheames fils full much paper; Which hath divided heaven in tenements, And with whores, theeves, and murderers stuft his rents, So full, that though hee passe them all in sinne, He eaves himselfe no roome to enter in. But if, when all his art and time is spent, Hee say 'twill ne'r be found; yet be content; Receive from him that doome ungrudgingly,

Because he is the mouth of destiny.

Thou say'st (alas) the gold doth still remaine,
Though it be chang'd, and put into a chaine;
So in the first falne angels, resteth still
Wisdome and knowledge; but,'tis turn'd to ill:
As these should doe good works; and should provide
Necessities; but now must nurse thy pride.
And they are still bad angels; Mine are none;
For, forme gives being, and their forme is gone:
Pitty these Angels; yet their dignities
Passe Vertues, Powers, and Principalities.

But, thou art resolute; Thy will be done!

Yet with such anguish, as her onely sonne
The Mother in the hungry grave doth lay,
Unto the fire these Martyrs I betray.

Good soules, (for you give life to every thing)
Good Angels, (for good messages you bring)
Destin'd you might have beene to such an one,
As would have lov'd and worship'd you alone:
One that would suffer hunger, nakednesse,
Yea death, ere he would make your number lesse.
But, I am guilty of your sad decay;
May your few fellowes longer with me stay.

But ô thou wretched finder whom I hate
So, that I almost pitty thy estate:
Gold being the heaviest metal amongst all,
May my most heavy curse upon thee fall:
Here fetter'd, manacled, and hang'd in chains,
First mayst thou bee; then chaind to hellish paines;
Or be with forraine gold brib'd to betray
Thy Countrey, and faile both of that and thy pay.
May the next thing thou stoop'st to reach, containe
Poyson, whose nimble fume rot thy moist braine;
Or libels, or some interdicted thing,
Which negligently kept, thy ruine bring.
Lust-bred diseases rot thee; and dwell with thee
Itchy desire, and no abilitie.

May all the evils that gold ever wrought;
All mischiefes that all devils ever thought;
Want after plenty; poore and gouty age;
The plagues of travellers; love; marriage
Afflict thee, and at thy lives last moment,
May thy swolne sinnes themselves to thee present.

But, I forgive; repent thee honest man: Gold is Restorative, restore it then: But if from it thou beest loath to depart, Because 'tis cordiall, would 'twere at thy heart

ELEGIE XII

HIS PARTING FROM HER

SINCE she must go, and I must mourn, come Night, Environ me with darkness, whilst I write: Shadow that hell unto me, which alone I am to suffer when my Love is gone. Alas the darkest Magick cannot do it, Thou and greate Hell to boot are shadows to it. Should Cinthia quit thee, Venus, and each starre, It would not forme one thought dark as mine are. I could lend thee obscureness now, and say, Out of my self, There should be no more Day, Such is already my felt want of sight, Did not the fires within me force a light. Oh Love, that fire and darkness should be mixt, Or to thy Triumphs soe strange torments fixt! Is't because thou thy self art blind, that wee Thy Martyrs must no more each other see? Or tak'st thou pride to break us on the wheel, And view old Chaos in the Pains we feel? Or have we left undone some mutual Rite, Through holy fear, that merits thy despight? No, no. The falt was mine, impute it to me. Or rather to conspiring destinie,

Which (since I lov'd for forme before) decreed, That I should suffer when I lov'd indeed: And therefore now, sooner than I can say, I saw the golden fruit, 'tis rapt away. Or as I had watcht one drop in a vast stream, And I left wealthy only in a dream. Yet Love, thou'rt blinder than thy self in this, To vex my Dove-like friend for my amiss: And, where my own sad truth may expiate Thy wrath, to make her fortune run my fate: So blinded Justice doth, when Favorites fall, Strike them, their house, their friends, their followers all, Was't not enough that thou didst dart thy fires Into our blouds, inflaming our desires, And made'st us sigh and glow, and pant, and burn, And then thy self into our flame did'st turn? Was't not enough, that thou didst hazard us To paths in love so dark, so dangerous: And those so ambush'd round with houshold spies, And over all, thy husbands towring eyes That flam'd with oylie sweat of jealousie: Yet went we not still on with Constancie? Have we not kept our guards, like spie on spie? Had correspondence whilst the foe stood by? Stoln (more to sweeten them) our many blisses Of meetings, conference, embracements, kisses? Shadow'd with negligence our most respects? Varied our language through all dialects, Of becks, winks, looks, and often under-boards Spoak dialogues with our feet far from our words? Have we prov'd all these secrets of our Art, Yea, thy pale inwards, and thy panting heart? And, after all this passed Purgatory, Must sad divorce make us the vulgar story? First let our eyes be rivited quite through Our turning brains, and both our lips grow to: Let our armes clasp like Ivy, and our fear

Freese us together, that we may stick here, Till Fortune, that would rive us, with the deed, Strain her eyes open, and it make them bleed. For Love it cannot be, whom hitherto I have accus'd, should such a mischief doe. Oh Fortune, thou'rt not worth my least exclame, And plague enough thou hast in thy own shame. Do thy great worst, my friend and I have armes, Though not against thy strokes, against thy harmes Rend us in sunder, thou canst not divide Our bodies so, but that our souls are ty'd, And we can love by letters still and gifts, And thoughts and dreams; Love never wanteth shifts. I will not look upon the quickning Sun, But straight her beauty to my sense shall run; The ayre shall note her soft, the fire most pure; Water suggest her clear, and the earth sure. Time shall not lose our passages; the Spring How fresh our love was in the beginning; The Summer how it ripened in the eare; And Autumn, what our golden harvests were. The Winter I'll not think on to spite thee, But count it a lost season, so shall shee. And dearest Friend, since we must part, drown night With hope of Day, burthens well born are light. Though cold and darkness longer hang somewhere, Yet Phoebus equally lights all the Sphere. And what he cannot in like Portions pay, The world enjoyes in Mass, and so we may. Be then ever your self, and let no woe Win on your health, your youth, your beauty: so Declare your self base fortunes Enemy, No less by your contempt than constancy: That I may grow enamoured on your mind, When my own thoughts I there reflected find. For this to th'comfort of my Dear I vow, My Deeds shall still be what my words are now;

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The Poles shall move to teach me ere I start;
And when I change my Love, I'll change my heart;
Nay, if I wax but cold in my desire,
Think, heaven hath motion lost, and the world, fire:
Much more I could, but many words have made
That, oft, suspected which men would perswade;
Take therefore all in this: I love so true,
As I will never look for less in you.

ELEGIE XIII

JULIA

HARKE newes, ô envy, thou shalt heare descry'd My Julia; who as yet was ne'r envy'd. To vomit gall in slander, swell her vaines With calumny, that hell it selfe disdaines, Is her continuall practice; does her best, To teare opinion even out of the brest Of dearest friends, and (which is worse than vilde) Sticks jealousie in wedlock; her owne childe Scapes not the showres of envie, To repeate The monstrous fashions, how, were, alive, to eate Deare reputation. Would to God she were But halfe so loath to act vice, as to heare My milde reproofe. Liv'd Mantuan now againe, That femall Mastix, to limme with his penne This she Chymera, that hath eyes of fire, Burning with anger, anger feeds desire, Tongued like the night-crow, whose ill boding cries Give out for nothing but new injuries, Her breath like to the juice in Tenarus That blasts the springs, though ne'r so prosperous, Her hands, I know not how, us'd more to spill The food of others, than her selfe to fill. But oh her minde, that Orcus, which includes Legions of mischiefs, countlesse multitudes

Of formlesse curses, projects unmade up,
Abuses yet unfashion'd, thoughts corrupt,
Mishapen Cavils, palpable untroths,
Inevitable errours, self-accusing oaths:
These, like those Atoms swarming in the Sunne,
Throng in her bosome for creation.
I blush to give her halfe her due; yet say,
No poyson's halfe so bad as Julia.

ELEGIE XIV

A TALE OF A CITIZEN AND HIS WIFE

I SING no harme good sooth to any wight, To Lord or foole, Cuckold, begger or knight, To peace-teaching Lawyer, Proctor, or brave Reformed or reduced Captaine, Knave, Officer, Jugler, or Justice of peace, Juror or Judge; I touch no fat sowes grease, I am no Libeller, nor will be any, But (like a true man) say there are too many. I feare not ore tenus; for my tale, Nor Count nor Counsellour will redd or pale. A citizen and his wife the other day Both riding on one horse, upon the way I overtooke, the wench a pretty peate, And (by her eye) well fitting for the feate. I saw the lecherous Citizen turne backe His head, and on his wifes lip steale a smacke, Whence apprehending that the man was kinder Riding before, to kisse his wife behinde, To get acquaintance with him I began To sort discourse fit for so fine a man: I ask'd the number of the Plaguy Bill, Ask'd if the Custome Farmers held out still, Of the Virginian plot, and whether Ward The traffique of the I[n]land seas had marr'd,

Whether the Brittaine Burse did fill apace, And likely were to give th'Exchange disgrace; Of new-built Algate, and the More-field crosses, Of store of Bankerouts, and poore Merchants losses I urged him to speake; But he (as mute As an old Courtier worne to his last suite) Replies with onely yeas and nayes; At last (To fit his element) my theame I cast On Tradesmens gaines; that set his tongue agoing: Alas, good sir (quoth he) There is no doing In Court nor City now; she smil'd and I, And (in my conscience) both gave him the lie In one met thought: but he went on apace, And at the present time with such a face He rail'd, as fray'd me; for he gave no praise, To any but my Lord of Essex dayes; Call'd those the age of action; true (quoth Hee) There's now as great an itch of bravery, And heat of taking up, but cold lay downe, For, put to push of pay, away they runne; Our onely City trades of hope now are Bawd, Tavern-keeper, Whore and Scrivener; The much of priviled'd kingsmen, and the store Of fresh protections make the rest all poore; In the first state of their Creation, Though many stoutly stand, yet proves not one A righteous pay-master. Thus ranne he on In a continued rage: so void of reason Seem'd his harsh talke, I sweat for feare of treason. And (troth) how could I lesse? when in the prayer For the protection of the wise Lord Major, And his wise brethrens worships, when one prayeth, He swore that none could say Amen with faith. To get him off from what I glowed to heare, (In happy time) an Angel did appeare, The bright Signe of a lov'd and wel-try'd Inne, Where many Citizens with their wives have bin

Well us'd and often; here I pray'p him stay,
To take some due refreshment by the way.
Looke how hee look'd that hid the gold (his hope)
And at's returne found nothing but a Rope,
So he on me, refus'd and made away,
Though willing she pleaded a weary day:
I found my misse, struck hands, and praid him tell
(To hold acquaintance still) where he did dwell;
He barely nam'd the street, promis'd the Wine,
But his kinde wife gave me the very Signe.

ELEGIE XV

THE EXPOSTULATION

To make the doubt cleare, that no woman's true, Was it my fate to prove it strong in you? Thought I, but one had breathed purest aire, And must she needs be false because she's faire? Is it your beauties marke, or of your youth, Or your perfection, not to study truth? Or thinke you heaven is deafe, or hath no eyes? Or those it hath, smile at your perjuries? Are vowes so cheape with women, or the matter Whereof they are made, that they are writ in water, And blowne away with winde? Or doth their breath (Both hot and cold at once) make life and death? Who could have thought so many accents sweet Form'd into words, so many sighs should meete As from our hearts, so many oathes, and teares Sprinkled among, (all sweeter by our feares And the divine impression of stolne kisses, That seal'd the rest) should now prove empty blisses? Did you draw bonds to forfet? signe to breake? Or must we reade you quite from what you speake,

And finde the truth out the wrong way? or must

Hee first desire you false, would wish you just?

O I prophane, though most of women be This kinde of beast, my thought shall except thee;

My dearest love, though froward jealousie,

With circumstance might urge thy'inconstancie,

Sooner I'll thinke the Sunne will cease to cheare The teeming earth, and that forget to beare,

Sooner that rivers will runne back, or Thames
With ribs of Ice in June would bind his streames,

Or Nature, by whose strength the world endures, Would change her course, before you alter yours.

But O that treacherous breast to whom weake you Did trust our Counsells, and wee both may rue,

Having his falshood found too late, 'twas hee That made me cast you guilty, and you me,

Whilst he, black wretch, betray'd each simple word Wee spake, unto the cunning of a third.

Curst may hee be, that so our love hath slaine, And wander on the earth, wretched as Cain,

Wretched as hee, and not deserve least pitty; In plaguing him, let misery be witty;

Let all eyes shunne him, and hee shunne each eye, Till hee be noysome as his infamie;

May he without remorse deny God thrice, And not be trusted more on his Soules price;

And after all selfe torment, when hee dyes,

May Wolves teare out his heart, Vultures his eyes,

Swine eate his bowels, and his falser tongue That utter'd all, be to some Raven flung,

And let his carrion coarse be a longer feast

To the Kings dogges, than any other beast.

Now have I curst, let us our love revive;

In mee the flame was never more alive;

I could beginne againe to court and praise, And in that pleasure lengthen the short dayes

Of my lifes lease; like Painters that do take

Delight, not in made worke, but whiles they make;

I could renew those times, when first I saw

Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the law
To like what you lik'd; and at maskes and playes
Commend the self same Actors, the same wayes;
Aske how you did, and often with intent
Of being officious, be impertinent;
All which were such soft pastimes, as in these
Love was as subtilly catch'd, as a disease;
But being got it is a treasure sweet,
Which to defend is harder than to get:
And ought not be prophan'd on either part,
For though'tis got by chance,'tis kept by art.

ELEGIE XVI

ON HIS MISTRIS

BY our first strange and fatall interview, By all desires which thereof did ensue, By our long starving hopes, by that remorse Which my words masculine perswasive force Begot in thee, and by the memory Of hurts, which spies and rivals threatned me, I calmly beg: But by thy fathers wrath, By all paines, which want and divorcement hath, I conjure thee, and all the oathes which I And thou have sworne to seale joynt constancy, Here I unsweare, and overswear them thus, Thou shalt not love by wayes so dangerous. Temper, ô faire Love, loves impetuous rage, Be my true Mistris still, not my faign'd Page; I'll goe, and, by thy kinde leave, leave behinde Thee, onely worthy to nurse in my minde, Thirst to come backe; ô if thou die before, My soule from other lands to thee shall soare. Thy (else Almighty) beautie cannot move Rage from the Seas, nor thy love teach them love,

Nor tame wilde Boreas harshnesse; Thou hast reade How roughly hee in peeces shivered Faire Orithea, whom he swore he lov'd. Fall ill or good, 'tis madnesse to have prov'd Dangers unurg'd; Feed on this flattery, That absent Lovers one in th'other be. Dissemble nothing, not a boy, nor change Thy bodies habite, nor mindes; bee not strange To thy selfe onely; All will spie in thy face A blushing womanly discovering grace; Richly cloath'd Apes, are call'd Apes, and as soone Ecclips'd as bright we call the Moone the Moone. Men of France, changeable Camelions, Spittles of diseases, shops of fashions, Loves fuellers, and the rightest company Of Players, which upon the worlds stage be, Will quickly know thee, and no lesse, alas! Th'indifferent Italian, as we passe His warme land, well content to thinke thee Page, Will hunt thee with such lust, and hideous rage, As Lots faire guests were vext. But none of these Nor spungy hydroptique Dutch shall thee displease, If thou stay here. O stay here, for, for thee England is onely a worthy Gallerie, To walke in expectation, till from thence Our greatest King call thee to his presence. When I am gone, dreame me some happinesse, Nor let thy lookes our long hid love confesse, Nor praise, nor dispraise me, nor blesse nor curse Openly loves force, nor in bed fright thy Nurse With midnights startings, crying out, oh, oh Nurse, ô my love is slaine, I saw him goe O'r the white Alpes alone; I saw him I, Assail'd, fight, taken, stabb'd, bleed, fall, and die. Augure me better chance, except dread Jove Thinke it enough for me to'have had thy love.

ELEGIE XVII

VARIETY

THE heavens rejoyce in motion, why should I Abjure my so much lov'd variety, And not with many youth and love divide? Pleasure is none, if not diversifi'd: The sun that sitting in the chaire of light Sheds flame into what else soever doth seem bright, Is not contented at one Signe to Inne, But ends his year and with a new beginnes. All things doe willingly in change delight, The fruitfull mother of our appetite: Rivers the clearer and more pleasing are, Where their fair spreading streames run wide and farr; And a dead lake that no strange bark doth greet, Corrupts it self and what doth live in it. Let no man tell me such a one is faire, And worthy all alone my love to share. Nature in her hath done the liberall part Of a kinde Mistresse, and imploy'd her art To make her loveable, and I aver Him not humane that would turn back from her: I love her well, and would, if need were, dye To doe her service. But followes it that I Must serve her onely, when I may have choice Of other beauties, and in change rejoice? The law is hard, and shall not have my voice. The last I saw in all extreames is faire, And holds me in the Sun-beames of her haire; Her nymph-like features such agreements have That I could venture with her to the grave: Another's brown, I like her not the worse, Her tongue is soft and takes me with discourse : Others, for that they well descended are, Do in my love obtain as large a share;

And though they be not fair, 'tis much with mee To win their love onely for their degree. And though I faile of my required ends, The attempt is glorious and it self commends. How happy were our Syres in ancient time. Who held plurality of loves no crime! With them it was accounted charity To stirre up race of all indifferently; Kindreds were not exempted from the bands: Which with the Persian still in usage stands. Women were then no sooner asked than won, And what they did was honest and well done. But since this title honour hath been us'd, Our weake credulity hath been abus'd; The golden laws of nature are repeald, Which our first Fathers in such reverence held; Our liberty's revers'd, our Charter's gone, And we're made servants to opinion, A monster in no certain shape attir'd, And whose originall is much desir'd, Formlesse at first, but growing on it fashions, And doth prescribe manners and laws to nations. Here love receiv'd immedicable harmes, And was dispoiled of his daring armes. A greater want than is his daring eyes, He lost those awfull wings with which he flies; His sinewy bow, and those immortall darts Wherewith he'is wont to bruise resisting hearts. Onely some few strong in themselves and free Retain the seeds of antient liberty, Following that part of Love although deprest, And make a throne for him within their brest, In spight of modern censures him avowing Their Soveraigne, all service him allowing. Amongst which troop although I am the least, Yet equall in perfection with the best, I glory in subjection of his hand,

Nor ever did decline his least command:
For in whatever forme the message came
My heart did open and receive the same.
But time will in his course a point discry
When I this loved service must deny,
For our allegiance temporary is,
With firmer age returnes our liberties.
What time in years and judgement we repos'd,
Shall not so easily be to change dispos'd,
Nor to the art of severall eyes obeying;
But beauty with true worth securely weighing,
Which being found assembled in some one,
Wee'l love her ever, and love her alone.

ELEGIE XVIII

LOVES PROGRESS

WHO ever loves, if he do not propose The right true end of love, he's one that goes To sea for nothing but to make him sick: Love is a bear-whelp born, if we o're lick Our love, and force it new strange shapes to take, We erre, and of a lump a monster make. Were not a Calf a monster that were grown Face'd like a man, though better than his own? Perfection is in unitie: preferr One woman first, and then one thing in her. I, when I value gold, may think upon The ductilness, the application, The wholsomness, the ingenuitie, From rust, from soil, from fire ever free: But if I love it, 'tis because 'tis made By our new nature (Use) the soul of trade. All these in women we might think upon (If women had them) and yet love but one. Can men more injure women than to say

They love them for that, by which they're not they? Makes virtue woman? must I cool my bloud Till I both be, and find one wise and good? May barren Angels love so. But if we Make love to woman; virtue is not she: As beauty'is not nor wealth: He that strayes thus From her to hers, is more adulterous, Than if he took her maid. Search every sphear And firmament, our *Cupid* is not there: He's an infernal god and under ground, With Pluto dwells, where gold and fire abound: Men to such Gods, their sacrificing Coles Did not in Altars lay, but pits and holes. Although we see Celestial bodies move Above the earth, the earth we Till and love: So we her ayres contemplate, words and heart, And virtues; but we love the Centrique part.

Nor is the soul more worthy, or more fit For love, than this, as infinite as it. But in attaining this desired place How much they erre; that set out at the face? The hair a Forest is of Ambushes, Of springes, snares, fetters and manacles: The brow becalms us when 'tis smooth and plain, And when 'tis wrinckled, shipwracks us again. Smooth, 'tis a Paradice, where we would have Immortal stay, and wrinkled 'tis our grave. The Nose (like to the first Meridian) runs Not 'twixt an East and West, but 'twixt two suns; It leaves a Cheek, a rosie Hemisphere On either side, and then directs us where Upon the Islands fortunate we fall, (Not faynte Canaries, but Ambrosiall) Her swelling lips; To which when wee are come, We anchor there, and think our selves at home, For they seem all: there Syrens songs, and there Wise Delphick Oracles do fill the ear;

There in a Creek where chosen pearls do swell, The Remora, her cleaving tongue doth dwell. These, and the glorious Promontory, her Chin Ore past; and the streight Hellespont betweene The Sestos and Abydos of her breasts, (Not of two Lovers, but two Loves the neasts) Succeeds a boundless sea, but yet thine eye Some Island moles may scattered there descry; And Sailing towards her India, in that way Shall at her fair Atlantick Navell stay; Though thence the Current be thy Pilot made, Yet ere thou be where thou wouldst be embay'd, Thou shalt upon another Forest set, Where many Shipwrack, and no further get. When thou art there, consider what this chace Mispent by thy beginning at the face.

Rather set out below; practice my Art, Some Symetry the foot hath with that part Which thou dost seek, and is thy Map for that Lovely enough to stop, but not stay at: Least subject to disguise and change it is; Men say the Devil never can change his. It is the Emblem that hath figured Firmness; 'tis the first part that comes to bed. Civilitie we see refin'd: the kiss Which at the face began, transplanted is, Since to the hand, since to the Imperial knee, Now at the Papal foot delights to be: If Kings think that the nearer way, and do Rise from the foot, Lovers may do so too; For as free Spheres move faster far than can Birds, whom the air resists, so may that man Which goes this empty and Ætherial way, Than if at beauties elements he stay. Rich Nature hath in women wisely made Two purses, and their mouths aversely laid: They then, which to the lower tribute owe,

2.5

of elegies and heroicall epistle
That way which that Exchequer looks, must go:

He which doth not, his error is as great,
As who by Clyster gave the Stomack meat,

ELEGIE XIX

TO HIS MISTRIS GOING TO BED

соме, Madam, come, all rest my powers defie, Until I labour, I in labour lie. The foe oft-times having the foe in sight, Is tir'd with standing though he never fight. Off with that girdle, like heavens Zone glistering, But a far fairer world incompassing. Unpin that spangled breastplate which you wear, That th'eyes of busie fooles may be stopt there. Unlace your self, for that harmonious chyme, Tells me from you, that now it is bed time. Off with that happy busk, which I envie, That still can be, and still can stand so nigh. Your gown going off, such beautious state reveals, As when from flowry meads th'hills shadow steales. Off with that wyerie Coronet and shew The haiery Diademe which on you doth grow: Now off with those shooes, and then safely tread In this loves hallow'd temple, this soft bed. In such white robes, heaven's Angels us'd to be Receaved by men; Thou Angel bringst with thee

By this these Angels from an evil sprite,

Those set our hairs, but these our flesh upright.

Licence my roaving hands, and let them go,

Before, behind, between, above, below.

O my America! my new-found-land,

A heaven like Mahomets Paradice; and though

Ill spirits walk in white, we easly know,

My kingdome, safeliest when with one man man'd, My Myne of precious stones, My Emperie, How blest am I in this discovering thee!
To enter in these bonds, is to be free;
Then where my hand is set, my seal shall be.

Full nakedness! All joyes are due to thee,
As souls unbodied, bodies uncloth'd must be,
To taste whole joyes. Gems which you women use
Are like Atlanta's balls, cast in mens views,
That when a fools eye lighteth on a Gem,
His earthly soul may covet theirs, not them.
Like pictures, or like books gay coverings made
For lay-men, are all women thus array'd;
Themselves are mystick books, which only wee
(Whom their imputed grace will dignifie)
Must see reveal'd. Then since that I may know;
As liberally, as to a Midwife, shew
Thy self: cast all, yea, this white lynnen hence,
There is no pennance due to innocence.

To teach thee, I am naked first; why then What needst thou have more covering than a man.

ELEGIE XX

LOVES WARRE

And when I have peace, can I leave thee then?
All other Warrs are scrupulous; Only thou
O fayr free Citty, maist thyselfe allow
To any one: In Flanders, who can tell
Whether the Master presse; or men rebell?
Only we know, that which all Ideots say,
They beare most blows which come to part the fray.
France in her lunatique giddines did hate
Ever our men, yea and our God of late;
Yet she relyes upon our Angels well,
Which nere returne; no more than they which fell.
Sick Ireland is with a strange warr possest

Like to an Ague; now raging, now at rest; Which time will cure: yet it must doe her good If she were purg'd, and her head vayne let blood. And Midas joyes our Spanish journeys give, We touch all gold, but find no food to live. And I should be in the hott parching clime, To dust and ashes turn'd before my time. To mew me in a Ship, is to inthrall Mee in a prison, that weare like to fall; Or in a Cloyster; save that there men dwell In a calme heaven, here in a swaggering hell. Long voyages are long consumptions, And ships are carts for executions. Yea they are Deaths; Is't not all one to flye Into an other World, as t'is to dye? Here let mee warr; in these armes lett mee lye; Here lett mee parlee, batter, bleede, and dye. Thyne armes imprison me, and myne armes thee, Thy hart thy ransome is, take myne for mee. Other men war that they their rest may gayne; But wee will rest that wee may fight agayne. Those warrs the ignorant, these th'experienc'd love, There wee are alwayes under, here above. There Engins farr off breed a just true feare, Neere thrusts, pikes, stabs, yea bullets hurt not here. There lyes are wrongs; here safe uprightly ly; There men kill men, we'will make one by and by. Thou nothing; I not halfe so much shall do In these Warrs, as they may which from us two Shall spring. Thousands wee see which travaile not To warrs; But stay swords, armes, and shott To make at home; And shall not I do then More glorious service, staying to make men?

HEROICALL EPISTLE

SAPHO TO PHILÆNIS

WHERE is that holy fire, which Verse is said
To have? is that inchanting force decai'd?

Verse that drawes Natures workes, from Natures law, Thee, her best worke, to her worke cannot draw.

Have my teares quench'd my old *Poetique* fire; Why quench'd they not as well, that of desire?

Thoughts, my mindes creatures, often are with thee, But I, their maker, want their libertie.

Onely thine image, in my heart, doth sit, But that is waxe, and fires environ it.

My fires have driven, thine have drawne it hence; And I am rob'd of Picture, Heart, and Sense.

Dwells with me still mine irksome Memory,

Which, both to keepe, and lose, grieves equally.

That tells me'how faire thou art: Thou art so faire, As, gods, when gods to thee I doe compare,

Are grac'd thereby; And to make blinde men see, What things gods are, I say they'are like to thee.

For, if we justly call each silly man

A litle world, What shall we call thee then?

Thou art not soft, and cleare, and strait, and faire, As Down, as Stars, Cedars, and Lillies are,

But thy right hand, and cheek, and eye, only

Are like thy other hand, and cheek, and eye.

Such was my Phao awhile, but shall be never,

As thou, wast, art, and, oh, maist be ever.

Here lovers sweare in their Idolatrie,

That I am such; but Griefe discolors me.

And yet I grieve the lesse, lest Griefe remove

My beauty, and make me'unworthy of thy love.

Plaies some soft boy with thee, oh there wants yet A mutuall feeling which should sweeten it.

100 ELEGIES AND HEROICALL EPISTLE

His chinne, a thorny hairy unevennesse Doth threaten, and some daily change possesse.

Thy body is a naturall Paradise,

In whose selfe, unmanur'd, all pleasure lies,

Nor needs perfection; why shouldst thou then Admit the tillage of a harsh rough man?

Men leave behinde them that which their sin showes, And are as theeves trac'd, which rob when it snows.

But of our dallyance no more signes there are, Than fishes leave in streames, or Birds in aire.

And betweene us all sweetnesse may be had; All, all that Nature yields, or Art can adde.

My two lips, eyes, thighs, differ from thy two.
But so, as thine from one another doe;

And, oh, no more; the likenesse being such, Why should they not alike in all parts touch?

Hand to strange hand, lippe to lippe none denies;
Why should they brest to brest, or thighs to thighs?

Likenesse begets such strange selfe flatterie,

That touching my selfe, all seemes done to thee.

My selfe I embrace, and mine owne hands I kisse, And amorously thanke my selfe for this.

Me, in my glasse, I call thee; But alas, When I would kisse, teares dimme mine eyes, and glasse.

O cure this loving madnesse, and restore Me to mee; thee, my halfe, my all, my more,

So may thy cheekes red outweare scarlet dye, And their white, whitenesse of the Galaxy,

So may thy mighty, amazing beauty move Envy'in all women, and in all men, love,

And so be change, and sicknesse, farre from thee, As thou by comming neere, keep'st them from me.

EPITHALAMIONS, OR MARRIAGE SONGS

THE "EPITHALAMION" written for the Princess Elizabeth can be dated accurately from the date of her marriage, February 14, 1613. In the same way "The Ecclogue and Epithalamion" for the infamous Lord Somerset can be dated December 16th, 1613. "The Epithalamion made at Lincolnes Inne," presumably when Donne was a student there, is of a much earlier date, (c.) 1592.

The basis for the text of all the Epithalamions is the 1633 edition. The general title is from the 1635 edition. The title of the Epithalamion appended to the Ecclogue I have taken from the Dowden MS. with the permission of Mr. Wilfred. Merton: its present owner.



AN EPITHALAMION, OR MARIAGE SONG on the Lady Elizabeth, and Count Palatine being married on St. Valentines day

I

HAILE Bishop Valentine, whose day this is,
All the Aire is thy Diocis,
And all the chirping Choristers

And other birds are thy Parishioners,
Thou marryest every yeare

The Lirique Larke, and the grave whispering Dove,
The Sparrow that neglects his life for love,
The household Bird, with the red stomacher,
Thou mak'st the black bird speed as soone,
As doth the Goldfinch, or the Halcyon;
The husband cocke lookes out, and straight is sped,
And meets his wife, which brings her feather-bed.
This day more cheerfully than ever shine,
This day, which might enflame thy self, Old Valentine.

II

Till now, Thou warmd'st with multiplying loves
Two larkes, two sparrowes, or two Doves,
All that is nothing unto this,
For thou this day couplest two Phænixes;
Thou mak'st a Taper see

What the sunne never saw, and what the Arke (Which was of foules, and beasts, the cage, and park,) Did not containe, one bed containes, through Thee,

Two Phænixes, whose joyned breasts
Are unto one another mutuall nests,
Where motion kindles such fires, as shall give
Yong, Phænixes, and yet the old shall live.
Whose love and courage never shall decline,
But make the whole year through, thy day, O Valentine.

III

Up then faire Phœnix Bride, frustrate the Sunne,
Thy selfe from thine affection
Takest warmth enough, and from thine eye
All lesser birds will take their Jollitie.

Up, up, faire Bride, and call, Thy starres, from out their severall boxes, take Thy Rubies, Pearles, and Diamonds forth, and make Thy selfe a constellation, of them All,

And by their blazing, signifie,
That a Great Princess falls, but doth not die;
Bee thou a new starre, that to us portends
Ends of much wonder; And be Thou those ends.
Since thou dost this day in new glory shine,
May all men date Records, from this thy Valentine.

IIII

Come forth, come forth, and as one glorious flame Meeting Another, growes the same, So meet thy Fredericke, and so To an unseparable union growe.

Since separation
Falls not on such things as are infinite,
Nor things which are but one, can disunite,
You'are twice inseparable, great, and one;
Goe then to where the Bishop staies,

To make you one, his way, which divers waies
Must be effected; and when all is past,
And that you'are one, by hearts and hands made fast,
You two have one way left, your selves to'entwine,
Besides this Bishops knot, or Bishop Valentine.

V

But oh, what ailes the Sunne, that here he staies,

Longer to day, than other daies?

Staies he new light from these to get?

And finding here such store, is loth to set?

And why doe you two walke, So slowly pac'd in this procession? Is all your care but to be look'd upon, And be to others spectacle, and talke?

The feast, with gluttonous delaies,
Is eaten, and too long their meat they praise,
The masquers come too late, and'I thinke, will stay,
Like Fairies, till the Cock crow them away.
Alas, did not Antiquity assigne
A night, as well as day, to thee, O Valentine?

VI

They did, and night is come; and yet wee see Formalities retarding thee.

What meane these Ladies, which (as though They were to take a clock in peeces,) goe

So nicely about the Bride;
A Bride, before a good night could be said,
Should vanish from her cloathes, into her bed,
As Soules from bodies steale, and are not spy'd.

But now she is laid; What though shee bee? Yet there are more delayes, For, where is he? He comes, and passes through Spheare after Spheare, First her sheetes, then her Armes, then any where. Let not this day, then, but this night be thine, Thy day was but the eve to this, O Valentine.

VII

Here lyes a shee Sunne, and a hee Moone here,
She gives the best light to his Spheare,
Or each is both, and all, and so
They unto one another nothing owe,
And yet they doe, but are

And yet they doe, but are
So just and rich in that coyne which they pay,
That neither would, nor needs forbeare nor stay;
Neither desires to be spar'd, nor to spare,

They quickly pay their debt, and then
Take no acquittances, but pay again;
They pay, they give, they lend, and so let fall
No such occasion to be liberall.
More truth, more courage in these two do shine,
Than all thy turtles have, and sparrows, Valentine.

VIII

And by this act of these two Phenixes

Nature againe restored is,

For since these two are two no more,

Ther's but one Phenix still, as was before.

Rest now at last, and wee
As Satyres watch the Sunnes uprise, will stay
Waiting, when your eyes opened, let out day,
Onely desir'd, because your face wee see;

Others neare you shall whispering speake,
And wagers lay, at which side day will breake,
And win by'observing, then, whose hand it is
That opens first a curtaine, hers or his;
This will be tryed to morrow after nine,
Till which houre, wee thy day enlarge, O Valentine.

ECCLOGUE

1613. December 26

Allophanes finding Idios in the country in Christmas time, reprehends his absence from court, at the mariage of the Earle of Sommerset, Idios gives an account of his purpose therein, and of his absence thence.

Allophanes.

UNSEASONABLE man, statue of ice,

What could to countries solitude entice

Thee, in this yeares cold and decrepit time?

Natures instinct drawes to the warmer clime

Even small birds, who by that courage dare,

In numerous fleets, saile through their Sea, the aire.

What delicacie can in fields appeare,

Whil'st Flora'herselfe doth a freeze jerkin weare?

Whil'st windes do all the trees and hedges strip

Of leafes, to furnish roddes enough to whip

Thy madnesse from thee; and all springs by frost

Have taken cold, and their sweet murmure lost;

If thou thy faults or fortunes would'st lament With just solemnity, do it in Lent;

At Court the spring already advanced is,

The Sunne stayes longer up; and yet not his

The glory is, farre other, other fires.

First, zeale to Prince and State; then leves desires

Burne in one brest, and like heavens two great lights,

The first doth governe dayes, the other nights.

And then that early light, which did appeare

Before the Sunne and Moone created were,

The Princes favour is defus'd o'r all,

From which all Fortunes, Names, and Natures fall;

Then from those wombes of starres, the Brides bright eyes,

At every glance, a constellation flyes,

And sowes the Court with starres, and doth prevent
In light and power, the all-ey'd firmament;
First her eyes kindle other Ladies eyes,
Then from their beames their jewels lusters rise,
And from their jewels torches do take fire,
And all is warmth, and light, and good desire;
Most other Courts, alas, are like to hell,
Where in darke plotts, fire without light doth dwell:
Or but like Stoves, for lust and envy get

Continuall, but artificiall heat;
Here zeale and love growne one, all clouds disgest,
And make our Court an everlasting East.

And can'st thou be from thence?

Idios. No, I am there.

As heaven, to men dispos'd, is every where,
So are those Courts, whose Princes animate,
Not onely all their house, but all their State.
Let no man thinke, because he is full, he hath all,

Kings (as their patterne, God) are liberall

Not onely in fulnesse, but capacitie,

Enlarging narrow men, to feele and see,

And comprehend the blessings they bestow.

So, reclus'd hermits often times do know

More of heavens glory, than a worldling can.

As man is of the world, the heart of man,

Is an epitome of Gods great booke

Of creatures, and man need no farther looke;

So is the Country of Courts, where sweet peace doth, As their one common soule, give life to both,

I am not then from Court.

Allophanes.

Dreamer, thou art.

Think'st thou fantastique that thou hast a part
In the East-Indian fleet, because thou hast
A little spice, or Amber in thy taste?
Because thou art not frozen, art thou warme?

Seest thou all good because thou seest no harme?

The earth doth in her inward bowels hold

Stuffe well dispos'd, and which would faine be gold,

But never shall, except it chance to lye,

So upward, that heaven gild it with his eye;

As, for divine things, faith comes from above,

So, for best civill use, all tinctures move

From higher powers; From God religion springs,

Wisdome, and honour from the use of Kings.

Then unbeguile thy selfe, and know with mee,

That Angels, though on earth employd they bee,

Are still in heav'n, so is hee still at home

That doth, abroad, to honest actions come.

Chide thy selfe then, O foole, which yesterday

Might'st have read more than all thy books bewray;

Hast thou a history, which doth present

A Court, where all affections do assent

Unto the Kings, and that, that Kings are just?

And where it is no levity to trust?

Where there is no ambition, but to'obey,

Where men need whisper nothing, and yet may;

Where the Kings favours are so plac'd, that all

Finde that the King therein is liberall

To them, in him, because his favours bend

To vertue, to the which they all pretend?

Thou hast no such; yet here was this, and more,

An earnest lover, wise then, and before.

Our little Cupid hath sued Livery,

And is no more in his minority,

Hee is admitted now into that brest

Where the Kings Counsells and his secrets rest.

What hast thou lost, O ignorant man?

Idios. I knew

All this, and onely therefore I withdrew.

To know and feele all this, and not to have

Words to expresse it, makes a man a grave

Of his owne thoughts; I would not therefore stay At a great feast, having no grace to say.

And yet I scap'd not here; for being come Full of the common joy, I utter'd some;

Reade then this nuptiall song, which was not made Either the Court or mens hearts to invade,

But since I'am dead, and buried, I could frame
No Epitaph, which might advance my fame
So much as this poor song, which testifies
I did unto that day some sacrifice.

EPITHALAMION

I

THE TIME OF THE MARIAGE

THOU art repriv'd old yeare, thou shalt not die, Though thou upon thy death bed lye,

And should'st within five dayes expire, Yet thou art rescu'd by a mightier fire,

Than thy old Soule, the Sunne,
When he doth in his largest circle runne.
The passage of the West or East would thaw,
And open wide their easie liquid jawe
To all our ships, could a Promethean art
Either unto the Northerne Pole impart
The fire of these inflaming eyes, or of this loving heart.

II EQUALITY OF PERSONS

But undiscerning Muse, which heart, which eyes,
In this new couple, dost thou prize,
When his eye as inflaming is
As hers, and her heart loves as well as his?
Be tryed by beauty, and then
The bridegroome is a maid, and not a man.

If by that manly courage they be tryed,
Which scornes unjust opinion; then the bride
Becomes a man. Should chance or envies Art
Divide these two, whom nature scarce did part?
Since both have both th'enflaming eyes, and both the loving heart.

III

RAISING OF THE BRIDEGROOM

Singly, so much one are you two,
Yet let me here contemplate thee,
First cheerfull Bridegroome, and first let mee see,
How thou prevent'st the Sunne,
And his red foming horses dost outrunne,
How, having laid downe in thy Soveraignes brest
All businesses, from thence to reinvest
Them, when these triumphs cease, thou forward art
To shew to her, who doth the like impart,
The fire of thy inflaming eyes, and of thy loving heart.

IIII

RAISING OF THE BRIDE

But now, to Thee, faire Bride, it is some wrong, To thinke thou wert in Bed so long, Since Soone thou lyest downe first, tis fit Thou in first rising should'st allow for it.

Pouder thy Radiant haire,
Which if without such ashes thou would'st weare,
Thou, which to all which come to looke upon,
Art meant for Phœbus, would'st be Phaëton.
For our ease, give thine eyes th'unusual part
Of joy, a Teare; so quencht, thou maist impart,
To us that come, thy inflaming eyes, to him, thy loving heart.

V

HER APPARRELLING

Who can the Sun in water see.

Soe dost thou, when in silke and gold,

Thou cloudst thy selfe; since wee which doe behold,

Are dust, and wormes, 'tis just

Our objects be the fruits of wormes and dust;

Let every Jewell be a glorious starre,

Yet starres are not so pure, as their spheares are.

And though thou stoope, to'appeare to us in part,

Still in that Picture thou intirely art,

Which thy inflaming eyes have made within his loving heart.

VI

GOING TO THE CHAPPELL

As men which through a Cipres see
The rising sun, doe thinke it two,
Soe, as you goe to Church, doe thinke of you,
But that vaile being gone,
By the Church rites you are from thenceforth one.
The Church Triumphant made this match before,
And now the Militant doth strive no more;
Then, reverend Priest, who Gods Recorder art,
Doe, from his Dictates, to these two impart
All blessings, which are seene, or thought, by Angels eye or heart.

VII

THE BENEDICTION

BLEST payre of Swans, Oh may you interbring Daily new joyes, and never sing; Live, till all grounds of wishes faile, Till honor, yea till wisedome grow so stale,

That, new great heights to trie,

It must serve your ambition, to die;

Raise heires, and may here, to the worlds end, live

Heires from this King, to take thankes, you, to give,

Nature and grace doe all, and nothing Art.

May never age, or error overthwart

With any West, these radiant eyes, with any North, this heart.

VIII

FEASTS AND REVELLS

Injures; it causeth time to stay;
The tables groane, as though this feast
Would, as the flood, destroy all fowle and beast.
And were the doctrine new
That the earth mov'd, this day would make it true;
For every part to dance and revell goes.
They tread the ayre, and fal not where they rose.
Though six houres since, the Sunne to bed did part,
The masks and banquets will not yet impart
A sunset to these weary eyes, A Center to this heart.

IX

THE BRIDES GOING TO BED

WHAT mean'st thou Bride, this companie to keep?

To sit up, till thou faine wouldst sleep?

Thou maist not, when thou art laid, doe so.

Thy selfe must to him a new banquet grow,

And you must entertaine

And doe all this daies dances o'er againe.

Know that if Sun and Moone together doe

Rise in one point, they doe not set so too;

Therefore thou maist, faire Bride, to bed depart,

Thou art not gone, being gone; where e'r thou art,
Thou leav'st in him thy watchfull eyes, in him thy loving heart.

\mathbf{X}

THE BRIDEGROOMES COMMING

As he that sees a starre fall, runs apace,

And findes a gellie in the place,
So doth the Bridegroome haste as much,
Being told this starre is falne, and findes her such.
And as friends may looke strange,
By a new fashion, or apparrells change,
Their soules, though long acquainted they had beene,
These clothes, their bodies, never yet had seene;
Therefore at first shee modestly might start,
But must forthwith surrender every part,

$\mathbf{x}\mathbf{I}$

As freely, as each to each before, gave either eye or heart.

THE GOOD-NIGHT

Unchang'd for fifteene hundred yeare,
May these love-lamps we here enshrine,
In warmth, light, lasting, equall the divine.
Fire ever doth aspire,
And makes all like it selfe, turnes all to fire,
But ends in ashes, which these cannot doe,
For none of these is fuell, but fire too.
This is joyes bonfire, then, where loves strong Arts
Make of so noble individuall parts
One fire of foure inflaming eyes, and of two loving hearts.

Idios.

As I have brought this song, that I may doe
A perfect sacrifice, I'll burne it too.

Allophanes.

No Sir. This paper I have justly got,

For, in burnt incense, the perfume is not

His only that presents it, but of all;

What ever celebrates this Festivall

Is common, since the joy thereof is so.

Nor may your selfe be Priest: But let me goe,

Backe to the Court, and I will lay'it upon

Such Altars, as prize your devotion.

EPITHALAMION MADE AT LINCOLNES INNE

THE Sun-beames in the East are spred,

Leave, leave, faire Bride, your solitary bed,

No more shall you returne to it alone,
It nourseth sadnesse, and your bodies print,
Like to a grave, the yielding downe doth dint;

You and your other you meet there anon;
Put forth, put forth that warme balme-breathing thigh,
Which when next time you in these sheets wil smother,
There it must meet another,
Which never was, but must be, oft, more nigh;
Come glad from thence, goe gladder than you came,

Daughters of London, you which bee
Our Golden Mines, and furnish'd Treasurie,
You which are Angels, yet still bring with you
Thousands of Angels on your mariage daies,
Help with your presence and devise to praise
These rites, which also unto you grow due;
Conceitedly dresse her, and be assign'd,
By you, fit place for every flower and jewell,

To day put on perfection, and a womans name.

Make her for love fit fewell

As gay as Flora, and as rich as Inde; So may shee faire, rich, glad, and in nothing lame, To day put on perfection, and a womans name.

And you frolique Patricians,

Sonnes of these Senators, wealths deep oceans,

Ye painted courtiers, barrels of others wits, Yee country men, who but your beasts love none, Yee of those fellowships whereof hee's one,

Of study and play made strange Hermaphrodits, Here shine; This Bridegroom to the Temple bring.

Loe, in you path which store of straw'd flowers graceth,

The sober virgin paceth;

Except my sight faile, 'tis no other thing; Weep not nor blush, here is no griefe nor shame, To day put on perfection, and a womans name.

Thy two-leav'd gates faire Temple unfold,
And these two in thy sacred bosome hold,
Till, mystically joyn'd, but one they bee;
Then may thy leane and hunger-starved wombe

Long time expect their bodies and their tombe,

Long after their owne parents fatten thee. All elder claimes, and all cold barrennesse,

All yeelding to new loves bee far for ever,

Which might these two dissever,

All wayes all th'other may each one possesse; For, the best Bride, best worthy of praise and fame, Today puts on perfection, and a womans name.

Oh winter dayes bring much delight,
Not for themselves, but for they soon bring night;
Other sweets wait thee than these diverse meats,
Other disports than dancing jollities,
Other love tricks than glancing with the eyes,
But that the Sun still in our halfe Spheare sweates;

Hee flies in winter, but he now stands still. Yet shadowes turne; Noone point he hath attain'd, His steeds nill bee restrain'd,

But gallop lively downe the Westerne hill; Thou shalt, when he hath runne the worlds half frame, To night put on perfection, and a womans name.

The amorous evening starre is rose,
Why then should not our amorous starre inclose

Her selfe in her wish'd bed? Release your strings

Musicians, and dancers take some truce

With these your pleasing labours, for great use

As much wearinesse as perfection brings;

You, and not only you, but all toyl'd beasts Rest duly; at night all their toyles are dispensed; But in their beds commenced

Are other labours, and more dainty feasts; She goes a maid, who, lest she turne the same To night puts on perfection, and a womans name.

Thy virgins girdle now untie,

And in thy nuptiall bed (loves altar) lye

A pleasing sacrifice; now dispossesse

Thee of these chaines and robes which were put on

T'adorne the day, not thee; for thou, alone,

Like vertue'and truth, art best in nakednesse;

This bed is onely to virginitie

A grave, but, to a better state, a cradle;

Till now thou wast but able

To be what now thou art; then that by thee No more be said, I may bee, but, I am, To night put on perfection, and a womans name.

Even like a faithfull man content,
That this life for a better should be spent,
So, shee a mothers rich stile doth preferre,
And at the Bridegroomes wish'd approach doth lye,

Like an appointed lambe, when tenderly

The priest comes on his knees t'embowell her;

Now sleep or watch with more joy; and O light Of heaven, to morrow rise thou hot, and early; This Sun will love so dearely

Her rest, that long, long we shall want her sight; Wonders are wrought, for shee which had no maime, To night puts on perfection, and a womans name.

SATYRES

DONNE'S SATIRES are the least appreciated, as they are also the most awkwardly constructed of any of the poems he wrote. "John Donne," Jonson is reported to have said, "for not keeping of accent deserved hanging," and the reader will be inclined to agree. At the same time much can be said in favour of the "dromedary trot" as a means of emphasizing the thrusts and sallies of satire, although such a movement, however exhilarating, tends to distract the reader's attention from the subtle allusions implied in them. Satire I is directed against London Society, Satire II against Lawyers, Satire III against Religion (title "Of Religion" in Harleian MS. 5110), Satire IV against the Court, Satire V against the bribing of Judges. They are amongst the earliest examples in English.

The date of the first three satires can be fixed from allusions they contain, approximately between the years 1593-1597, though Professor Grierson considers 1593 too early. Nevertheless the date 1593, written in Harleian MS. 5110 in which they are found, cannot be disregarded until more positive evidence is produced to show that it is incorrect. The fourth satire belongs to the latter part of 1597, in which year the loss of Amiens, to which reference is made, occurred. satire, if we accept Professor Grierson's evidence, which is certainly more plausible than that of other editors, was written

after 1598, but before the end of the century.

All the five satires were printed in 1633, and the edition of that year is the basis of the present text. Of the two satirical pieces that follow the "Satires" in this edition, "Upon Mr. Coryat's Crudities," originally appended to the "Crudities" in 1611, first appeared in an edition of Donne's poems in 1649 (the present text is based on the edition of the following year which was made up of the leaves of 1649 with a cancel-title). " In eundem Macaronicon "appeared in "Coryat's Crudities" 1611 and is here printed from that text.



SATYRE I

AWAY thou fondling motley humorist, Leave mee, and in this standing woodden chest, Consorted with these few bookes, let me lye In prison, and here be coffin'd, when I dye; Here are Gods conduits, grave Divines; and here Natures Secretary, the Philosopher; And jolly Statesmen, which teach how to tie The sinewes of a cities mistique bodie; Here gathering Chroniclers, and by them stand Giddie fantastique Poëts of each land. Shall I leave all this constant company, And follow headlong, wild uncertaine thee? First sweare by thy best love in earnest (If thou which lov'st all, canst love any best) Thou wilt not leave mee in the middle street, Though some more spruce companion thou dost meet, Not though a Captaine do come in thy way Bright parcell gilt, with forty dead mens pay, Not though a briske perfum'd piert Courtier Deigne with a nod, thy courtesie to answer. Nor come a velvet Justice with a long Great traine of blew coats, twelve, or fourteen strong, Wilt thou grin or fawne on him, or prepare A speech to Court his beautious sonne and heire ! For better or worse take mee, or leave mee: To take, and leave mee is adultery.

Oh monstrous, superstitious puritan, Of refin'd manners, yet ceremoniall man, That when thou meet'st one, with enquiring eyes Dost search, and like a needy broker prize The silke, and gold he weares, and to that rate So high or low, dost raise thy formall hat: That wilt comfort none, untill thou have knowne What lands hee hath in hope, or of his owne, As though all thy companions should make thee Jointures, and marry thy deare company. Why should'st thou (that dost not onely approve, But in ranke itchie lust, desire, and love The nakednesse and barenesse to enjoy, Of thy plumpe muddy whore, or prostitute boy) Hate vertue, though shee be naked, and bare? At birth, and death, our bodies naked are; And till our Soules be unapparrelled Of bodies, they from blisse are banished. Mans first blest state was naked, when by sinne Hee lost that, yet hee was cloath'd but in beasts skin, And in this course attire, which I now weare, With God, and with the Muses I conferre. But since thou like a contrite penitent, Charitably warn'd of thy sinnes, dost repent These vanities, and giddinesses, loe I shut my chamber doore, and come, lets goe. But sooner may a cheape whore, who hath beene Worne by as many severall men in sinne, As are black feathers, or musk-colour hose, Name her childs right true father, 'mongst all those: Sooner may one guesse, who shall beare away The Infanta of London, Heire to an India; And sooner may a gulling weather Spie By drawing forth heavens Scheme tell certainly What fashioned hats, or ruffes, or suits next yeare Our subtile-witted antique youths will weare; Than thou, when thou depart'st from mee, canst show

Whither, why, when, or with whom thou wouldst go. But how shall I be pardon'd my offence That thus have sinn'd against my conscience? Now we are in the street; He first of all Improvidently proud, creepes to the wall, And so imprisoned, and hem'd in by mee-Sells for a little state his libertie; Yet though he cannot skip forth now to greet Every fine silken painted foole we meet, He them to him with amorous smiles allures, And grins, smacks, shrugs, and such an itch endures, As prentises, or schoole-boyes which doe know Of some gay sport abroad, yet dare not goe. And as fidlers stop lowest, at highest sound, So to the most brave, stoops hee nigh'st the ground. But to a grave man, he doth move no more Than the wise politique horse would heretofore, Or thou O Elephant or Ape wilt doe, When any names the King of Spaine to you. Now leaps he upright, Joggs me, and cryes, Do you see Yonder well favoured youth? Oh, 'tis hee That dances so divinely; Oh, said I, Stand still, must you dance here for company? Hee droopt, wee went, till one (which did excell Th'Indians, in drinking his Tobacco well) Met us; they talk'd; I whispered, let'us goe, "T may be you smell him not, truely I doe; He heares not mee, but, on the other side A many-coloured Peacock having spide, Leaves him and mee; I for my lost sheep stay; He followes, overtakes, goes on the way, Saying, him whom I last left, all repute For his device, in hansoming a sute, To judge of lace, pinke, panes, print, cut, and pleate Of all the Court, to have the best conceit; Our dull Comedians want him, let him goe; But Oh, God strengthen thee, why stoop'st thou so?

Why? he hath travayld; Long? No; but to me (Which understand none,) he doth seeme to be Perfect French, and Italian; I replyed,
So is the Poxe; He answered not, but spy'd More men of sort, of parts, and qualities;
At last his Love he in a windowe spies,
And like light dew exhal'd, he flings from mee
Violently ravish'd to his lechery.
Many were there, he could command no more;
Hee quarrell'd, fought, bled; and turn'd out of dore
Directly came to mee hanging the head,
And constantly a while must keepe his bed.

SATYRE II

SIR; though (I thanke God for it) I do hate Perfectly all this towne, yet there's one state In all ill things so excellently best, That hate, toward them, breeds pitty towards the rest. Though Poëtry indeed be such a sinne As I thinke that brings dearth, and Spaniards in, Though like the Pestilence and old fashion'd love, Ridlingly it catch men; and doth remove Never, till it be sterv'd out; yet their state Is poore, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate. One, (like a wretch, which at Barre judg'd as dead, Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot reade, And saves his life) gives ideot actors meanes (Starving himselfe) to live by his labor'd sceanes; As in some Organ, Puppits dance above And bellows pant below, which them do move. One would move Love by rithmes; but witchcrafts charms Bring not now their old feares, nor their old harmes:

Rammes, and slings now are seely battery,

And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,

Pistolets are the best Artillerie.

Are they not like singers at doores for meat? And they who write, because all write, have still That excuse for writing, and for writing ill; But hee is worst, who (beggarly) doth chaw Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw Rankly digested, doth those things out-spue, As his owne things; and they are his owne, 'tis true, For if one eate my meate, though it be knowne The meate was mine, th'excrement is his owne: But these do mee no harme, nor they which use To out-swive Dildoes, and out-usure Jewes; To out-drinke the sea, to out-sweare the Letanie; Who with sinnes all kindes as familiar bee As Confessors; and for whose sinfull sake, Schoolemen new tenements in hell must make: Whose strange sinnes, Canonists could hardly tell In which Commandements large receit they dwell. But these punish themselves; the insolence Of Cosous onely breeds my just offence, Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches poxe, And plodding on, must make a calfe an oxe) Hath made a Lawyer, which was (alas) of late But a scarce Poët; jollier of this state, Than are new benefic'd ministers, he throwes Like nets, or lime-twigs, wheresoever he goes, His title of Barrister, on every wench, And wooes in language of the Pleas, and Bench: A motion, Lady; Speake Coscus; I have beene In love, ever since tricesimo of the Queene, Continuall claimes I have made, injunctions got To stay my rivals suit, that hee should not Proceed; spare mee; In Hillary terme I went, You said, If I return'd next size in Lent, I should be in remitter of your grace; In th'interim my letters should take place Of affidavits: words, words, which would teare The tender labyrinth of a soft maids eare,

More, more, than ten Sclavonians scolding, more Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbeyes rore. When sicke with Poëtrie, and possest with muse Thou wast, and mad, I hop'd; but men which chuse Law practise for meere gaine, bold soule, repute Worse than imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute. Now like an owlelike watchman, hee must walke His hand still at a bill, now he must talke Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will sweare That onely suretiship hath brought them there, And to every suitor lye in every thing, Like a Kings favourite, yea like a King; Like a wedge in a blocke, wring to the barre, Bearing-like Asses; and more shamelesse farre Than carted whores, lye, to the grave Judge; for Bastardy abounds not in Kings titles, nor Symonie and Sodomy in Churchmens lives, As these things do in him; by these he thrives. Shortly (as the sea) hee will compasse all our land, From Scots, to Wight; from Mount, to Dover strand. And spying heires melting with luxurie, Satan will not joy at their sinnes, as hee. . For as a thrifty wench scrapes kitching-stuffe, And barrelling the droppings, and the snuffe, Of wasting candles, which in thirty yeare (Relique-like kept) perchance buyes wedding geare; Peecemeale he gets lands, and spends as much time Wringing each Acre, as men pulling prime. In parchments then, large as his fields, hee drawes Assurances, bigge, as gloss'd civill lawes, So huge, that men (in our times forwardnesse) Are Fathers of the Church for writing lesse. These hee writes not; nor for these written payes, Therefore spares no length; as in those first dayes When Luther was profest, He did desire Short Pater nosters, saying as a Fryer Each day his beads, but having left those lawes,

Addes to Christs prayer, the Power and glory clause. But when he sells or changes land, he'impaires His writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, ses heires, As slily as any Commenter goes by Hard words, or sense; or in Divinity As controverters, in vouch'd Texts, leave out Shrewd words, which might against them cleare the doubt. Where are those spred woods which cloth'd hertofore Those bought lands? not built, nor burnt within dore. Where's th'old landlords troops, and almes? In great hals Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Bachanalls Equally I hate; meanes blesse; in rich mens homes I bid kill some beasts, but no Hecatombs, None starve, none surfet so; But (Oh) we allow, Good workes as good, but out of fashion now, Like old rich wardrops; but my words none drawes Within the vast reach of th'huge statute lawes.

SATYRE III

KINDE pitty chokes my spleene; brave scorn forbids Those teares to issue which swell my eye-lids; I must not laugh, nor weepe sinnes, and be wise, Can railing then cure these worne maladies? Is not our Mistresse faire Religion, As worthy of all our Soules devotion, As vertue was to the first blinded age? Are not heavens joyes as valiant to asswage Lusts, as earths honour was to them? Alas, As wee do them in meanes, shall they surpasse Us in the end, and shall thy fathers spirit Meete blinde Philosophers in heaven, whose merit Of strict life may be imputed faith, and heare Thee, whom hee taught so easie wayes and neare To follow, damn'd? O if thou dar'st, feare this; This feare great courage, and high valour is. Dar'st thou and mutinous Dutch, and dar'st thou lay

Thee in ships woodden Sepulchers, a prey To leaders rage, to stormes, to shot, to dearth? Dar'st thou dive seas, and dungeons of the earth? Hast thou couragious fire to thaw the ice Of frozen North discoveries? and thrise Colder than Salamanders, like divine Children in th'oven, fires of Spaine, and the line, Whose countries limbecks to our bodies bee, Canst thou for gaine beare? and must every hee Which cryes not, Goddesse, to thy Mistresse, draw, Or eate thy poysonous words? courage of straw! O desperate coward, wilt thou seeme bold, and To thy foes and his (who made thee to stand Sentinell in his worlds garrison) thus yeeld, And for the forbidden warres, leave th'appointed field? Know thy foes: The foule Devill (whom thou Strivest to please,) for hate, not love, would allow Thee faine, his whole Realme to be quit; and as The worlds all parts wither away and passe, So the worlds selfe, thy other lov'd foe, is In her decrepit wayne, and thou loving this, Dost love a withered and worne strumpet; last, Flesh (it selfes death) and joyes which flesh can taste, Thou lovest; and thy faire goodly soule, which doth Give this flesh power to taste joy, thou dost loath. Seeke true religion. O where? Mirreus Thinking her unhous'd here, and fled from us, Seekes her at Rome; there, because hee doth know That shee was there a thousand yeares agoe, He loves her ragges so, as wee here obey The statecloth where the Prince sate yesterday. Crantz to such brave Loves will not be inthrall'd, But loves her onely, who at Geneva is call'd Religion, plaine, simple, sullen, yong, Contemptuous, yet unhansome; As among Lecherous humors, there is one that judges No wenches wholsome, but course country drudges.

Graius stayes still at home here, and because Some Preachers, vile ambitious bauds, and lawes Still new like fashions, bid him thinke that shee Which dwels with us, is onely perfect, hee Imbraceth her, whom his Godfathers will Tender to him, being tender, as Wards still Take such wives as their Guardians offer, or Pay valewes. Carelesse Phrygius doth abhorre All, because all cannot be good, as one Knowing some women whores, dares marry none. Graccus loves all as one, and thinkes that so As women do in divers countries goe In divers habits, yet are still one kinde, So doth, so is Religion; and this blindnesse too much light breeds; but unmoved thou Of force must one, and forc'd but one allow; And the right; aske thy father which is shee, Let him aske his; though truth and falshood bee Neare twins, yet truth a little elder is; Be busie to seeke her, beleeve mee this, Hee's not of none, nor worst, that seekes the best. To adore, or scorne an image, or protest, May all be bad; doubt wisely; in strange way To stand inquiring right, is not to stray; To sleepe, or runne wrong, is. On a huge hill, Cragged, and steep, Truth stands, and hee that will Reach her, about must, and about must goe; And what the hills suddennes resists, winne so; Yet strive so, that before age, deaths twilight, Thy Soule rest, for none can worke in that night. To will, implyes delay, therefore now doe: Hard deeds, the bodies paines; hard knowledge too The mindes indeavours reach, and mysteries Are like the Sunne, dazling, yet plaine to all eyes. Keepe the truth which thou hast found; men do not stand In so ill case here, that God hath with his hand Sign'd Kings blanck-charters to kill whom they hate,

Nor are they Vicars, but hangmen to Fate. Foole and wretch, wilt thou let thy Soule be tyed To mans lawes, by which she shall not be tryed At the last day? Oh, will it then boot thee To say a Philip, or a Gregory, A Harry, or a Martin taught thee this? Is not this excuse for mere contraries, Equally strong? cannot both sides say so? That thou mayest rightly obey power, her bounds know; Those past, her nature, and name is chang'd; to be Then humble to her is idolatrie. As streames are, Power is; those blest flowers that dwell At the rough streames calme head, thrive and do well, But having left their roots, and themselves given To the streames tyrannous rage, alas are driven Through mills, and rockes, and woods, and at last, almost Consum'd in going, in the sea are lost: So perish Soules, which more chuse mens unjust Power from God claym'd, than God himselfe to trust.

SATYRE IIII

MELL; I may now receive, and die; My sinne Indeed is great, but I have beene in A Purgatorie, such as fear'd hell is A recreation to, and scarse map of this. My minde, neither with prides itch, nor yet hath been Poyson'd with love to see, or to bee seene, I had no suit there, nor new suite to shew, Yet went to Court; But as Glaze which did goe To'a Masse in jest, catch'd, was faine to disburse The hundred markes, which is the Statutes curse; Before he scapt, So'it pleas'd my destinie (Guilty of my sin of going), to thinke me As prone to all ill, and of good as forgetfull, as proud, as lustfull, and as much in debt, As vaine, as witlesse, and as false as they

Which dwell at Court, for once going that way. Therefore I suffered this; Towards me did runne A thing more strange, than on Niles slime, the Sunne E'r bred; or all which into Noahs Arke came; A thing, which would have pos'd Adam to name; Stranger than seaven Antiquaries studies, Than Africks Monsters, Guianaes rarities. Stranger than strangers; One, who for a Dane, In the Danes Massacre had sure beene slaine, If he had liv'd then; And without helpe dies, When next the Prentises 'gainst Strangers rise. One, whom the watch at noone lets scarce goe by, One, to whom, the examining Justice sure would cry, Sir, by your priesthood tell me what you are. His cloths were strange, though coarse; and black, though bare;

Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had beene Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seene) Become Tufftaffatie; and our children shall See it plaine Rashe awhile, then nought at all. This thing hath travail'd, and saith, speakes all tongues And only knoweth what to all States belongs. Made of th'Accents, and best phrase of all these, He speakes one language; If strange meats displease, Art can deceive, or hunger force my tast, But Pedants motley tongue, souldiers bumbast, Mountebankes drugtongue, nor the termes of law Are strong enough preparatives, to draw Me to beare this: yet I must be content With his tongue, in his tongue, call'd complement: In which he can win widdowes, and pay scores, Make men speake treason, cosen subtlest whores, Out-flatter favorites, or outlie either Jovius, or both together. He names mee, and comes to mee; I whisper, God! How have I sinn'd, that thy wraths furious rod, This fellow chuseth me? He saith, Sir,

I love your judgement; Whom doe you prefer, For the best linguist? And I seelily Said, that I thought Calepines Dictionarie; Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir; Beza then, Some other Jesuites, and two reverend men Of our two Academies, I named; There He stopt mee, and said; Nay, your Apostles were Good pretty linguists, and so Panurge was; Yet a poore gentleman, all these may passe By travaile. Then, as if he would have sold His tongue, he prais'd it, and such wonders told That I was faine to say, If you'had liv'd, Sir, Time enough to have beene Interpreter To Babells bricklayers, sure the Tower had stood. He adds, If of court life you knew the good, You would leave lonenesse. I said, not alone My lonenesse is, but Spartanes fashion, To teach by painting drunkards, doth not last Now; Aretines pictures have made few chast; No more can Princes courts, though there be few Better pictures of vice, teach me vertue; He, like to a high strecht lute string squeakt, O Sir, 'Tis sweet to talke of Kings. At Westminster, Said I, The man that keepes the Abbey tombes, And for his price doth with who ever comes, Of all our Harries, and our Edwards talke, From King to King and all their kin can walke: Your eares shall heare nought, but Kings; your eyes meet Kings only; The way to it, is Kingstreet. He smack'd, and cry'd, He's base, Mechanique, coarse, So are all your Englishmen in their discourse. Are not your Frenchmen neate? Mine? as you see, I have but one Frenchman, looke, hee followes mee. Certes they are neatly cloth'd; I, of this minde am, Your only wearing is your Grogaram. Not so Sir, I have more. Under this pitch He would not flie; I chaff'd him; But as Itch

Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt iron ground Into an edge, hurts worse: So, I (foole) found, Crossing hurt mee; To fit my sullennesse, He to another key, his stile doth addresse, And askes, what newes? I tell him of new playes. He takes my hand, and as a Still, which staies A Sembriefe, 'twixt each drop, he nigardly, As loth to enrich mee, so tells many a lie. More than ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stowes, Of triviall houshold trash he knowes; He knowes When the Queene frown'd, or smil'd, and he knowes what A subtle States-man may gather of that; He knowes who loves; whom; and who by poyson Hasts to an Offices reversion; He knowes who'hath sold his land, and now doth beg A licence, old iron, bootes, shooes, and eggeshels to transport; Shortly boyes shall not play At span-counter, or blow-point, but they pay Toll to some Courtier; And wiser than all us, He knowes what Ladie is not painted; Thus He with home-meats tries me; I belch, spue, spit, Looke pale, and sickly, like a Patient; Yet He thrusts on more; And as if he'd undertooke To say Gallo-Belgicus without booke Speakes of all States, and deeds, that have been since The Spaniards came, to the losse of Amyens. Like a bigge wife, at sight of loathed meat, Readie to travaile: So I sigh, and sweat To heare this Makeron talke: In vaine; for yet, Either my humour, or his owne to fit, He like a priviledg'd spie, whom nothing can Discredit, Libells now 'gainst each great man. He names a price for every office paid; He saith, our warres thrive ill, because delai'd; That offices are entail'd, and that there are Perpetuities of them, lasting as farre As the last day; And that great officers,

Doe with the Pirates share, and Dunkirkers. Who wasts in meat, in clothes, in horse, he notes; Who loves whores, who boyes, and who goats. I more amas'd than Circes prisoners, when They felt themselves turne beasts, felt my selfe then Becomming Traytor, and mee thought I saw One of our Giant Statutes ope his jaw To sucke me in; for hearing him, I found That as burnt venome Leachers do grow sound By giving others their soares, I might growe Guilty, and he free: Therefore I did shew All signes of loathing; But since I am in, I must pay mine, and my forefathers sinne To the last farthing; Therefore to my power Toughly and stubbornly I beare this crosse; But the'houre Of mercy now was come; He tries to bring Me to pay a fine to scape his torturing, And saies, Sir, can you spare me; I said, willingly; Nay, Sir, can you spare me a crowne? Thankfully I Gave it, as Ransome; But as fidlers, still, Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will Thrust one more jigge upon you: so did hee With his long complementall thankes vexe me. But he is gone, thankes to his needy want, And the prerogative of my Crowne: Scant His thankes were ended, when I, (which did see All the court fill'd with more strange things than hee) Ran from thence with such or more haste, than one Who feares more actions, doth make from prison. At home in wholesome solitarinesse My precious soule began, the wretchednesse Of suiters at court to mourne, and a trance Like his, who dreamt he saw hell, did advance It selfe on mee, Such men as he saw there, I saw at court, and worse, and more; Low feare Becomes the guiltie, not the accuser; Then, Shall I, nones slave, of high borne, or rais'd men

Feare frownes? And, my Mistresse Truth, betray thee To th'huffing braggart, puft Nobility? No, no, Thou which since yesterday hast beene Almost about the whole world, hast thou seene, O Sunne, in all thy journey, Vanitie, Such as swells the bladder of our court? I Thinke he which made your waxen garden, and Transported it from Italy to stand With us, at London, flouts our Presence, for Just such gay painted things, which no sappe, nor Tast have in them, ours are; And naturall Some of the stocks are, their fruits, bastard all. 'Tis ten a clock and past; All whom the Mews, Baloune, Tennis, Dyet, or the stewes, Had all the morning held, now the second Time made ready, that day, in flocks, are found In the Presence, and I, (God pardon mee.) As fresh, and sweet their Apparrells be, as bee The fields they sold to buy them; For a King Those hose are, cry the flatterers; And bring Them next weeke to the Theatre to sell; Wants reach all states; Me seemes they doe as well At stage, as court; All are players; who e'r lookes (For themselves dare not goe) o'r Cheapside books, Shall finde their wardrops Inventory. Now, The Ladies come; As Pirats, which doe know That there came weak ships fraught with Cutchannel, The men board them; and praise, as they thinke, well, Their beauties; they the mens wits; Both are bought. Why good wits ne'r weare scarlet gownes, I thought This cause, These men, mens wits for speeches buy, And women buy all reds which scarlets die. He call'd her beauty limetwigs, her haire net; She feares her drugs ill laid, her haire loose set. Would not Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine, From hat to shooe, himselfe at doore refine, As if the Presence were a Moschite, and lift

His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift, Making them confesse not only mortall Great staines and holes in them; but veniall Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate: And then by Durers rules survay the state Of his each limbe, and with strings the odds trye Of his neck to his legge, and wast to thighe. So in immaculate clothes, and Symetrie Perfect as circles, with such nicetie As a young Preacher at his first time goes To preach, he enters, and a Lady which owes Him not so much as good will, he arrests, And unto her protests protests So much as at Rome would serve to have throwne Ten Cardinalls into the Inquisition; And whisperd by Jesu, so often, that A Pursevant would have ravish'd him away For saying of our Ladies psalter; But 'tis fit That they each other plague, they merit it. But here comes Glorius that will plague them both, Who, in the other extreme, only doth Call a rough carelessenesse, good fashion; Whose cloak his spurres teare; whom he spits on He cares not, His ill words doe no harme To him; he rusheth in, as if arme, arme, He meant to crie; And though his face be as ill As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still He strives to looke worse, he keepes all in awe; Jeasts like a licenc'd foole, commands like law. Tyr'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd so As men which from gaoles to'execution goe, Goe through the great chamber (why is it hung With the seaven deadly sinnes?). Being among Those Askaparts, men big enough to throw Charing Crosse for a barre, men that doe know No token of worth, but Queenes man, and fine Living, barrells of beefe, flaggons of wine;

I shooke like a spyed Spie. Preachers which are Seas of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare, Drowne the sinnes of this place, for, for mee Which am but a scarce brooke, it enough shall bee To wash the staines away; Although I yet With Macchabees modestie, the knowne merit Of my worke lessen: yet some wise man shall, I hope, esteeme my writs Canonicall.

SATYRE V

THOU shalt not laugh in this leafe, Muse, nor they Whom any pitty warmes; He which did lay Rules to make Courtiers, (hee being understood May make good Courtiers, but who Courtiers good?) Frees from the sting of jests all who in extreme Are wreched or wicked: of these two a theame Charity and liberty give me. What is hee Who Officers rage, and Suiters misery Can write, and jest? If all things be in all, As I thinke, since all, which were, are, and shall Bee, be made of the same elements: Each thing, each thing implyes or represents. Then man is a world; in which, Officers Are the vast ravishing seas; and Suiters, Springs; now full, now shallow, now drye; which, to That which drownes them, run: These selfe reasons do Prove the world a man, in which, officers Are the devouring stomacke, and Suiters The excrements, which they voyd. All men are dust; How much worse are Suiters, who to mens lust Are made preyes? O worse than dust, or wormes meat, For they do eate you now, whose selves wormes shall eate. They are the mills which grinde you, yet you are The winde which drives them; and a wastfull warre Is fought against you, and you fight it; they Adulterate lawe, and you prepare their way

Like wittals; th'issue your owne ruine is. Greatest and fairest Empresse, know you this? Alas, no more than Thames calme head doth know Whose meades her armes drowne, or whose corne o'rflow: You Sir, whose righteousnes she loves, whom I By having leave to serve, am most richly For service paid, authoriz'd, now beginne To know and weed out this enormous sinne. O Age of rusty iron! Some better wit Call it some worse name, if ought equall it; The iron Age that was, when justice was sold; now Injustice is sold dearer farre. Allow All demands, fees, and duties, gamsters, anon The mony which you sweat, and sweare for, is gon Into other hands: So controverted lands Scape, like Angelica, the strivers hands. If Law be the Judges heart, and hee Have no heart to resist letter, or fee, Where wilt thou appeale? powre of the Courts below Flow from the first maine head, and these can throw Thee, if they sucke thee in, to misery, To fetters, halters; But if the injury Steele thee to dare complaine, Alas, thou go'st Against the stream, when upwards: when thou art most Heavy and most faint; and in these labours they, 'Gainst whom thou should'st complaine, will in the way Become great seas, o'r which, when thou shalt bee Forc'd to make golden bridges, thou shalt see That all thy gold was drown'd in them before; All things follow their like, only who have may have more. Judges are Gods; he who made and said them so, Meant not that men should be forc'd to them to goe, By meanes of Angels; When supplications We send to God, to Dominations, Powers, Cherubins, and all heavens Courts, if wee Should pay fees as here, Daily bread would be Scarce to Kings; so 'tis. Would it not anger

A Stoicke, a coward, yea a Martyr, To see a Pursivant come in, and call All his cloathes, Copes; Bookes, Primers; and all His Plate, Challices; and mistake them away, And aske a fee for comming? Oh, ne'r may Faire lawes white reverend name be strumpeted, To warrant thefts: she is established Recorder to Destiny, on earth, and shee Speakes Fates words, and but tells us who must bee Rich, who poore, who in chaires, who in jayles: Shee is all faire, but yet hath foule long nailes, With which she scracheth Suiters; In bodies Of men, so in law, nailes are th'extremities, So Officers stretch to more than Law can doe, As our nailes reach what no else part comes to. Why barest thou to you Officer? Foole, Hath hee Got those goods, for which erst men bar'd to thee? Foole, twice, thrice, thou hast bought wrong, and now hungerly

Beg'st right; But that dole comes not till these dye.
Thou had'st much, and lawes Urim and Thummim trie
Thou wouldst for more; and for all hast paper
Enough to cloath all the great Carricks Pepper.
Sell that, and by that thou much more shalt leese,
Than Haman, when he sold his Antiquities.
O wretch that thy fortunes should moralize
Esops fables, and make tales, prophesies.
Thou'art the swimming dog whom shadows cosened,
And div'st, neare drowning, for what's vanished.

UPON MR. THOMAS CORYATS CRUDITIES

OH to what heighth will love of greatnesse drive Thy leavened spirit, Sesqui-superlative? Venice vast lake thou hadst seen, and wouldst seek then Some vaster thing, and found'st a Curtizan. That inland Sea having discovered well,

A Cellar gulfe, where one might saile to hell From Heydelberg, thou longdst to see: And thou This Booke, greater than all, producest now. Infinite worke, which doth so far extend, That none can study it to any end. 'Tis no one thing, it is not fruit nor roote; Nor poorely limited with head or foot. If man be therefore man, because he can Reason, and laugh, thy booke doth halfe make man. One halfe being made, thy modestie was such, That thou on th'other half wouldst never touch. When wilt thou be at full, great Lunatique? Not till thou exceed the world? Canst thou be like A prosperous nose-borne wenne, which sometimes growes To be farre greater than the Mother-nose? Goe then; and as to thee, when thou didst go, Munster did Townes, and Gesner Authors show, Mount now to Gallo-belgicus; appear As deepe a States-man, as a Gazettier. Homely and familiarly, when thou com'st back, Talke of Will. Conquerour, and Prester Jack. Go bashfull man, lest here thou blush to looke Upon the progresse of thy glorious booke, To which both Indies sacrifices send; The West sent gold, which thou didst freely spend, (Meaning to see't no more) upon the presse. The East sends hither her deliciousnesse; And thy leaves must imbrace what comes from thence, The Myrrhe, the Pepper, and the Frankincense. This magnifies thy leaves; but if they stoope To neighbour wares, when Merchants do unhoope Voluminous barrels; if thy leaves do then Convey these wares in parcels unto men; If for vast Tons of Currans, and of Figs, Of Medicinall and Aromatique twigs, Thy leaves a better method do provide, Divide to pounds, and ounces sub-divide;

If they stoope lower yet, and vent our wares, Home-manufactures, to thick popular Faires, If omni-praegnant there, upon warme stalls, They hatch all wares for which the buyer calls; Then thus thy leaves we justly may commend, That they all kinde of matter comprehend. Thus thou, by means which th'Ancients never took, A Pandect makest, and Universall Booke. The bravest Heroes, for publike good, Scattered in divers Lands their limbs and blood. Worst malefactors, to whom men are prize, Do publike good, cut in Anatomies; So will thy booke in peeces; for a Lord Which casts at Portescues, and all the board, Provide whole books; each leafe enough will be For friends to passe time, and keep company. Can all carouse up thee? no, thou must fit Measures; and fill out for the half-pint wit: Some shall wrap pils, and save a friends life so, Some shall stop muskets, and so kill a foe. Thou shalt not ease the Criticks of next age So much, at once their hunger to asswage: Nor shall wit-pirats hope to finde thee lye . All in one bottome, in one Librarie. Some Leaves may paste strings there in other books, And so one may, which on another looks, Pilfer, alas, a little wit from you; But hardly* much; and yet I think this true; As Sibyls was, your booke is mysticall, For every peece is as much worth as all. Therefore mine impotency I confesse, The healths which my braine bears must be far lesse: Thy Gyant-wit 'orethrowes me, I am gone; And rather than read all, I would reade none.

[•] I meane from one page which shall paste strings in a booke.

IN EUNDEM MACARONICON

Quot, dos haec, Linguists perfetti, Disticha fairont, Tot cuerdos States=men. hic livre fara tuus. Es sat a my l'honneur estre hic inteso; Car J leave L'honra, de personne nestre creduto, tibi.

Explicit Joannes Donne.

VERSE LETTERS TO SEVERALL PERSONAGES

THE MAJORITY OF THE EPISTLES which Donne wrote in verse and sent to his friends belong to the middle period of his life, subsequent to his marriage and before he took Orders, that is, roughly speaking, between 1600 and 1615, during which he had to satisfy the demands which a large family imposed on him. To these years belong also his controversial works in prose, which reveal more clearly than these letters the disordered state of his mind. Physical as well as moral discomfort had disabled him in a struggle that might have ended in suicide had he sought to escape, but did, as a matter of fact, end in his favour when he was received into the Church. The effects of this struggle are evident in these letters, as well as the absence of passion and youthful brilliance, now suppressed by the sober feelings of advancing age. A few letters, however, must have been written in the years preceding 1600. approximate date of every letter will be found in the index. The initials of the titles have also been expanded.

Thirty-five Verse Letters are printed in this edition. Of these, twenty-nine are to be found in the edition of 1633, one in the edition of 1635 (To the Countess of Huntingdon, p. 149), one in the Burley MS. (To Sir H. Wotton, p. 158), which I have been able to print by the courtesy of Professor Grierson and the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, who own the copyright of the only existing transcript, and four in the Westmoreland MS. (To Mr. R. W., p. 174; To Mr. R. W., p. 174; To Mr. E. G., p. 175; To Mr. R. W., p. 177). Permission to print these four letters was given to me by the late Sir Edmund Gosse. They form a group with the series from the 1633 edition addressed to Thomas Woodward (see p. 171 et seq.), and have therefore been included in it.

The order of the letters is that of the 1633 edition with the following exceptions: The letter to Rowland Woodward (" If, as mine is . . ." p. 176) has been placed with the series of letters from the Westmoreland MS.; in the 1633 edition it follows the letter to Basil Brooke (" Is not thy sacred . . ." p. 178); and the letter to the Lady Bedford (" You that are she . . ." p. 190), printed among the Funerall Elegies in 1633, has been transferred to its present position among the Verse Letters.



TO Mr. CHRISTOPHER BROOKE

THE STORME

THOU which art I, ('tis nothing to be soe) Thou which art still thy selfe, by these shalt know Part of our passage; And, a hand, or eye By Hilliard drawne, is worth an history, By a worse painter made; and (without pride) When by thy judgment they are dignifi'd, My lines are such: 'Tis the preheminence Of friendship onely to'impute excellence. England to whom we'owe, what we be, and have, Sad that her sonnes did seeke a forraine grave (For, Fates, or Fortunes drifts none can soothsay, Honour and misery have one face and way.) From out her pregnant intrailes sigh'd a winde Which at th'ayres middle marble roome did finde Such strong resistance, that it selfe it threw Downeward againe; and so when it did view How in the port, our fleet deare time did leese, Withering like prisoners, which lye but for fees, Mildly it kist our sailes, and, fresh and sweet, As to a stomack sterv'd, whose insides meete, Meate comes, it came; and swole our sailes, when wee So joyd, as Sara'her swelling joy'd to see.

But 'twas but so kinde, as our countrimen, Which bring friends one dayes way, and leave them then. Then like two mighty Kings, which dwelling farre Asunder, meet against a third to warre, The South and West winds joyn'd, and, as they blew, Waves like a rowling trench before them threw. Sooner than you read this line, did the gale, Like shot, not fear'd till felt, our sailes assaile; And what at first was call'd a gust, the same Hath now a stormes, anon a tempests name. Jonas, I pitty thee, and curse those men, Who when the storm rag'd most, did wake thee then; Sleepe is paines easiest salve, and doth fulfill All offices of death, except to kill. But when I wakt, I saw, that I saw not; Ay, and the Sunne, which should teach mee'had forgot East, West, Day, Night, and I could onely say, If'the world had lasted, now it had been day. Thousands our noyses were, yet wee'mongst all Could none by his right name, but thunder call: Lightning was all our light, and it rain'd more Than if the Sunne had drunke the sea before. Some coffin'd in their cabbins lye,'equally Griev'd that they are not dead, and yet must dye; And as sin-burd'ned soules from graves will creepe, At the last day, some forth their cabbins peepe: And tremblingly'aske what newes, and doe heare so, Like jealous husbands, what they would not know. Some sitting on the hatches, would seeme there, With hideous gazing to feare away feare. Then note they the ships sicknesses, the Mast Shak'd with this ague, and the Hold and Wast With a salt dropsie clog'd, and all our tacklings Snapping, like too-high-stretched treble strings. And from our totterd sailes, ragges drop downe so, As from one hang'd in chaines, a yeare agoe. Even our Ordinance plac'd for our defence,

Strive to breake loose, and scape away from thence. Pumping hath tir'd our men, and what's the gaine? Seas into seas throwne, we suck in againe; Hearing hath deaf'd our saylers; and if they Knew how to heare, there's none knowes what to say. Compar'd to these stormes, death is but a qualme, Hell somewhat lightsome, and the'Bermuda calme. Darknesse, lights elder brother, his birth-right Claims o'er this world, and to heaven hath chas'd light. All things are one, and that one none can be, Since all formes, uniforme deformity Doth cover, so that wee, except God say Another Fiat, shall have no more day. So violent, yet long these furies bee, That though thine absence sterve me,'I wish not thee.

THE CALME

OUR storme is past, and that storms tyrannous rage, A stupid calme, but nothing it, doth swage. The fable is inverted, and farre more A blocke afflicts, now, than a storke before. Stormes chafe, and soon weare out themselves, or us; In calmes, Heaven laughs to see us languish thus. As steady'as I can wish, that my thoughts were, Smooth as thy mistresse glasse, or what shines there, The sea is now. And, as the Iles which wee Seeke, when wee can move, our ships rooted bee. As water did in stormes, now pitch runs out: As lead, when a fir'd Church becomes one spout. And all our beauty, and our trimme, decayes, Like courts removing, or like ended playes. The fighting place now seamens ragges supply; And all the tackling is a frippery. No use of lanthornes; and in one place lay Feathers and dust, to day and yesterday. Earths hollownesses, which the worlds lungs are,

Have no more winde than the upper valt of aire. We can nor lost friends, nor sought foes recover, But meteorlike, save that wee move not, hover. Onely the Calenture together drawes Deare friends, which meet dead in great fishes jawes: And on the hatches as on Altars lyes Each one, his owne Priest, and owne Sacrifice. Who live, that miracle do multiply Where walkers in hot Ovens, doe not dye. If in despite of these, wee swimme, that hath No more refreshing, than our brimstone Bath, But from the sea, into the ship we turne, Like parboyl'd wretches, on the coales to burne. Like Bajazet encag'd, the shepheards scoffe, Or like slacke sinew'd Sampson, his haire off, Languish our ships. Now, as a Miriade Of Ants, durst th'Emperours lov'd snake invade, The crawling Gallies, Sea-gaols, finny chips, Might brave our Pinnaces, now bed-ridde ships. Whether a rotten state, and hope of gaine, Or to disuse mee from the queasie paine Of being belov'd, and loving, or the thirst Of honour, or faire death, out pusht mee first, I lose my end: for here as well as I A desperate may live, and a coward die. Stagge, dogge, and all which from, or towards flies, Is paid with life, or pray, or doing dyes. Fate grudges us all, and doth subtly lay A scourge, 'gainst which wee all forget to pray, He that at sea prayes for more winde, as well Under the poles may begge cold, heat in hell. What are wee then? How little more alas Is man now, than before he was? he was Nothing; for us, wee are for nothing fit; Chance, or our selves still disproportion it. Wee have no power, no will, no sense; I lye, I should not then thus feele this miserie.

TO THE COUNTESSE OF HUNTINGDON

That gives us man up now, like Adams time
Before he ate; mans shape, that would yet bee
(Knew they not it, and fear'd beasts companie)
So naked at this day, as though man there
From Paradise so great a distance were,
As yet the newes could not arrived bee
Of Adams tasting the forbidden tree;
Depriv'd of that free state which they were in,
And wanting the reward, yet beare the sinne.

But, as from extreme hights who downward looks. Sees men at childrens shapes, Rivers at brookes, And loseth younger formes; so, to your eye, These (Madame) that without your distance lie, Must either mist, or nothing seeme to be, Who are at home but wits mere Atomi. But, I who can behold them move, and stay, Have found my selfe to you, just their midway; And now must pitty them; for, as they doe Seeme sick to me, just so must I to you. Yet neither will I vexe your eyes to see A sighing Ode, nor crosse-arm'd Elegie. I come not to call pitty from your heart, Like some white-liver'd dotard that would part Else from his slipperie soule with a faint groane, And faithfully, (without you smil'd) were gone. I cannot feele the tempest of a frowne, I may be rais'd by love, but not throwne down. Though I can pittie those sigh twice a day, I hate that thing whispers it selfe away. Yet since all love is fever, who to trees Doth talke, doth yet in loves cold ague freeze. 'Tis love, but, with such fatall weaknesse made, That it destroyes it selfe with its owne shade.

Who first look'd sad, griev'd, pin'd, and shew'd his paine, Was he that first taught women, to disdaine.

As all things were one nothing, dull and weake, Untill this raw disordered heape did breake, And severall desires led parts away, Water declin'd with earth, the ayre did stay, Fire rose, and each from other but unty'd, Themselves unprison'd were and purify'd: So was love, first in vast confusion hid, An unripe willingnesse which nothing did, A thirst, an Appetite which had no ease, That found a want, but knew not what would please. What pretty innocence in those dayes mov'd! Man ignorantly walk'd by her he lov'd; Both sigh'd and enterchang'd a speaking eye, Both trembled and were sick, both knew not why. That naturall fearefulnesse that struck man dumbe, Might well (those times consider'd) man become. As all discoverers whose first assay Findes but the place, after, the nearest way: So passion is to womans love, about, Nay, farther off, than when we first set out. It is not love that sueth, or doth contend; Love either conquers, or but meets a friend. Man's better part consists of purer fire, And findes it selfe allow'd, ere it desire. Love is wise here, keepes home, gives reason sway, And journeys not till it finde summer-way. A weather-beaten Lover but once knowne, Is sport for every girle to practise on. Who strives through womans scornes, women to know, Is lost, and seekes his shadow to outgoe; It must be sicknesse, after one disdaine, Though he be call'd aloud, to looke againe. Let others sigh, and grieve; one cunning sleight Shall freeze my Love to Christall in a night. I can love first, and (if I winne) love still;

And cannot be remov'd, unlesse she will. It is her fault if I unsure remaine, Shee onely can untie, and binde againe. The honesties of love with ease I doe, But am no porter for a tedious woo.

But (madame) I now thinke on you; and here Where we are at our hights, you but appeare, We are but clouds you rise from, our noone-ray But a foule shadow, not your breake of day. You are at first hand all that's faire and right, And others good reflects but backe your light. You are a perfectnesse, so curious hit, That youngest flatteries doe scandall it. For, what is more doth what you are restraine, And though beyond, is downe the hill againe. We'have no next way to you, we crosse to it: You are the straight line, thing prais'd, attribute; Each good in you's a light; so many a shade You make, and in them are your motions made. These are your pictures to the life. From farre We see you move, and here your Zani's are: So that no fountaine good there is, doth grow In you, but our dimme actions faintly shew.

Then finde I, if mans noblest part be love, Your purest luster must that shadow move. The soule with body, is a heaven combin'd With earth, and for mans ease, but nearer joyn'd. Where thoughts the starres of soule we understand. We guesse not their large natures, but command. And love in you, that bountie is of light, That gives to all, and yet hath infinite. Whose heat doth force us thither to intend, But soule we finde too earthly to ascend, 'Till slow accesse hath made it wholy pure, Able immortall clearnesse to endure. Who dare aspire this journey with a staine, Hath waight will force him headlong backe againe.

No more can impure man retaine and move
In that pure region of a worthy love,
Than earthly substance can unforc'd aspire,
And leave his nature to converse with fire:
Such may have eye, and hand; may sigh, may speak;
But like swoln bubles, when they are high'st they break.

Though far removed Northerne fleets scarce finde The Sunnes comfort; others thinke him too kinde. There is an equall distance from her eye, Men perish too farre off, and burne too nigh. But as ayre takes the Sunne-beames equall bright From the first Rayes, to his last opposite: So able men, blest with a vertuous Love, Remote or neare, or howsoe'r they move; Their vertue breakes all clouds that might annoy, There is no Emptinesse, but all is Joy. He much profanes whom violent heats do move To stile his wandring rage of passion, Love. Love that imparts in every thing delight, Is fain'd, which only tempts mans appetite. Why love among the vertues is not knowne Is, that love is them all contract in one.

TO SIR HENRY WOTTON

For, thus friends absent speake. This ease controules
The tediousnesse of my life: But for these
I could ideate nothing, which could please,
But I should wither in one day, and passe
To'a bottle'of Hay, that am a locke of Grasse.
Life is a voyage, and in our lifes wayes
Countries, Courts, Towns are Rockes, or Remoraes;
They breake or stop all ships, yet our state's such,
That though than pitch they staine worse, wee must touch.
If in the furnace of the even line,
Or under th'adverse icy poles thou pine,

Thou know'st two temperate Regions girded in, Dwell there: But Oh, what refuge canst thou winne Parch'd in the Court, and in the country frozen? Shall cities, built of both extremes, be chosen? Can dung and garlike be'a perfume? or can A Scorpion and Torpedo cure a man? Cities are worst of all three; of all three (O knottie riddle) each is worst equally. Cities are Sepulchers; they who dwell there Are carcases, as if such there were. And Courts are Theaters, where some men play Princes, some slaves, all to one end, and of one clay. The Country is a desert, where no good, Gain'd (as habits, not borne,) is understood. There men become beasts, and prone to more evils; In cities blockes, and in a lewd court, devills. As in the first Chaos confusedly Each elements qualities were in the other three; So pride, lust, covetize, being severall To these three places, yet all are in all, And mingled thus, their issue incestuous. Falshood is denizon'd. Virtue is barbarous. Let no man say there, Virtues flintie wall Shall locke vice in mee, I'll do none, but know all. Men are spunges, which to poure out, receive, Who know false play, rather than lose, deceive. For in best understandings, sinne beganne, Angels sinn'd first, then Devills, and then man. Onely perchance beasts sinne not; wretched wee Are beasts in all, but white integritie. I thinke if men, which in these places live Durst looke for themselves, and themselves retrive, They would like strangers greet themselves, seeing then Utopian youth, growne old Italian.

Be thou thine owne home, and in thy selfe dwell; Inne any where, continuance maketh hell. And seeing the snaile, which every where doth rome, Carrying his owne house still, still is at home, Follow (for he is easie pac'd) this snaile, Bee thine owne Palace, or the world's thy gaole. And in the worlds sea, do not like corke sleepe Upon the waters face; nor in the deepe Sinke like a lead without a line: but as Fishes glide, leaving no print where they passe, Nor making sound; so closely thy course goe, Let men dispute, whether thou breathe, or no. Onely'in this one thing, be no Galenist: To make Courts hot ambitions wholesome, do not take A dramme of Countries dulnesse; do not adde Correctives, but as chymiques, purge the bad. But, Sir, I advise not you, I rather doe Say o'er those lessons, which I learn'd of you: Whom, free from German schismes, and lightnesse Of France, and faire Italies faithlesnesse, Having from these suck'd all they had of worth, And brought home that faith, which you carried forth, I throughly lové. But if my selfe, I'have wonne To know my rules, I have, and you have DONNE.

TO SIR HENRY GOODYERE

WHO makes the Past, a patterne for next yeare, Turnes no new leafe, but still the same things reads, Seene things, he sees againe, heard things doth heare, And makes his life, but like a paire of beads.

A Palace, when'tis that, which it should be, Leaves growing, and stands such, or else decayes: But hee which dwels there, is not so; for hee Strives to urge upward, and his fortune raise;

So had your body'her morning, hath her noone,
And shall not better; her next change is night:
But her faire larger guest, to'whom Sun and Moone
Are sparkes, and short liv'd, claimes another right.

The noble Soule by age growes lustier,
Her appetite, and her digestion mend,
Wee must not sterve, nor hope to pamper her
With womens milke, and pappe unto the end.

Provide you manlyer dyet; you have seene
All libraries, which are Schools, Camps, and Courts;
But aske your Garners if you have not beene
In harvests, too indulgent to your sports.

Would you redeeme it? then your selfe transplant
A while from hence. Perchance outlandish ground
Beares no more wit, than ours, but yet more scant
Are those diversions there, which here abound.

To be a stranger hath that benefit,
Wee can beginnings, but not habits choke.
Goe; whither? Hence; you get, if you forget;
New faults, till they prescribe in us, are smoake.

Our soule, whose country'is heaven, and God her father, Into this world, corruptions sinke, is sent, Yet, so much in her travaile she doth gather, That she returnes home, wiser than she went;

It payes you well, if it teach you to spare,
And make you,'asham'd, to make your hawks praise,
yours,

Which when herselfe she lessens in the aire, You then first say, that high enough she toures.

However, keepe the lively tast you hold Of God, love him as now, but feare him more, And in your afternoones thinke what you told And promis'd him, at morning prayer before.

VERSE LETTERS TO

Let falshood like a discord anger you,

Else be not froward. But why doe I touch
Things, of which none is in your practise new,

And Tables, or fruit-trenchers teach as much;

But thus I make you keepe your promise Sir, Riding I had you, though you still staid there, And in these thoughts, although you never stirre, You came with mee to Micham, and are here.

TO MR. ROWLAND WOODWARD

LIKE one who'in her third widdowhood doth professe Her selfe a Nunne, tyed to retirednesse, So'affects my muse now, a chast fallownesse;

Since shee to few, yet to too many'hath showne How love-song weeds, and Satyrique thornes are growne Where seeds of better Arts, were early sown.

Though to use, and love Poëtrie, to mee, Betroth'd to no'one Art, be no'adulterie; Omissions of good, ill, as ill deeds bee.

For though to us it seeme, 'and be light and thinne, Yet in those faithfull scales, where God throwes in Mens workes, vanity weighs as much as sinne.

If our Soules have stain'd their first white, yet wee May cloth them with faith, and deare honestie, Which God Imputes, as native puritie.

There is no Vertue, but Religion:
Wise, valiant, sober, just, are names, which none
Want, which want not Vice-covering discretion.

Seeke wee then our selves in our selves; for as Men force the Sunne with much more force to passe, By gathering his beames with a christall glasse;

So wee, If wee into our selves will turne, Blowing our sparkes of vertue, may outburne The straw, which doth about our hearts sojourne.

You know, Physitians, when they would infuse Into any'oyle, the Soules of Simples, use Places, where they may lie still warme, to chuse.

So workes retirednesse in us; To rome Giddily, and be every where, but at home, Such freedome doth a banishment become.

Wee are but farmers of our selves, yet may, If we can stocke our selves, and thrive, uplay Much, much deare treasure for the great rent day.

Manure thy selfe then, to thy selfe be'approv'd, And with vaine outward things be no more mov'd, But to know, that I love thee'and would be lov'd.

TO SIR HENRY WOOTTON

HERE's no more newes, than vertue,'I may as well Tell you Cales, or Saint Michaels tale for newes, as tell That vice doth here habitually dwell.

Yet, as to'get stomachs, we walke up and downe, And toyle to sweeten rest, so, may God frowne, If, but to loth both, I haunt Court, or Towne.

For here no one is from the extremitie Of vice, by any other reason free, But that the next to him, still, is worse than hee. In this worlds warfare, they whom rugged Fate, (Gods Commissary,) doth so throughly hate, As in'the Courts Squadron to marshall their state:

If they stand arm'd with seely honesty, With wishing prayers, and neat integritie, Like Indians'gainst Spanish hosts they bee.

Suspitious boldnesse to this place belongs, And to'have as many eares as all have tongues; Tender to know, tough to acknowledge wrongs.

Beleeve mee Sir, in my youths giddiest dayes, When to be like the Court, was a playes praise, Playes were not so like Courts, as Courts'are like playes.

Then let us at these mimicke antiques jeast, Whose deepest projects, and egregious gests Are but dull Moralls of a game at Chests.

But now'tis incongruity to smile,
Therefore I end; and bid farewell a while,
At Court; though From Court, were the better stile.

HENRICO WOTTONI IN HIBERNIA BELLIGERANTI

WENT you to conquer? and have so much lost Yourself, that what in you was best and most, Respective friendship, should so quickly dye? In publique gaine my share'is not such that I Would lose your love for Ireland: better cheap I pardon death (who though he do not reap Yet gleanes hee many of our frends away) Than that your waking mind should bee a prey To lethargies. Lett shott, and boggs, and skeines With bodies deale, as fate bids and restreynes;

Ere sicknesses attack, yong death is best,
Who payes before his death doth scape arrest.
Lett not your soule (at first with graces fill'd,
And since, and thorough crooked lymbecks, still'd
In many schools and courts, which quicken it,)
It self unto the Irish negligence submit.
I aske not labored letters which should weare
Long papers out: nor letters which should feare
Dishonest carriage: or a seers art:
Nor such as from the brayne come, but the hart.

TO THE COUNTESSE OF BEDFORD

MADAME,

REASON is our Soules left hand, Faith her right, By these wee reach divinity, that's you; Their loves, who have the blessings of your light, Grew from their reason, mine from faire faith grew.

But as, although a squint lefthandednesse Be'ungracious, yet we cannot want that hand, So would I, not to encrease, but to expresse My faith, as I believe, so understand.

Therefore I study you first in your Saints, Those friends, whom your election glorifies, Then in your deeds, accesses, and restraints, And what you reade, and what your selfe devize.

But soone, the reasons why you'are lov'd by all, Grow infinite, and so passe reasons reach, Then backe againe to'implicite faith I fall, And rest on what the Catholique voice doth teach;

That you are good: and not one Heretique Denies it: if he did, yet you are so. For, rockes, which high top'd and deep rooted sticke, Waves wash, not undermine, nor overthrow. In every thing there naturally growes

A Balsamum to keepe it fresh, and new,

If'twere not injur'd by extrinsique blowes;

Your birth and beauty are this Balme in you.

But you of learning and religion,
And vertue,'and such ingredients, have made
A methridate, whose operation
Keepes off, or cures what can be done or said.

Yet, this is not your physicke, but your food, A dyet fit for you; for you are here The first good Angell, since the worlds frame stood That ever did in womans shape appeare.

Since you are then Gods masterpeece, and so His Factor for our loves; do as you doe, Make your returne home gracious; and bestow This life on that; so make one life of two.

For so God helpe mee,'I would not misse you there For all the good which you can do me here.

TO THE COUNTESSE OF BEDFORD

MADAME,
YOU have refin'd mee, and to worthyest things
(Vertue, Art, Beauty, Fortune,) now I see
Rarenesse, or use, not nature value brings;
And such, as they are circumstanc'd, they bee.
Two ills can ne're perplexe us, sinne to'excuse;
But of two good things, we may leave and chuse.

Therefore at Court, which is not vertues clime,
(Where a transcendent height, (as, lownesse mee)
Makes her not be, or not show) all my rime
Your vertues challenge, which there rarest bee;
For, as darke texts need notes: there some must bee
To usher vertue, and say, This is shee.

So in the country'is beauty; to this place
You are the season (Madame) you the day,
'Tis but a grave of spices, till your face
Exhale them, and a thick close bud display.
Widow'd and reclus'd else, her sweets she'enshrines;
As China, when the Sunne at Brasill dines.

Out from your chariot, morning breaks at night, And falsifies both computations so; Since a new world doth rise here from your light, We your new creatures, by new recknings goe. This showes that you from nature lothly stray, That suffer not an artificiall day.

In this you'have made the Court the Antipodes,
And will'd your Delegate, the vulgar Sunne,
To doe profane autumnall offices,
Whilst here to you, wee sacrificers runne;
And whether Priests, or Organs, you wee'obey,
We sound your influence, and your Dictates say.

Yet to that Deity which dwels in you,
Your vertuous Soule, I now not sacrifice;
These are Petitions, and not Hymnes; they sue
But that I may survay the edifice.
In all Religions as much care hath bin
Of Temples frames, and beauty,'as Rites within.

As all which goe to Rome, doe not thereby Esteeme religions, and hold fast the best, But serve discourse, and curiosity, With that which doth religion but invest, And shunne th'entangling laborinths of Schooles. And make it wit, to thinke the wiser fooles:

So in this pilgrimage I would behold You as you'are vertues temple, not as shee, What walls of tender christall her enfold, What eyes, hands, bosome, her pure Altars bee; And after this survay, oppose to all Bablers of Chappels, you th'Escuriall.

Yet not as consecrate, but merely'as faire,
On these I cast a lay and country eye.
Of past and future stories, which are rare
I finde you all record, and prophecie.
Purge but the booke of Fate, that it admit
No sad nor guilty legends, you are it.

If good and lovely were not one, of both
You were the transcript, and originall,
The Elements, the Parent, and the Growth,
And every peece of you, is both their All:
So'intire are all your deeds, and you, that you
Must do the same thinge still; you cannot two.

But these (as nice thinne Schoole divinity
Serves heresie to furder or represse)
Tast of Poëtique rage, or flattery,
And need not, where all hearts one truth professe;
Oft from new proofes, and new phrase, new doubts
grow,
As strange attire aliens the men wee know.

Leaving then busie praise, and all appeale
To higher Courts, senses decree is true,
The Mine, the Magazine, the Commonweale,
The story of beauty,'in Twicknam is, and you.
Who hath seene one, would both; As, who had bin
In Paradise, would seeke the Cherubin.

TO SIR EDWARD HERBERT AT JULYERS

MAN is a lumpe, where all beasts kneaded bee, Wisdome makes him an Arke where all agree; The foole, in whom these beasts do live at jarre, Is sport to others, and a Theater; Nor scapes hee so, but is himselfe their prey, All which was man in him, is eate away, And now his beasts on one another feed, Yet couple'in anger, and new monsters breed. How happy'is hee, which hath due place assign'd To'his beasts, and disaforested his minde! Empail'd himselfe to keepe them out, not in; Can sow, and dares trust corne, where they have bin, Can use his horse, goate, wolfe, and every beast, And is not Asse himselfe to all the rest. Else, man not onely is the heard of swine, But he's those devills too, which did incline Them to a headlong rage, and made them worse: For man can adde weight to heavens heaviest curse. As Soules (they say) by our first touch, take in The poysonous tincture of Originall sinne, So, to the punishments which God doth fling, Our apprehension contributes the sting. To us, as to his chickins, he doth cast Hemlocke, and wee as men, his hemlocke taste; We do infuse to what he meant for meat, Corrosivenesse, or intense cold or heat. For, God no such specifique poyson hath As kills we know not how; his fiercest wrath Hath no antipathy, but may be good At least for physicke, if not for our food. Thus man, that might be'his pleasure, is his rod, And is his devill, that might be his God. Since then our businesse is, to rectifie

Nature, to what she was, wee'are led awry

By them, who man to us in little show;
Greater than due, no forme we can bestow
On him; for Man into himselfe can draw
All; All his faith can swallow, or reason chaw.
All that is fill'd, and all that which doth fill,
All the round world, to man is but a pill,
In all it workes not but it is in all

In all it workes not, but it is in all Poysonous, or purgative, or cordiall,

For, knowledge kindles Calentures in some, And is to others icy Opium.

As brave as true, is that profession then Which you doe use to make; that you know man.

This makes it credible; you have dwelt upon All worthy bookes, and now are such an one.

Actions are authors, and of those in you Your friends finde every day a mart of new.

TO THE COUNTESSE OF BEDFORD

T'HAVE written then, when you writ, seem'd to mee Worst of spirituall vices, Simony,

And not t'have written then, seemes little lesse Than worst of civill vices, thanklessenesse.

In this, my debt I seem'd loath to confesse, In that, I seem'd to shunne beholdingnesse.

But 'tis not soe; nothings, as I am, may Pay all they have, and yet have all to pay.

Such borrow in their payments, and owe more By having leave to write so, than before.

Yet since rich mines in barren grounds are showne, May not I yeeld (not gold) but coale or stone? Temples were not demolish'd, though prophane:

Here Peter Joves, there Paul hath Dian's Fane.

So whether my hymnes you admit or chuse,

In me you'have hallowed a Pagan Muse,

And denizend a stranger, who mistaught

By blamers of the times they mard, hath sought

Vertues in corners, which now bravely doe Shine in the worlds best part, or all It; You.

I have beene told, that vertue'in Courtiers hearts Suffers an Ostracisme, and departs.

Profit, ease, fitnesse, plenty, bid it goe, But whither, only knowing you, I know;

Your (or you) vertue two vast uses serves, It ransomes one sex, and one Court preserves.

There's nothing but your worth, which being true.

Is knowne to any other, not to you:

And you can never know it; To admit No knowledge of your worth, is some of it.

But since to you, your praises discords bee, Stoop, others ills to meditate with mee.

Oh! to confesse wee know not what we should, Is halfe excuse; wee know not what we would:

Lightnesse depresseth us, emptinesse fills, We sweat and faint, yet still goe downe the hills.

As new Philosophy arrests the Sunne,
And bids the passive earth about it runne,
So wee have dull'd our minde, it hath no ends;

Onely the bodie's busie, and pretends;
As dead low earth ecclipses and controules

The quick high Moone: so doth the body, Soules.

In none but us, are such mixt engines found, As hands of double office: For, the ground

We till with them; and them to heav'n wee raise; Who prayer-lesse labours, or, without this, prayes,

Doth but one halfe, that's none; He which said, Plough And looke not back, to looke up doth allow.

Good seed degenerates, and oft obeyes

The soyles disease, and into cockle strayes;

Let the minds thoughts be but transplanted so, Into the body,'and bastardly they grow.

What hate could hurt our bodies like our love?
Wee (but no forraine tyrants could) remove
These not ingrav'd, but inborne dignities,

Caskets of soules; Temples, and Palaces:

For, bodies shall from death redeemed bee, Soules but preserv'd, not naturally free.

As men to'our prisons, new soules to us are sent, Which learne vice there, and come in innocent.

First seeds of every creature are in us,

What ere the world hath bad, or pretious,

Mans body can produce, hence hath it beene

That stones, wormes, frogges, and snakes in man are seene:

But who ere saw, though nature can worke soe,
That pearle, or gold, or corne in man did grow?

We'have added to the world Virginia,'and sent

Two new starres lately to the firmament;

Why grudge wee us (not heaven) the dignity
T'increase with ours, those faire soules company.

But I must end this letter, though it doe Stand on two truths, neither is true to you.

Vertue hath some perversenesse; For she will Neither beleeve her good, nor others ill.

Even in you, vertues best paradise,

Vertue hath some, but wise degrees of vice.

Too many vertues, or too much of one Begets in you unjust suspition;

And ignorance of vice, makes vertue lesse, Quenching compassion of our wretchednesse.

But these are riddles; Some aspersion

Of vice becomes well some complexion.

Statesmen purge vice with vice, and may corrode The bad with bad, a spider with a toad:

For so, ill thralls not them, but they tame ill
And make her do much good against her will,

But in your Commonwealth, or world in you,

Vice hath no office, or good worke to doe.

Take then no vitious purge, but be content With cordiall vertue, your knowne nourishment.

TO THE COUNTESSE OF BEDFORD On New-yeares day

Some embleme is of mee, or I of this,
Who Meteor-like, of stuffe and forme perplext,
Whose what, and where, in disputation is,
If I should call mee any thing, should misse.

I summe the yeares, and mee, and finde mee not Debtor to th'old, nor Creditor to th'new,
That cannot say, My thankes I have forgot,
Nor trust I this with hopes, and yet scarce true
This bravery is, since these times shew'd mee you.

In recompence I would show future times
What you were, and teach them to'urge towards such.
Verse embalmes vertue;'and Tombs, or Thrones of rimes,
Preserve fraile transitory fame, as much
As spice doth bodies from corrupt aires touch.

Mine are short-liv'd; the tincture of your name Creates in them, but dissipates as fast, New spirits: for, strong agents with the same Force that doth warme and cherish, us doe wast; Kept hot with strong extracts, no bodies last:

So, my verse built of your just praise, might want Reason and likelihood, the firmest Base, And made of miracle, now faith is scant, Will vanish soone, and so possesse no place, And you, and it, too much grace might disgrace.

When all (as truth commands assent) confesse
All truth of you, yet they will doubt how I,
One corne of one low anthills dust, and lesse,
Should name, know, or expresse a thing so high,
And not an inch, measure infinity.

I cannot tell them, nor my selfe, nor you,
But leave, lest truth b'endanger'd by my praise,
And turne to God, who knowes I thinke this true,
And useth oft, when such a heart mis-sayes,
To make it good, for, such a praiser prayes.

Hee will best teach you, how you should lay out
His stock of beauty, learning, favour, blood;
He will perplex security with doubt,
And cleare those doubts; hide from you, and shew you
good,
And so increase your appetite and food;

Hee will teach you, that good and bad have not
One latitude in cloysters, and in Court;
Indifferent there the greatest space hath got;
Some pitty'is not good there, some vaine disport,
On this side sinne, with that place may comport.

Yet he, as hee bounds seas, will fixe your houres, Which pleasure, and delight may not ingresse, And though what none else lost, be truliest yours, Hee will make you, what you did not, possesse, By using others, not vice, but weakenesse.

He will make you speake truths, and credibly,
And make you doubt, that others doe not so:
Hee will provide you keyes, and locks, to spie,
And scape spies, to good ends, and hee will show
What you may not acknowledge, what not know.

For your owne conscience, he gives innocence,
But for your fame, a discreet warinesse,
And though to scape, than to revenge offence
Be better, he showes both, and to represse
Joy, when your state swells, sadnesse when'tis lesse.

From need of teares he will defend your soule,
Or make a rebaptizing of one teare;
Hee cannot, (that's, he will not) dis-inroule
Your name; and when with active joy we heare
This private Ghospell, then'tis our New Yeare.

TO THE COUNTESSE OF HUNTINGDON

MADAME,

MAN to Gods image, Eve, to mans was made, Nor finde wee that God breath'd a soule in her, Canons will not Church functions you invade, Nor lawes to civill office you preferre.

Who vagrant transitory Comets sees,
Wonders, because they'are rare; But a new starre
Whose motion with the firmament agrees,
Is miracle; for, there no new things are;

In woman so perchance milde innocence
A seldome comet is, but active good
A miracle, which reason scapes, and sense;
For, Art and Nature this in them withstood.

As such a starre, the Magi led to view

The manger-cradled infant, God below:

By vertues beames by fame deriv'd from you,

May apt soules, and the worst may, vertue know.

If the worlds age, and death be argued well
By the Sunnes fall, which now towards earth doth bend,
Then we might feare that vertue, since she fell
So low as woman, should be neare her end.

But she's not stoop'd, but rais'd; exil'd by men
She fled to heaven, that's heavenly things, that's you;
She was in all men, thinly scatter'd then,
But now amass'd, contracted in a few.

She guilded us: But you are gold, and Shee; Us she inform'd, but transubstantiates you; Soft dispositions which ductile bee, Elixarlike, she makes not cleane, but new.

Though you a wifes and mothers name retaine,
'Tis not a woman, for all are not soe,
But vertue having made you vertue,'is faine
T'adhere in these names, her and you to show,

Else, being alike pure, wee should neither see;
As, water being into ayre rarify'd,
Neither appeare, till in one cloud they bee,
So, for our sakes you do low names abide;

Taught by great constellations, which being fram'd, Of the most starres, take low names, Crab, and Bull When single planets by the Gods are nam'd, You covet not great names, of great things full.

So you, as woman, one doth comprehend,
And in the vaile of kindred others see;
To some ye are reveal'd, as in a friend,
And as a vertuous Prince farre off, to mee.

To whom, because from you all vertues flow, And 'tis not none, to dare contemplate you, I, which doe so, as your true subject owe Some tribute for that, so these lines are due.

If you can thinke these flatteries, they are,
For then your judgement is below my praise,
If they were so, oft, flatteries worke as farre,
As Counsels, and as farre th'endeavour raise.

So my ill reaching you might there grow good, But I remaine a poyson'd fountaine still; But not your beauty, vertue, knowledge, blood Are more above all flattery, than my will.

And if I flatter any,'tis not you

But my owne judgement, who did long agoe

Pronounce, that all these praises should be true,

And vertue should your beauty,'and birth outgrow

Now that my prophesies are all fulfill'd, Rather than God should not be honour'd too, And all these gifts confess'd, which hee instill'd, Your selfe were bound to say that which I doe.

So I, but your Recorder am in this, Or mouth, or Speaker of the universe, A ministerial Notary, for'tis Not I, but you and fame, that make this verse;

I was your Prophet in your yonger dayes, And now your Chaplaine, God in you to praise.

TO MR. T[HOMAS]. W[OODWARD].

ALL haile sweet Poët, more full of more strong fire,
Than hath or shall enkindle any spirit,
I lov'd what nature gave thee, but this merit
Of wit and Art I love not but admire;
Who have before or shall write after thee,
Their workes, though toughly laboured, will bee
Like infancie or age to mans firme stay,
Or earely and late twilights to mid-day.

Men say, and truly, that they better be Which be envyed than pittied: therefore I, Because I wish thee best, doe thee envie: O wouldst thou, by like reason, pitty mee! But care not for mee: I, that ever was In Natures, and in Fortunes gifts, (alas, Before thy grace got in the Muses Schoole) A monster and a begger, am now a foole.

Oh how I grieve, that late borne modesty
Hath got such root in easie waxen hearts,
That men may not themselves, their owne good parts
Extoll, without suspect of surquedrie,
For, but thy selfe, no subject can be found
Worthy thy quill, nor any quill resound
Thy worth but thine: how good it were to see
A Poëm in thy praise, and writ by thee.

Now if this song be too'harsh for rime, yet, as
The Painters bad god made a good devill,
'Twill be good prose, although the verse be evill,
If thou forget the rime as thou dost passe.
Then write, that I may follow, and so bee
Thy debter, thy'eccho, thy foyle, thy zanee.
I shall be thought, if mine like thine I shape,
All the worlds Lyon, though I be thy Ape.

TO MR. T[HOMAS]. W[OODWARD].

Will give thee leave, to him, my pain and pleasure.

I have given thee, and yet thou art too weake,
Feete, and a reasoning soule and tongue to speake.

Plead for me, and so by thine and my labour
I am thy Creator, thou my Saviour.

Tell him, all questions, which men have defended
Both of the place and paines of hell, are ended;

And 'tis decreed our hell is but privation Of him, at least in this earths habitation:

And 'tis where I am, where in every street
Infections follow, overtake, and meete:
Live I or die, by you my love is sent,
And you'are my pawnes, or else my Testament.

TO MR. T[HOMAS]. W[OODWARD].

PREGNANT again with th'old twins Hope, and Feare, Oft have I askt for thee, both how and where Thou wert, and what my hopes of letters were;

As in the streets sly beggers narrowly Watch motions of the givers hand and eye, And evermore conceive some hope thereby.

And now thy Almes is given, thy letter'is read, The body risen againe, the which was dead, And thy poore starveling bountifully fed.

After this banquet my Soule doth say grace,
And praise thee for'it, and zealously imbrace
Thy love; though I thinke thy love in this case
To be as gluttons, which say 'midst their meat,
They love that best of which they most do eat.

TO MR. T[HOMAS]. W[OODWARD].

AT once, from hence, my lines and I depart, I to my soft still walks, they to my Heart; I to the Nurse, they to the child of Art;

Yet as a firme house, though the Carpenter Perish, doth stand: As an Embassadour Lyes safe, how e'r his king be in danger:

So, though I languish, prest with Melancholy, My verse, the strict Map of my misery, Shall live to see that, for whose want I dye.

Therefore I envie them, and doe repent,
That from unhappy mee, things happy'are sent;
Yet as a Picture, or bare Sacrament,
Accept these lines, and if in them there be
Merit of love, bestow that love on mee.

TO MR. R[OWLAND]. W[OODWARD].

Enquiring of that mistique trinitee
Whereof thou'and all to whom heavens do infuse
Like fyer, are made; thy body, mind, and Muse.
Dost thou recover sicknes, or prevent?
Or is thy Mind travail'd with discontent?
Or art thou parted from the world and mee,
In a good skorn of the worlds vanitee?
Or is thy devout Muse retyr'd to sing
Upon her tender Elegiaque string?
Our Minds part not, joyne then thy Muse with myne,
For myne is barren thus devorc'd from thyne.

TO MR. R[OWLAND]. W[OODWARD].

MUSE not that by thy Mind thy body is led:
For by thy Mind, my Mind's distempered.
So thy Care lives long, for I bearing part
It eates not only thyne, but my swolne hart.
And when it gives us intermission
We take new harts for it to feede upon.
But as a Lay Mans Genius doth controule
Body and mind; the Muse beeing the Soules Soule
Of Poets, that methinks should ease our anguish,
Although our bodyes wither and minds languish.
Wright then, that my griefes which thine got may bee
Cur'd by thy charming soveraigne melodee.

TO MR. C[HRISTOPHER]. B[ROOKE].

Urg'd by this unexcusable occasion,
Thee and the Saint of his affection
Leaving behinde, doth of both wants complaine;
And let the love I beare to both sustaine
No blott nor maime by this division,
Strong is this love which ties our hearts in one,
And strong that love pursu'd with amorous paine;
But though besides thy selfe I leave behind
Heavens liberall, and earths thrice-fairer Sunne,
Going to where sterne winter aye doth wonne,
Yet, loves hot fires, which martyr my sad minde,
Doe send forth scalding sighes, which have the Art
To melt all Ice, but that which walls her heart.

TO MR. E[DWARD]. G[ILPIN?].

B V E N as lame things thirst their perfection, so The slimy rimes bred in our vale below, Bearing with them much of my love and hart, Fly unto that Parnassus, where thou art. There thou oreseest London: Here I have beene, By staying in London, too much overseene. Now pleasures dearth our City doth posses, Our Theaters are fill'd with emptines; As lancke and thin is every street and way As a woman deliver'd yesterday. Nothing whereat to laugh my spleen espyes But bearbaitings or Law exercise. Therefore I'le leave it, and in the Country strive Pleasure, now fled from London, to retrive. Do thou so too: and fill not like a Bee Thy thighs with hony, but as plenteously

As Russian Marchants, thy selfes whole vessel load, And then at Winter retaile it here abroad. Blesse us with Suffolks Sweets; and as it is Thy garden, make thy hive and warehouse this.

TO MR. R[OWLAND]. W[OODWARD].

IF, as mine is, thy life a slumber be,

Seeme, when thou read'st these lines, to dreame of me, Never did Morpheus nor his brother weare

Shapes soe like those Shapes, whom they would appeare, As this my letter is like me, for it

Hath my name, words, hand, feet, heart, minde and wit; It is my deed of gift of mee to thee,

It is my Will, my selfe the Legacie.

So thy retyrings I love, yea envie,

Bred in thee by a wise melancholy,

That I rejoyce, that unto where thou art,

Though I stay here, I can thus send my heart,

As kindly'as any enamored Patient

His Picture to his absent Love hath sent.

All newes I thinke sooner reach thee than mee;
Havens are Heavens, and Ships wing'd Angels be,
The which both Gospell, and sterne threatnings bring;

Guyanaes harvest is nip'd in the spring,

I feare; And with us (me thinkes) Fate deales so

As with the Jewes guide God did; he did show

Him the rich land, but bar'd his entry in:

Oh, slownes is our punishment and sinne.

Perchance, these Spanish businesse being done,

Which as the Earth betweene the Moone and Sun

Eclipse the light which Guyana would give,

Our discontinued hopes we shall retrive:

But if (as all th'All must) hopes smoake away,

Is not Almightie Vertue 'an India?

If men be worlds, there is in every one
Some thing to answere in some proportion
All the worlds riches: And in good men, this,
Vertue, our formes forme and our soules soule, is.

TO MR. R[OWLAND]. W[OODWARD].

Built of all th'elements as our bodyes are:
That Litle of earth that is in it, is a faire
Delicious garden where all sweetes are sowne.
In it is cherishing fyer which dryes in mee
Griefe which did drowne me: and halfe quench'd by it
Are satirique fyres which urg'd me to have writt
In skorne of all: for now I admyre thee.
And as Ayre doth fullfill the hollownes
Of rotten walls; so it myne emptines,
Where tost and mov'd it did beget this sound
Which as a lame Eccho of thyne doth rebound.
Oh, I was dead; but since thy song new Life did give,
I recreated, even by thy creature, live.

TO MR. S[AMUEL]. B[ROOKE].

Of the India, or rather Paradise
Of knowledge, hast with courage and advise
Lately launch'd into the vast Sea of Arts,
Disdaine not in thy constant travailing
To doe as other Voyagers, and make
Some turnes into lesse Creekes, and wisely take
Fresh water at the Heliconian spring;
I sing not, Siren like, to tempt; for I
Am harsh; nor as those Scismatiques with you,
Which draw all wits of good hope to their crew;
But seeing in you bright sparkes of Poetry,
I, though I brought noe fuell, had desire
With these Articulate blasts to blow the fire.

TO MR. I. L.

Which with thy name begins, since their depart,
Whether in the English Provinces they be,
Or drinke of Po, Sequan, or Danubie,
There's none that sometimes greets us not, and yet
Your Trent is Lethe', that past, us you forget.
You doe not duties of Societies,
If from the'embrace of a lov'd wife you rise,
View your fat Beasts, stretch'd Barnes, and labour'd fields,
Eate, play, ryde, take all joyes which all day yeelds,
And then againe to your embracements goe:
Some houres on us your frends, and some bestow
Upon your Muse, else both wee shall repent,
I that my love, she that her guifts on you are spent.

TO MR. I. L.

BLEST are your North parts, for all this long time My Sun is with you, cold and darke'is our Clime; Heavens Sun, which staid so long from us this yeare, Staid in your North (I thinke) for she was there, And hether by kinde nature drawne from thence, Here rages, chafes, and threatens pestilence; Yet I, as long as shee from hence doth staie, Thinke this no South, no Sommer, nor no day. With thee my kinde and unkinde heart is run, There sacrifice it to that beauteous Sun: And since thou art in Paradise and need'st crave No joyes addition, helpe thy friend to save. So may thy pastures with their flowery feasts, As suddenly as Lard, fat thy leane beasts; So may thy woods oft poll'd, yet ever weare A greene, and when thee list, a golden haire; So may all thy sheepe bring forth Twins; and so In chace and race may thy horse all out goe;

So may thy love and courage ne'r be cold;
Thy Sonne ne'r Ward; Thy lov'd wife ne'r seem old;
But maist thou wish great things, and them attaine,
As thou telst her, and none but her, my paine.

TO MR. B[ASIL]. B[ROOKE].

Yet satisfy'd? Is not thy braines rich hive
Fulfil'd with hony which thou dost derive
From the Arts spirits and their Quintessence?
Then weane thy selfe at last, and thee withdraw
From Cambridge thy old nurse, and, as the rest,
Here toughly chew, and sturdily digest
Th'immense vast volumes of our common law;
And begin soone, lest my griefe grieve thee too,
Which is, that that which I should have begun
In my youthes morning, now late must be done;
And I as Giddy Travellers must doe,
Which stray or sleepe all day, and having lost
Light and strength, darke and tir'd must then ride post.

If thou unto thy Muse be marryed,
Embrace her ever, ever multiply,
Be far from me that strange Adulterie
To tempt thee and procure her widowhed.
My Muse, (for I had one,) because I'am cold,
Divorc'd her selfe: the cause being in me,
That I can take no new in Bigamye,
Not my will only but power doth withhold.
Hence comes it, that these Rymes which never had
Mother, want matter, and they only have
A little forme, the which their Father gave;
They are prophane, imperfect, oh, too bad
To be counted Children of Poetry
Except confirm'd and Bishoped by thee.

TO SIR H[ENRY]. W[OTTON]. AT HIS GOING AMBASSADOR TO VENICE

AFTER those reverend papers, whose soule is Our good and great Kings lov'd hand and fear'd name, By which to you he derives much of his, And (how he may) makes you almost the same,

A Taper of his Torch, a copie writ

From his Originall, and a faire beame

Of the same warme, and dazeling Sun, though it

Must in another Sphere his vertue streame:

After those learned papers which your hand Hath stor'd with notes of use and pleasure too, From which rich treasury you may command Fit matter whether you will write or doe:

After those loving papers, where friends send
With glad griefe, to your Sea-ward steps, farewel,
Which thicken on you now, as prayers ascend
To heaven in troupes at'a good mans passing bell:

Admit this honest paper, and allow

It such an audience as your selfe would aske;

What you must say at Venice this meanes now,

And hath for nature, what you have for taske:

To sweare much love, not to be chang'd before Honour alone will to your fortune fit; Nor shall I then honour your fortune, more Than I have done your honour wanting it.

But it is an easier load (though both oppresse)

To want, than governe greatnesse, for wee are
In that, our owne and onely businesse,
In this, wee must for others vices care;

'Tis therefore well your spirits now are plac'd
In their last Furnace, in activity;
Which fits them (Schooles and Courts and Warres o'rpast)
To touch and test in any best degree.

For mee, (if there be such a thing as I)

Fortune (if there be such a thing as shee)

Spies that I beare so well her tyranny,

That she thinks nothing else so fit for mee;

But though she part us, to heare my oft prayers For your increase, God is as neere mee here; And to send you what I shall begge, his staires In length and ease are alike every where.

TO MRS. M[AGDALEN]. H[ERBERT].

M A D paper stay, and grudge not here to burne
With all those sonnes whom my braine did create,
At least lye hid with mee, till thou returne
To rags againe, which is thy native state.

What though thou have enough unworthinesse
To come unto great place as others doe,
That's much; emboldens, pulls, thrusts I confesse,
But'tis not all; Thou should'st be wicked too.

And, that thou canst not learne, or not of mee;
Yet thou wilt goe? Goe, since thou goest to her
Who lacks but faults to be a Prince, for shee,
Truth, whom they dare not pardon, dares preferre.

But when thou com'st to that perplexing eye Which equally claimes love and reverence, Thou wilt not long dispute it, thou wilt die; And having little now, have then no sense.

Yet when her warme redeeming hand, which is A miracle; and made such to worke more, Doth touch thee (saples leafe) thou grow'st by this Her creature; glorify'd more than before.

Then as a mother which delights to heare
Her early child mis-speake halfe uttered words,
Or, because majesty doth never feare
Ill or bold speech, she Audience affords.

And then, cold speechlesse wretch, thou diest againe, And wisely; what discourse is left for thee? For, speech of ill, and her, thou must abstaine, And is there any good which is not shee?

Yet maist thou praise her servants, though not her, And wit, and vertue,'and honour her attend, And since they'are but her cloathes, thou shalt not erre, If thou her shape and beauty'and grace commend.

Who knowes thy destiny? when thou hast done, Perchance her Cabinet may harbour thee, Whither all noble ambitious wits doe runne, A nest almost as full of Good as shee.

When thou art there, if any, whom wee know, Were sav'd before, and did that heaven partake, When she revolves his papers, marke what show Of favour, she alone, to them doth make.

Marke, if to get them, she o'r skip the rest, Marke, if she read them twice, or kisse the name; Marke, if she doe the same that they protest, Marke, if she marke whether her woman came.

Marke, if slight things be'objected, and o'r blowne, Marke, if her oathes against him be not still Reserv'd, and that shee grieves she's not her owne, And chides the doctrine that denies Freewill.

I bid thee not doe this to be my spie;

Nor to make my selfe her familiar;

But so much I doe love her choyce, that I

Would faine love him that shall be lov'd of her.

TO THE COUNTESSE OF BEDFORD

HONOUR is so sublime perfection, And so refinde; that when God was alone And creaturelesse at first, himselfe had none;

But as of the elements, these which wee tread, Produce all things with which wee'are joy'd or fed, And, those are barren both above our head:

So from low persons doth all honour flow; Kings, whom they would have honoured, to us show, And but *direct* our honour, not *bestow*.

For when from herbs the pure part must be wonne From grosse, by Stilling, this is better done By despis'd dung, than by the fire or Sunne.

Care not then, Madame,'how low your praysers lye; In labourers balads oft more piety God findes, than in *Te Deums* melodie.

And, ordinance rais'd on Towers, so many mile Send not their voice, nor last so long a while As fires from th'earths low vaults in Sicil Isle.

Should I say I liv'd darker than were true, Your radiation can all clouds subdue; But one,'tis best light to contemplate you.

You, for whose body God made better clay, Or tooke Soules stuffe such as shall late decay, Or such as needs small change at the last day. This, as an Amber drop enwraps a Bee, Covering discovers your quicke Soule; that we May in your through-shine front your hearts thoughts see

You teach (though wee learne not) a thing unknowne To our late times, the use of specular stone, Through which all things within without were shown.

Of such were Temples; so and of such you are; Beeing and seeming is your equall care, And vertues whole summe is but know and dare.

But as our Soules of growth and Soules of sense Have birthright of our reasons Soule, yet hence They fly not from that, nor seeke presidence:

Natures first lesson, so, discretion, Must not grudge zeale a place, nor yet keepe none, Not banish it selfe, nor religion.

Discretion is a wisemans Soule, and so Religion is a Christians, and you know How these are one; her yea, is not her no.

Nor may we hope to sodder still and knit These two, and dare to breake them; nor must wit Be colleague to religion, but be it.

In those poor types of God (round circles) so Religious tipes, the peecelesse centers flow, And are in all the lines which all wayes goe.

If either ever wrought in you alone
Or principally, then religion
Wrought your ends, and your wayes discretion.

Goe thither stil, goe the same way you went, Who so would change, do covet or repent; Neither can reach you, great and innocent.

TO THE COUNTESSE OF BEDFORD

Begun in France but never perfected

THOUGH I be dead, and buried, yet I have (Living in you,) Court enough in my grave, As oft as there I thinke my selfe to bee, So many resurrections waken mee.

That thankfullnesse your favours have begot In mee, embalmes mee, that I doe not rot.

This season as 'tis Easter, as 'tis spring,

Must both to growth and to confession bring

My thoughts dispos'd unto your influence; so, These verses bud, so these confessions grow.

First I confesse I have to others lent

Your stock, and over prodigally spent

Your treasure, for since I had never knowne

Vertue or beautie, but as they are growne

In you, I should not thinke or say they shine, (So as I have) in any other Mine.

Next I confesse this my confession,

For, 'tis some fault thus much to touch upon

Your praise to you, where half rights seeme too much, And make your minds sincere complexion blush.

Next I confesse my'impenitence, for I

Can scarce repent my first fault, since thereby

Remote low Spirits, which shall ne'r read you,

May in lesse lessons finde enough to doe,

By studying copies, not Originals,

Desunt cætera.

A LETTER TO THE LADY CAREY AND MRS. ESSEX RICHE, FROM AMYENS

MADAME,

HERE where by All All Saints invoked are,

Twere too much schisme to be singular,
And 'gainst a practise generall to warre.

Yet turning to Saincts, should my'humility
To other Sainct than you directed bee,
That were to make my schisme, heresie.

Nor would I be a Convertite so cold, As not to tell it; If this be too bold, Pardons are in this market cheaply sold.

Where, because Faith is in too low degree, I thought it some Apostleship in mee
To speake things which by faith alone I see.

That is, of you, who are a firmament Of virtues, where no one is growne, or spent, They'are your materials, not your ornament.

Others whom wee call vertuous, are not so In their whole substance, but, their vertues grow But in their humours, and at seasons show.

For when through tastlesse flat humilitie. In dow bak'd men some harmelessenes we see, 'Tis but his flegme that's Vertuous, and not Hee:

Soe is the Blood sometimes; who ever ran To danger unimportun'd, he was then No better than a sanguine Vertuous man.

So cloysterall men, who, in pretence of feare All contributions to this life forbeare, Have Vertue in *Melancholy*, and only there.

Spirituall Cholerique Crytiques, which in all Religions find faults, and forgive no fall, Have, through this zeale, Vertue but in their Gall.

We'are thus but parcel guilt; to Gold we'are growne When Vertue is our Soules complexion; Who knowes his Vertues name or place, hath none.

Vertue'is but aguish, when 'tis severall, By occasion wak'd, and circumstantiall. True vertue is Soule, Alwaies in all deeds All.

This Vertue thinking to give dignitie
To your soule, found there no infirmitie,
For, your soule was as good Vertue, as shee;

Shee therefore wrought upon that part of you Which is scarce lesse than soule, as she could do, And so hath made your beauty, Vertue too.

Hence comes it, that your Beauty wounds not hearts, As Others, with prophane and sensuall Darts, But as an influence, vertuous thoughts imparts.

But if such friends by the honor of your sight Grow capable of this so great a light, As to partake your vertues, and their might,

What must I thinke that influence must doe, Where it findes sympathie and matter too, Vertue, and beauty of the same stuffe, as you?

Which is, your noble worthie sister, shee Of whom, if what in this my Extasie And revelation of you both I see,

I should write here, as in short Galleries
The Master at the end large glasses ties,
So to present the roome twice to our eyes,

So I should give this letter length, and say That which I said of you; there is no way From either, but by the other, not to stray.

May therefore this be enough to testifie My true devotion, free from flattery; He that beleeves himselfe, doth never lie.

TO THE COUNTESSE OF SALISBURY August, 1614

FAIRE, great, and good, since seeing you, wee see What Heaven can doe, and what any Earth can be: Since now your beauty shines, now when the Sunne Growne stale, is to so low a value runne, That his disshevel'd beames and scattered fires Serve but for Ladies Periwigs and Tyres In lovers Sonnets: you come to repaire Gods booke of creatures, teaching what is faire. Since now, when all is withered, shrunke, and dri'd, All Vertues ebb'd out to a dead low tyde, All the worlds frame being crumbled into sand, Where every man thinks by himselfe to stand, Integritie, friendship, and confidence, (Ciments of greatnes) being vapor'd hence, And narrow man being fill'd with little shares, Court, Citie, Church, are all shops of small-wares, All having blowne to sparkes their noble fire, And drawne their sound gold-ingot into wyre; All trying by a love of littlenesse To make abridgments, and to draw to lesse, Even that nothing, which at first we were; Since in these times, your greatnesse doth appeare, And that we learne by it, that man to get Towards him that's infinite, must first be great. Since in an age so ill, as none is fit So much as to accuse, much lesse mend it, (For who can judge, or witnesse of those times Where all alike are guiltie of the crimes?) Where he that would be good, is thought by all A monster, or at best fantasticall: Since now you durst be good, and that I doe Discerne, by daring to contemplate you, That there may be degrees of faire, great, good,

Through your light, largenesse, vertue understood: If in this sacrifice of mine, be showne Any small sparke of these, call it your owne. And if things like these, have been said by mee Of others; call not that Idolatrie. For had God made man first, and man had seene The third daies fruits, and flowers, and various greene, He might have said the best that he could say Of those faire creatures, which were made that day; And when next day he had admir'd the birth Of Sun, Moone, Stars, fairer than late-prais'd earth, Hee might have said the best that he could say, And not be chid for praising yesterday: So though some things are not together true, As, that another is worthiest, and, that you: Yet, to say so, doth not condemne a man, If when he spoke them, they were both true then. How faire a proofe of this, in our soule growes? Wee first have soules of growth, and sense, and those, When our last soule, our soule immortall came, Were swallowed into it, and have no name. Nor doth he injure those soules, which doth cast The power and praise of both them, on the last; No more doe I wrong any; I adore The same things now, which I ador'd before, The subject chang'd, and measure; the same thing In a low constable, and in the King I reverence; His power to work on mee: So did I humbly reverence each degree Of faire, great, good; but more, now I am come From having found their walkes, to find their home. And as I owe my first soules thankes, that they For my last soule did fit and mould my clay, So am I debtor unto them, whose worth, Enabled me to profit, and take forth This new great lesson, thus to study you; Which none, not reading others, first, could doe.

Nor lacke I light to read this booke, though I In a dark Cave, yea in a Grave doe lie; For as your fellow Angells, so you doe Illustrate them who come to study you. The first whom we in Histories doe finde To have profest all Arts, was one borne blinde: He lackt those eyes beasts have as well as wee, Not those, by which Angels are seene and see; So, though I'am borne without those eyes to live, Which fortune, who hath none her selfe, doth give, Which are, fit meanes to see bright courts and you, Yet may I see you thus, as now I doe; I shall by that, all goodnesse have discern'd, And though I burne my librarie, be learn'd.

TO THE LADY BEDFORD

YOU that are she and you, that's double shee, In her dead face, halfe of your selfe shall see; Shee was the other part, for so they doe Which build them friendships, become one of two; So two, that but themselves no third can fit, Which were to be so, when they were not yet; Twinnes, though their birth Cusco, and Musco take, As divers starres one Constellation make, Pair'd like two eyes, have equall motion, so Both but one meanes to see, one way to goe. Had you dy'd first, a carcasse shee had beene; And wee your rich Tombe in her face had seene; She like the Soule is gone, and you here stay, Not a live friend; but th'other halfe of clay; And since you act that part, As men say, here Lies such a Prince, when but one part is there, And do all honour and devotion due Unto the whole, so wee all reverence you; For, such a friendship who would not adore

In you, who are all what both were before,

Not all, as if some perished by this,

But so, as all in you contracted is.

As of this all, though many parts decay,

The pure which elemented them shall stay;

And though diffus'd, and spread in infinite,

Shall recollect, and in one All unite:

So madame, as her Soule to heaven is fled,

Her flesh rests in the earth, as in the bed;

Her vertues do, as to their proper spheare,

Returne to dwell with you, of whom they were;

As perfect motions are all circular,

So they to you, their sea, whence lesse streames are.

Shee was all spices, you all metalls; so

In you two wee did both rich Indies know;

And as no fire, nor rust can spend or waste

One dramme of gold, but what was first shall last,

Though it bee forc'd in water, earth, salt, aire,

Expans'd in infinite, none will impaire;

So, to your selfe you may additions take,

But nothing can you lesse, or changed make.

Seeke not in seeking new, to seeme to doubt,

That you can match her, or not be without;

But let some faithfull booke in her roome be,

Yet but of Judith no such booke as shee.

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AN ANATOMIE OF THE WORLD 1ST & 2ND ANNIVERSARIES

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN records Ben Jonson's opinion of Donne's "Anniversaries": "that they were prophane and full of blasphemies; that he told Mr. Done if it had been written of the Virgin Marie it had been something; to which he answered that he described the Idea of a Woman, and not as she was." However this may be, the subject of the two poems was a real woman, a child rather, Elizabeth Drury, who died in 1610 at the age of fifteen. Her father, Sir Robert Drury, was Donne's patron, had lodged him in his own house and by his generosity removed the burden of those cares beneath which Donne had laboured during his residence at Mitcham. When Elizabeth Drury died, Donne commemorated her in a funeral elegie (page 210), and in the following year (1611), encouraged doubtless by the attentions of her father, composed the "Anatomy of the World" (The First Anniversary) to celebrate the first anniversary of her death. It was his intention to mark each such anniversary by another poem of commemoration, therefore, a year later (1612) while travelling in France with Sir Robert Drury, he wrote "Of the Progresse of the Soule" (The Second Anniversary). His original intention was carried no further, and the "Second Anniversary" concluded the series of preposterous eulogies. Even had Donne been unaware of the extravagance of such a scheme, his friends were not slow to inform him, and their censures were sufficient to upset it. The two long poems that remain are not easily understood without some knowledge of the scholastic doctrines that Donne had studied while he was Morton's secretary, and had used in his early controversial works and was afterwards to use, and mis-use, in his sermons. In spite of their difficulty, the "Anniversaries" merit careful attention, for they mark a period of transition in Donne's development from poet to divine.

The text of the "Anniversaries" is discussed in the Notes.



WHEREIN,

BY OCCASION OF THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF
MISTRESS ELIZABETH DRURY, THE FRAILTY AND THE
DECAY OF THIS WHOLE WORLD IS REPRESENTED

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY

TO THE PRAISE OF THE DEAD, AND THE ANATOMIE

WELL dy'd the World, that we might live to see This world of wit, in his Anatomie: No evill wants his good; so wilder heires Bedew their Fathers Tombes, with forced teares, Whose state requites their losse: whiles thus we gain, Well may wee walke in blacks, but not complaine. Yet how can I consent the world is dead While this Muse lives? which in his spirits stead Seemes to informe a World; and bids it bee, In spight of losse or fraile mortalitie? And thou the subject of this welborne thought, Thrice noble maid, couldst not have found nor sought A fitter time to yeeld to thy sad Fate, Than whiles this spirit lives, that can relate Thy worth so well to our last Nephews eyne, That they shall wonder both at his and thine:

Admired match! where strives in mutuall grace The cunning pencill, and the comely face: A taske which thy faire goodnesse made too much For the bold pride of vulgar pens to touch; Enough is us to praise them that praise thee, And say, that but enough those prayses bee, Which hadst thou liv'd, had hid their fearfull head From th'angry checkings of thy modest red: Death barres reward and shame: when envy's gone, And gaine, 'tis safe to give the dead their owne. As then the wise Egyptians wont to lay More on their Tombes than houses: these of clay, But those of brasse, or marble were: so wee Give more unto thy Ghost, than unto thee. Yet what wee give to thee, thou gav'st to us, And may'st but thanke thy selfe, for being thus: Yet what thou gav'st, and wert, O happy maid, Thy grace profest all due, where 'tis repayd. So these high songs that to thee suited bin Serve but to sound thy Makers praise, in thine, Which thy deare soule as sweetly sings to him Amid the Quire of Saints, and Seraphim, As any Angels tongue can sing of thee; The subjects differ, though the skill agree: For as by infant-yeares men judge of age, Thy early love, thy vertues, did presage What an high part thou bear'st in those best songs, Whereto no burden, nor no end belongs. Sing on thou virgin Soule, whose lossfull gaine Thy lovesick parents have bewail'd in vaine; Never may thy Name be in our songs forgot, Till wee shall sing thy ditty and thy note.

AN ANATOMY OF THE WORLD

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY

WHEN that rich Soule which to her heaven is gone, The entrie Whom all do celebrate, who know they have one, worke. (For who is sure he hath a Soule, unlesse It see, and judge, and follow worthinesse, And by Deedes praise it? hee who doth not this, May lodge an In-mate soule, but 'tis not his.) When that Queene ended here her progresse time, And, as t'her standing house to heaven did climbe, Where loath to make the Saints attend her long, She's now a part both of the Quire, and Song, This World, in that great earthquake languished; For in a common bath of teares it bled, Which drew the strongest vitall spirits out: But succour'd then with a perplexed doubt, Whether the world did lose, or gaine in this, (Because since now no other way there is, But goodnesse, to see her, whom all would see, All must endeavour to be good as shee,) This great consumption to a fever turn'd, And so the world had fits; it joy'd, it mourn'd; And, as men thinke, that Agues physick are, And th'Ague being spent, give over care, So thou sicke World, mistak'st thy selfe to bee Well, when alas, thou'rt in a Lethargie. Her death did wound and tame thee then, and then Thou might'st have better spar'd the Sunne, or Man. That wound was deep, but 'tis more misery, That thou hast lost thy sense and memory. 'Twas heavy then to heare thy voyce of mone, But this is worse, that thou art speechlesse growne. Thou hast forgot thy name, thou hadst; thou wast Nothing but shee, and her thou hast o'rpast. For as a child kept from the Font, untill

A prince, expected long, come to fulfill The ceremonies, thou unnam'd had'st laid, Had not her comming, thee her Palace made: Her name defin'd thee, gave thee forme, and frame, And thou forgett'st to celebrate thy name. Some moneths she hath beene dead (but being dead, Measures of times are all determined) But long she'ath beene away, long, long, yet none Offers to tell us who it is that's gone. But as in states doubtfull of future heires, When sicknesse without remedie empaires The present Prince, they're loth it shou!d be said, The Prince doth languish, or the Prince is dead: So mankinde feeling now a generall thaw, A strong example gone, equall to law, The Cyment which did faithfully compact, And glue all vertues, now resolv'd, and slack'd, Thought it some blasphemy to say sh'was dead, Or that our weaknesse was discovered In that confession; therefore spoke no more Than tongues, the Soule being gone, the losse deplore. But though it be too late to succour thee, Sicke World, yea, dead, yea putrified, since shee Thy'intrinsique balme, and thy preservative, Can never be renew'd, thou never live, I (since no man can make thee live) will try, What wee may gaine by thy Anatomy. Her death hath taught us dearely, that thou art Corrupt and mortall in thy purest part. Let no man say, the world it selfe being dead, 'Tis labour lost to have discovered The worlds infirmities, since there is none Alive to study this dissection; For there's a kinde of World remaining still, Though shee which did inanimate and fill The world, be gone, yet in this last long night, Her Ghost doth walke; that is, a glimmering light,

iat life h stil.

A faint weake love of vertue, and of good, Reflects from her, on them which understood Her worth; and though she have shut in all day, The twilight of her memory doth stay; Which, from the carcasse of the old world, free, Creates a new world, and new creatures bee Produc'd: the matter and the stuffe of this, Her vertue, and the forme our practice is: And though to be thus elemented, arme These creatures, from home-borne intrinsique harme, (For all assum'd unto this dignitie, So many weedlesse Paradises bee, Which of themselves produce no venemous sinne, Except some forraine Serpent bring it in) Yet, because outward stormes the strongest breake, And strength it selfe by confidence growes weake, This new world may be safer, being told The dangers and diseases of the old: For with due temper men doe then forgoe, Or covet things, when they their true worth know. There is no health; Physitians say that wee, At best, enjoy but a neutralitie. And can there bee worse sicknesse, than to know That we are never well, nor can be so? Wee are borne ruinous: poore mothers cry, That children come not right, nor orderly; Except they headlong come and fall upon An ominous precipitation. How witty's ruine! how importunate Upon mankinde! it labour'd to frustrate Even Gods purpose; and made woman, sent For mans reliefe, cause of his languishment. They were to good ends, and they are so still, But accessory, and principall in ill; For that first marriage was our funerall: One woman at one blow, then kill'd us all, And singly, one by one, they kill us now.

The sicknesses of the World.

Impossibility of health.

We doe delightfully our selves allow To that consumption; and profusely blinde, Wee kill our selves to propagate our kinde. And yet we do not that; we are not men: There is not now that mankinde, which was then, When as, the Sunne and man did seeme to strive, (Joynt tenants of the world) who should survive; When, Stagge, and Raven, and the long-liv'd tree, Compar'd with man, dy'd in minoritie; When, if a slow pac'd starre had stolne away From the observers marking, he might stay Two or three hundred yeares to see't againe, And then make up his observation plaine; When, as the age was long, the sise was great; Mans growth confess'd, and recompene'd the meat; So spacious and large, that every Soule Did a faire Kingdome, and large Realme controule: And when the very stature, thus erect, Did that soule a good way towards heaven direct. Where is this mankinde now? who lives to age, Fit to be made Methusalem his page? Alas, we scarce live long enough to try Whether a true made clocke run right, or lie. Old Grandsires talke of yesterday with sorrow, And for our children wee reserve to morrow. So short is life, that every peasant strives, In a torne house, or field, to have three lives. And as in lasting, so in length is man Contracted to an inch, who was a spanne; For had a man at first in forrests stray'd, Or shipwrack'd in the Sea, one would have laid A wager, that an Elephant, or Whale, That met him, would not hastily assaile A thing so equall to him: now alas, The Fairies, and the Pigmies well may passe

As credible; mankinde decayes so soone,

We'are scarce our Fathers shadowes cast at noone:

Smalnesse

of stature.

of life.

Shortnesse

Onely death addes t'our length: nor are wee growne In stature to be men, till we are none. But this were light, did our lesse volume hold All the old Text; or had wee chang'd to gold Their silver; or dispos'd into lesse glasse Spirits of vertue, which then scatter'd was. But 'tis not so: w'are not retir'd, but dampt; And as our bodies, so our mindes are crampt: 'Tis shrinking, not close weaving that hath thus, In minde, and body both bedwarfed us. Wee seeme ambitious, Gods whole worke t'undoe; Of nothing hee made us, and we strive too, To bring our selves to nothing backe; and wee Doe what wee can, to do't so soone as hee. With new diseases on our selves we warre, And with new Physicke, a worse Engin farre. Thus man, this worlds Vice-Emperour, in whom All faculties, all graces are at home; And if in other creatures they appeare, They're but mans Ministers, and Legats there, To worke on their rebellions, and reduce Them to Civility, and to mans use: This man, whom God did wooe, and loth t'attend Till man came up, did downe to man descend, This man, so great, that all that is, is his, Oh what a trifle, and poore thing he is! If man were any thing, he's nothing now: Helpe, or at least some time to wast, allow T'his other wants, yet when he did depart With her whom we lament, hee lost his heart. She, of whom th'Ancients seem'd to prophesie, When they call'd vertues by the name of shee; Shee in whom vertue was so much refin'd, That for Allay unto so pure a minde Shee tooke the weaker Sex; shee that could drive The poysonous tincture, and the staine of Eve, Out of her thoughts, and deeds; and purifie

All, by a true religious Alchymie; Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead: when thou knowest this, Thou knowest how poore a trifling thing man is. And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie, The heart being perish'd, no part can be free. And that except thou feed (not banquet) on The supernaturall food, Religion, Thy better Growth growes withered, and scant; Be more than man, or thou'rt lesse than an Ant. Then, as mankinde, so is the worlds whole frame Quite out of joynt, almost created lame: For, before God had made up all the rest, Corruption entred, and deprav'd the best: It seis'd the Angels, and then first of all The world did in her cradle take a fall, And turn'd her braines, and tooke a generall maime, Wronging each joynt of th'universall frame. The noblest part, man, felt it first; and then Both beasts and plants, curst in the curse of man. So did the world from the first houre decay, That evening was beginning of the day, And now the Springs and Sommers which we see, Like sonnes of women after fiftie bee. And new Philosophy calls all in doubt, The Element of fire is quite put out; The Sun is lost, and th'earth, and no mans wit Can well direct him where to looke for it. And freely men confesse that this world's spent, When in the Planets, and the Firmament They seeke so many new; then see that this Is crumbled out againe to his Atomies.

'Tis all in peeces, all cohaerence gone;

For every man alone thinkes he hath got

None of that kinde, of which he is, but hee.

To be a Phœnix, and that then can bee

Prince, Subject, Father, Sonne, are things forgot,

All just supply, and all Relation:

Decay of nature in other parts.

This is the worlds condition now, and now She that should all parts to reunion bow, She that had all Magnetique force alone, To draw, and fasten sundred parts in one; She whom wise nature had invented then When she observ'd that every sort of men Did in their voyage in this worlds Sea stray, And needed a new compasse for their way; She that was best, and first originall Of all faire copies, and the generall Steward to Fate; she whose rich eyes, and breast Guilt the West Indies, and perfum'd the East; Whose having breath'd in this world, did bestow Spice on those Iles, and bad them still smell so, And that rich Indie which doth gold interre, Is but as single money, coyn'd from her: She to whom this world must it selfe refer, As Suburbs, or the Microcosme of her, Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead: when thou knowst this, Thou knowst how lame a cripple this world is. And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy, That this worlds generall sickenesse doth not lie In any humour, or one certaine part; But as thou sawest it rotten at the heart, Thou seest a Hectique feaver hath got hold Of the whole substance, not to be contrould, And that thou hast but one way, not t'admit The worlds infection, to be none of it. For the worlds subtilst immateriall parts Feele this consuming wound, and ages darts. For the worlds beauty is decai'd, or gone, Beauty, that's colour, and proportion. We thinke the heavens enjoy their Sphericall, Their round proportion embracing all. But yet their various and perplexed course, Observ'd in divers ages, doth enforce Men to finde out so many Eccentrique parts,

Disformity of parts.

204 AN ANATOMIE OF THE WORLD

Such divers downe-right lines, such overthwarts, As disproportion that pure forme: It teares The Firmament in eight and forty sheires, And in these Constellations then arise New starres, and old doe vanish from our eyes: As though heav'n suffered earthquakes, peace or war, When new Towers rise, and old demolish't are. They have impal'd within a Zodiake The free-borne Sun, and keepe twelve Signes awake To watch his steps; the Goat and Crab controule, And fright him backe, who else to either Pole (Did not these Tropiques fetter him) might runne: For his course is not round; nor can the Sunne Perfit a Circle, or maintaine his way One inch direct; but where he rose to-day He comes no more, but with a couzening line, Steales by that point, and so is Serpentine: And seeming weary with his reeling thus, He meanes to sleepe, being now falne nearer us. So, of the Starres which boast that they doe runne In Circle still, none ends where he begun. All their proportion's lame, it sinkes, it swels. For of Meridians, and Parallels, Man hath weav'd out a net, and this net throwne Upon the Heavens, and now they are his owne. Loth to goe up the hill, or labour thus To goe to heaven, we make heaven come to us. We spur, we reine the starres, and in their race They're diversly content t'obey our pace. But keepes the earth her round proportion still? Doth not a Tenarif, or higher Hill Rise so high like a Rocke, that one might thinke The floating Moone would shipwrack there, and sinke? Seas are so deepe, that Whales being strooke to day, Perchance to morrow, scarse at middle way Of their wish'd journies end, the bottome, die. And men, to sound depths, so much line untie,

As one might justly thinke, that there would rise At end thereof, one of th'Antipodies: If under all, a Vault infernall bee, (Which sure is spacious, except that we Invent another torment, that there must Millions into a straight hot roome be thrust) Then solidnesse, and roundnesse have no place. Are these but warts, and pock-holes in the face Of th'earth? Thinke so: but yet confesse, in this The worlds proportion disfigured is; That those two legges whereon it doth rely, Disorder i**n** the world. Reward and punishment are bent awry. And, Oh, it can no more be questioned, That beauties best, proportion, is dead, Since even griefe it selfe, which now alone Is left us, is without proportion. Shee by whose lines proportion should bee Examin'd, measure of all Symmetree, Whom had that Ancient seen, who thought soules made Of Harmony, he would at next have said That Harmony was shee, and thence infer, That soules were but Resultances from her, And did from her into our bodies goe, As to our eyes, the formes from objects flow: Shee, who if those great Doctors truly said That the Arke to mans proportions was made, Had been a type for that, as that might be A type of her in this, that contrary Both Elements, and Passions liv'd at peace In her, who caus'd all Civill war to cease. Shee, after whom, what forme soe'r we see, Is discord, and rude incongruitie; Shee, shee is dead, shee's dead; when thou knowst this, Thou knowst how ugly a monster this world is: And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie, That here is nothing to enamour thee: And that, not only faults in inward parts,

Corruptions in our braines, or in our hearts, Poysoning the fountaines, whence our actions spring, Endanger us: but that if every thing Be not done fitly'and in proportion, To satisfie wise, and good lookers on, (Since most men be such as most thinke they bee) They're lothsome too, by this Deformitee. For good, and well, must in our actions meete; Wicked is not much worse than indiscreet. But beauties other second Element, Colour, and lustre now, is as neere spent. And had the world his just proportion, Were it a ring still, yet the stone is gone. As a compassionate Turcoyse which doth tell By looking pale, the wearer is not well, As gold falls sicke being stung with Mercury, All the worlds parts of such complexion bee. When nature was most busie, the first weeke, Swadling the new borne earth, God seem'd to like That she should sport her selfe sometimes, and play: To mingle, and vary colours every day: And then, as though shee could not make inow, Himselfe his various Rainbow did allow. Sight is the noblest sense of any one, Yet sight hath only colour to feed on, And colour is decai'd: summers robe growes Duskie, and like an oft dyed garment showes. Our blushing red, which us'd in cheekes to spred, Is inward sunke, and only our soules are red. Perchance the world might have recovered, If she whom we lament had not beene dead: But shee, in whom all white, and red, and blew (Beauties ingredients) voluntary grew, As in an unvext Paradise; from whom Did all things verdure, and their lustre come, Whose composition was miraculous, Being all colour, all Diaphanous,

(For Ayre, and Fire but thick grosse bodies were, And liveliest stones but drowsie, and pale to her,) Shee, shee, is dead; shee's dead: when thou know'st this, Thou knowst how wan a Ghost this our world is: And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie, That it should more affright, than pleasure thee. And that, since all faire colour then did sinke, 'Tis now but wicked vanitie, to thinke To colour vicious deeds with good pretence, Or with bought colors to illude mens sense. Nor in ought more this worlds decay appeares, Than that her influence the heav'n forbeares, Or that the Elements doe not feele this, The father, or the mother barren is. The cloudes conceive not raine, or doe not powre, In the due birth time, downe the balmy showre; Th'Ayre doth not motherly sit on the earth, To hatch her seasons, and give all things birth; Spring-times were common cradles, but are tombes; And false-conceptions fill the generall wombes; Th'Ayre showes such Meteors, as none can see, Not only what they meane, but what they bee; Earth such new wormes, as would have troubled much Th'Ægyptian Mages to have made more such. What Artist now dares boast that he can bring Heaven hither, or constellate any thing, So as the influence of those starres may bee Imprison'd in an Hearbe, or Charme, or Tree, And doe by touch, all which those stars could doe? The art is lost, and correspondence too. For heaven gives little, and the earth takes lesse, And man least knowes their trade and purposes. If this commerce twixt heaven and earth were not Embarr'd, and all this traffique quite forgot, She, for whose losse we have lamented thus, Would worke more fully, and pow'rfully on us: Since herbes, and roots, by dying lose not all,

Weaknesse in the want of correspondence of heaven and earth.

But they, yea Ashes too, are medicinall, Death could not quench her vertue so, but that It would be (if not follow'd) wondred at: And all the world would be one dying Swan, To sing her funerall praise, and vanish then. But as some Serpents poyson hurteth not, Except it be from the live Serpent shot, So doth her vertue need her here, to fit That unto us; shee working more than it. But shee, in whom to such maturity Vertue was growne, past growth, that it must die; She, from whose influence all Impressions came, But, by Receivers impotencies, lame, Who, though she could not transubstantiate All states to gold, yet guilded every state, So that some Princes have some temperance; Some Counsellers some purpose to advance The common profit; and some people have Some stay, no more than Kings should give, to crave; Some women have some taciturnity, Some nunneries some graines of chastitie. She that did thus much, and much more could doe, But that our age was Iron, and rustie too, Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead; when thou knowst this. Thou knowst how drie a Cinder this world is. And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy, That 'tis in vaine to dew, or mollifie It with thy teares, or sweat, or blood: nothing Is worth our travaile, griefe, or perishing, But those rich joyes, which did possesse her heart, Of which she's now partaker, and a part. But as in cutting up a man that's dead, The body will not last out, to have read On every part, and therefore men direct Their speech to parts, that are of most effect; So the worlds carcasse would not last, if I Were punctuall in this Anatomy;

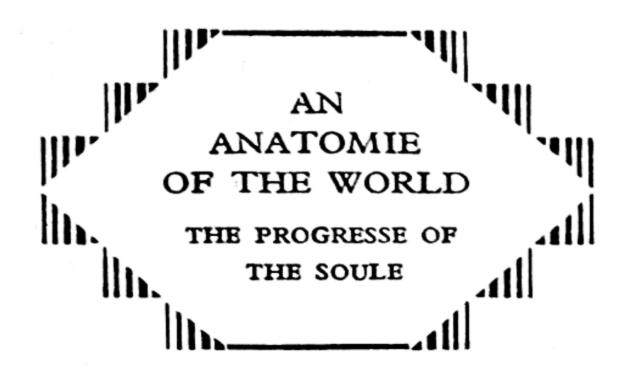
Nor smels it well to hearers, if one tell Them their disease, who faine would think they're well. Here therefore be the end: And, blessed maid, Of whom is meant what ever hath been said, Or shall be spoken well by any tongue, Whose name refines course lines, and makes prose song, Accept this tribute, and his first yeares rent, Who till his darke short tapers end be spent, As oft as thy feast sees this widowed earth, Will yearely celebrate thy second birth, That is, thy death; for though the soule of man Be got when man is made, 'tis borne but then When man doth die; our body's as the wombe, And, as a Mid-wife, death directs it home. And you her creatures, whom she workes upon, And have your last, and best concoction From her example, and her vertue, if you In reverence to her, do thinke it due, That no one should her praises thus rehearse, As matter fit for Chronicle, not verse; Vouchsafe to call to minde that God did make A last, and lasting'st peece, a song. He spake To Moses to deliver unto all, That song, because hee knew they would let fall The Law, the Prophets, and the History, But keepe the song still in their memory: Such an opinion (in due measure) made Me this great Office boldly to invade: Nor could incomprehensiblenesse deterre Mee, from thus trying to emprison her, Which when I saw that a strict grave could doe, I saw not why verse might not do so too. Verse hath a middle nature: heaven keepes Soules, The Grave keepes bodies, Verse the Fame enroules

A FUNERALL ELEGIE

'T I S lost, to trust a Tombe with such a guest, Or to confine her in a marble chest. Alas, what's Marble, Jeat, or Porphyrie, Priz'd with the Chrysolite of either eye, Or with those Pearles, and Rubies, which she was? Joyne the two Indies in one Tombe, 'tis glasse; And so is all to her materials, Though every inch were ten Escurials, Yet she's demolish'd: can wee keepe her then In works of hands, or of the wits of men? Can these memorials, ragges of paper, give Life to that name, by which name they must live? Sickly, alas, short-liv'd, aborted bee Those carcasse verses, whose soule is not shee. And can shee, who no longer would be shee, Being such a Tabernacle, stoop to be In paper wrapt; or, when shee would not lie In such a house, dwell in an Elegie? But 'tis no matter; wee may well allow Verse to live so long as the world will now, For her death wounded it. The world containes Princes for armes, and Counsellors for braines, Lawyers for tongues, Divines for hearts, and more, The Rich for stomackes, and for backes, the Poore; The Officers for hands, Merchants for feet, By which, remote and distant Countries meet. But those fine spirits which do tune, and set This Organ, are those peeces which beget Wonder and love; and these were shee; and shee Being spent, the world must needs decrepit bee; For since death will proceed to triumph still, He can finde nothing, after her, to kill, Except the world it selfe, so great as shee. Thus brave and confident may Nature bee,

Death cannot give her such another blow, Because shee cannot such another show. But must wee say she's dead? may't not be said That as a sundred clocke is peecemeale laid, Not to be lost, but by the makers hand Repollish'd, without errour then to stand, Or as the Affrique Niger streame enwombs It selfe into the earth, and after comes (Having first made a naturall bridge, to passe For many leagues) farre greater than it was, May't not be said, that her grave shall restore Her, greater, purer, firmer, than before? Heaven may say this, and joy in't, but can wee Who live, and lacke her, here this vantage see? What is't to us, alas, if there have beene An Angell made a Throne, or Cherubin? Wee lose by't: and as aged men are glad Being tastlesse growne, to joy in joyes they had, So now the sick starv'd world must feed upon This joy, that we had her, who now is gone. Rejoyce then Nature, and this World, that you, Fearing the last fires hastning to subdue Your force and vigour, ere it were neere gone, Wisely bestow'd and laid it all on one. One, whose cleare body was so pure and thinne, Because it need disguise no thought within. 'Twas but a through-light scarfe, her minde t'inroule; Or exhalation breath'd out from her Soule. One, whom all men who durst no more, admir'd: And whom, who ere had worth enough, desir'd; As when a Temple's built, Saints emulate To which of them, it shall be consecrate. But, as when heaven lookes on us with new eyes, Those new starres every Artist exercise, What place they should assigne to them they doubt, Argue,'and agree not, till those starres goe out: So the world studied whose this peece should be,

Till shee can be no bodies else, nor shee: But like a Lampe of Balsamum, desir'd Rather t'adorne, than last, she soone expir'd, Cloath'd in her virgin white integritie, For marriage, though it doe not staine, doth dye. To scape th'infirmities which wait upon Woman, she went away, before sh'was one; And the worlds busie noyse to overcome, Tooke so much death, as serv'd for opium; For though she could not, nor could chuse to dye, She'ath yeelded to too long an extasie: Hee which not knowing her said History, Should come to reade the booke of destiny, How faire, and chast, humble, and high she'ad been, Much promis'd, much perform'd, at not fifteene, And measuring future things, by things before, Should turne the leafe to reade, and reade no more, Would thinke that either destiny mistooke, Or that some leaves were torne out of the booke. But 'tis not so; Fate did but usher her To yeares of reasons use, and then inferre Her destiny to her selfe, which liberty She tooke but for thus much, thus much to die. Her modestie not suffering her to bee Fellow-Commissioner with Destinie, She did no more but die; if after her Any shall live, which dare true good prefer, Every such person is her deligate, T'accomplish that which should have beene her Fate. They shall make up that Booke and shall have thanks Of Fate, and her, for filling up their blankes. For future vertuous deeds are Legacies, Which from the gift of her example rise; And 'tis in heav'n part of spirituall mirth, To see how well the good play her, on earth.



WHEREIN,

BY OCCASION OF THE RELIGIOUS DEATH OF
MISTRESS ELIZABETH DRURY, THE INCOMMODITIES OF
THE SOULE IN THIS LIFE, AND HER EXALTATION IN THE
NEXT, ARE CONTEMPLATED

THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY THE HARBINGER TO THE PROGRESSE

TWO Soules move here, and mine (a third) must move Paces of admiration and of love; Thy Soule (deare virgin) whose this tribute is, Mov'd from this mortall Spheare to lively blisse; And yet moves still, and still aspires to see The worlds last day, thy glories full degree: Like as those starres which thou o'r-lookest farre, Are in their place, and yet still moved are: No soule (whiles with the luggage of this clay It clogged is) can follow thee halfe way; Or see thy flight, which doth our thoughts outgoe So fast, that now the lightning moves but slow: But now thou art as high in heaven flowne As heaven's from us; what soule besides thine owne Can tell thy joyes, or say he can relate Thy glorious Journals in that blessed state? I envie thee (Rich soule) I envy thee, Although I cannot yet thy glory see:

And thou (great spirit) which hers follow'd hast So fast, as none can follow thine so fast; So far, as none can follow thine so farre, (And if this flesh did not the passage barre Hadst caught her) let me wonder at thy flight Which long agone hadst lost the vulgar sight, And now mak'st proud the better eyes, that they Can see thee less'ned in thine ayery way; So while thou mak'st her soule by progresse knowne Thou mak'st a noble progresse of thine owne, From this worlds carkasse having mounted high To that pure life of immortalitie; Since thine aspiring thoughts themselves so raise That more may not beseeme a creatures praise, Yet still thou vow'st her more; and every yeare Mak'st a new progresse, while thou wandrest here; Still upward mount; and let thy Makers praise Honor thy Laura, and adorne thy laies. And since thy Muse her head in heaven shrouds, Oh let her never stoope below the clouds: And if those glorious sainted soules may know Or what wee doe, or what wee sing below, Those acts, those songs, shall still content them best Which praise those awfull Powers that make them blest.

OF THE PROGRESSE OF THE SOULE THE SECOND ANNIVERSARIE

The entrance.

That this world had an everlastingnesse,
Than to consider, that a yeare is runne,
Since both this lower world's, and the Sunnes Sunne,
The Lustre, and the vigor of this All,
Did set; 'twere blasphemie to say, did fall.
But as a ship which hath strooke saile, doth runne
By force of that force which before, it wonne;

Or as sometimes in a beheaded man, Though at those two Red seas, which freely ranne, One from the Trunke, another from the Head, His soule be sail'd, to her eternall bed, His eyes will twinckle, and his tongue will roll, As though he beckned, and cal'd backe his soule, He graspes his hands, and he pulls up his feet, And seemes to reach, and to step forth to meet His soule; when all these motions which we saw, Are but as Ice, which crackles at a thaw: Or as a Lute, which in moist weather, rings Her knell alone, by cracking of her strings: So struggles this dead world, now shee is gone; For there is motion in corruption. As some daies are at the Creation nam'd, Before the Sunne, the which fram'd daies, was fram'd, So after this Sunne's set, some shew appeares, And orderly vicissitude of yeares. Yet a new Deluge, and of Lethe flood, Hath drown'd us all, All have forgot all good, Forgetting her, the maine reserve of all. Yet in this deluge, grosse and generall, Thou seest me strive for life; my life shall bee, To be hereafter prais'd, for praysing thee; Immortall Maid, who though thou would'st refuse The name of Mother, be unto my Muse A Father, since her chast Ambition is, Yearely to bring forth such a child as this. These Hymnes may worke on future wits, and so May great Grand children of thy prayses grow. And so, though not revive, embalme and spice The world, which else would putrifie with vice. For thus, Man may extend thy progeny, Untill man doe but vanish, and not die. These Hymnes thy issue, may encrease so long, As till Gods great Venite change the song. Thirst for that time, O my insatiate soule,

A just disestimation of the world.

And serve thy thirst, with Gods safe-sealing Bowle. Be thirstie still, and drinke still till thou goe To th'only Health, to be Hydroptique so. Forget this rotten world; And unto thee Let thine owne times as an old storie bee. Be not concern'd: studie not why, nor when; Doe not so much as not believe a man. For though to erre, be worst, to try truths forth, Is far more businesse, than this world is worth. The world is but a carkasse; thou art fed By it, but as a worme, that carkasse bred; And why should'st thou, poore worme, consider more, When this world will grow better than before, Than those thy fellow wormes doe thinke upon That carkasses last resurrection. Forget this world, and scarce thinke of it so, As of old clothes, cast off a yeare agoe. To be thus stupid is Alacritie; Men thus Lethargique have best Memory. Look upward; that's towards her, whose happy state We now lament not, but congratulate. Shee, to whom all this world was but a stage, Where all sat harkning how her youthfull age Should be emploi'd, because in all shee did, Some Figure of the Golden times was hid. Who could not lacke, what e'r this world could give, Because shee was the forme, that made it live; Nor could complaine, that this world was unfit To be staid in, then when shee was in it; Shee that first tried indifferent desires By vertue, and vertue by religious fires, Shee to whose person Paradise adher'd, As Courts to Princes, shee whose eyes ensphear'd, Star-light enough, t'have made the South controule, (Had shee beene there) the Star-full Northerne Pole, Shee, shee is gone; she is gone; when thou knowest this, What fragmentary rubbidge this world is

Thou knowest, and that it is not worth a thought; He honors it too much that thinkes it nought. Thinke then, my soule, that death is but a Groome, Contemplation of our Which brings a Taper to the outward roome, state in our death-bed. Whence thou spiest first a little glimmering light, And after brings it nearer to thy sight: For such approaches doth heaven make in death. Thinke thy selfe labouring now with broken breath, And thinke those broken and soft Notes to bee Division, and thy happyest Harmonie. Thinke thee laid on thy death-bed, loose and slacke And thinke that, but unbinding of a packe, To take one precious thing, thy soule from thence. Thinke thy selfe parch'd with fevers violence, Anger thine ague more, by calling it Thy Physicke; chide the slacknesse of the fit. Thinke that thou hear'st thy knell, and think no more, But that, as Bels cal'd thee to Church before, So this, to the Triumphant Church, calls thee. Thinke Satans Sergeants round about thee bee, And thinke that but for Legacies they thrust; Give one thy Pride, to'another give thy Lust: Give them those sinnes which they gave thee before, And trust th'immaculate blood to wash thy score. Thinke thy friends weeping round, and thinke that they Weepe but because they goe not yet thy way. Thinke that they close thine eyes, and thinke in this, That they confesse much in the world, amisse, Who dare not trust a dead mans eye with that, Which they from God, and Angels cover not. Thinke that they shroud thee up, and think from thence They reinvest thee in white innocence. Thinke that thy body rots, and (if so low, Thy soule exalted so, thy thoughts can goe,) Think thee a Prince, who of themselves create Wormes which insensibly devoure their State. Thinke that they bury thee, and thinke that right

Laies thee to sleepe but a Saint Lucies night. Thinke these things cheerefully: and if thou bee Drowsie or slacke, remember then that shee, Shee whose Complexion was so even made, That which of her Ingredients should invade The other three, no Feare, no Art could guesse: So far were all remov'd from more or lesse. But as in Mithridate, or just perfumes, Where all good things being met, no one presumes To governe, or to triumph on the rest, Only because all were, no part was best. And as, though all doe know, that quantities Are made of lines, and lines from Points arise, None can these lines or quantities unjoynt, And say this is a line, or this a point, So though the Elements and Humors were In her, one could not say, this governes there. Whose even constitution might have wonne Any disease to venter on the Sunne, Rather than her: and make a spirit feare, That hee to disuniting subject were. To whose proportions if we would compare Cubes, th'are unstable; Circles, Angular; She who was such a chaine as Fate employes To bring mankinde all Fortunes it enjoyes; So fast, so even wrought, as one would thinke, No Accident could threaten any linke; Shee, shee embrac'd a sicknesse, gave it meat, The purest blood, and breath, that e'r it eate; And hath taught us, that though a good man hath Title to heaven, and plead it by his Faith, And though he may pretend a conquest, since Heaven was content to suffer violence, Yea though hee plead a long possession too, (For they're in heaven on earth who heavens workes do) Though hee had right and power and place, before, Yet Death must usher, and unlocke the doore.

Incommodi-Thinke further on thy selfe, my Soule, and thinke ties of the How thou at first wast made but in a sinke; Soule in the Body. Thinke that it argued some infirmitie, That those two soules, which then thou foundst in me, Thou fedst upon, and drewst into thee, both My second soule of sense, and first of growth. Thinke but how poore thou wast, how obnoxious; Whom a small lumpe of flesh could poyson thus. This curded milke, this poore unlittered whelpe My body, could, beyond escape or helpe, Infect thee with Originall sinne, and thou Couldst neither then refuse, nor leave it now. Thinke that no stubborne sullen Anchorit, Which fixt to a pillar, or a grave, doth sit Bedded, and bath'd in all his ordures, dwels So fowly as our Soules in their first-built Cels. Thinke in how poore a prison thou didst lie After, enabled but to suck and crie. Thinke, when'twas growne to most,'twas a poore Inne, A Province pack'd up in two yards of skinne, And that usurp'd or threatned with the rage Of sicknesses, or their true mother, Age. But thinke that Death hath now enfranchis'd thee, Thou hast thy'expansion now, and libertie; Thinke that a rustie Peece, discharg'd, is flowne Her liberty In peeces, and the bullet is his owne, by death. And freely flies: This to thy Soule allow, Thinke thy shell broke, thinke thy Soule hatch'd but now. And think this slow-pac'd soule, which late did cleave To'a body, and went but by the bodies leave, Twenty, perchance, or thirty mile a day, Dispatches in a minute all the way Twixt heaven, and earth; she stayes not in the ayre, To looke what Meteors there themselves prepare; She carries no desire to know, nor sense, Whether th'ayres middle region be intense; For th'Element of fire, she doth not know,

Whether she past by such a place or no; She baits not at the Moone, nor cares to trie Whether in that new world, men live, and die. Venus retards her not, to'enquire, how shee Can, (being one starre) Hesper, and Vesper bee; Hee that charm'd Argus eyes, sweet Mercury, Workes not on her, who now is growne all eye; Who, if she meet the body of the Sunne, Goes through, not staying till his course be runne; Who findes in Mars his Campe no corps of Guard; Nor is by Jove, nor by his father barr'd; But ere she can consider how she went, At once is at, and through the Firmament. And as these starres were but so many beads Strung on one string, speed undistinguish'd leads Her through those Spheares, as through the beads, a string, Whose quick succession makes it still one thing: As doth the pith, which, lest our bodies slacke, Strings fast the little bones of necke, and backe; So by the Soule doth death string Heaven and Earth; For when our Soule enjoyes this her third birth, (Creation gave her one, a second, grace,) Heaven is as neare, and present to her face, As colours are, and objects, in a roome Where darknesse was before, when Tapers come. This must, my Soule, thy long-short Progresse bee; To'advance these thoughts, remember then, that she, She, whose faire body no such prison was, But that a Soule might well be pleas'd to passe An age in her; she whose rich beauty lent Mintage to other beauties, for they went But for so much as they were like to her; Shee, in whose body (if we dare preferre This low world, to so high a marke as shee,) The Westerne treasure, Easterne spicerie, Europe, and Afrique, and the unknowne rest Were easily found, or what in them was best;

And when w'have made this large discoverie Of all, in her some one part then will bee Twenty such parts, whose plenty and riches is Enough to make twenty such worlds as this; Shee, whom had they knowne who did first betroth The Tutelar Angels, and assign'd one, both To Nations, Cities, and to Companies, To Functions, Offices, and Dignities, And to each severall man, to him, and him, They would have given her one for every limbe; She, of whose soule, if we may say, 'twas Gold, Her body was th'Electrum, and did hold Many degrees of that; wee understood Her by her sight; her pure, and eloquent blood Spoke in her cheekes, and so distinctly wrought, That one might almost say, her body thought; Shee, shee, thus richly and largely hous'd, is gone: And chides us slow-pac'd snailes who crawle upon Our prisons prison, earth, nor thinke us well, Longer, than whil'st wee beare our brittle shell. But 'twere but little to have chang'd our roome, If, as we were in this our living Tombe Oppress'd with ignorance, wee still were so. Poore soule, in this thy flesh what dost thou know? Thou know'st thy selfe so little, as thou know'st not, How thou didst die, nor how thou wast begot. Thou neither know'st, how thou at first cam'st in, Nor how thou took'st the poyson of mans sinne. Nor dost thou, (though thou know'st, that thou art so) By what way thou art made immortall, know. Thou art too narrow, wretch, to comprehend Even thy selfe: yea though thou wouldst but bend To know thy body. Have not all soules thought For many ages, that our body'is wrought Of Ayre, and Fire, and other Elements? And now they thinke of new ingredients, And one Soule thinkes one, and another way

Her ignorance in this life and know-ledge in the next.

Another thinkes, and 'tis an even lay. Knowst thou but how the stone doth enter in The bladders cave, and never breake the skinne? Know'st thou how blood, which to the heart doth flow, Doth from one ventricle to th'other goe? And for the putrid stuffe, which thou dost spit, Know'st thou how thy lungs have attracted it? There are no passages, so that there is (For ought thou know'st) piercing of substances. And of those many opinions which men raise Of Nailes and Haires, dost thou know which to praise? What hope have wee to know our selves, when wee Know not the least things, which for our use be? Wee see in Authors, too stiffe to recant, A hundred controversies of an Ant; And yet one watches, starves, freeses, and sweats, To know but Catechismes and Alphabets Of unconcerning things, matters of fact; How others on our stage their parts did Act; What Cæsar did, yea, and what Cicero said. Why grasse is greene, or why our blood is red, Are mysteries which none have reach'd unto. In this low forme, poore soule, what wilt thou doe? When wilt thou shake off this Pedantery, Of being taught by sense, and Fantasie? Thou look'st through spectacles; small things seeme great Below; But up unto the watch-towre get, And see all things despoyl'd of fallacies: Thou shalt not peepe through lattices of eyes, Nor heare through Labyrinths of eares, nor learne By circuit, or collections to discerne. In heaven thou straight know'st all, concerning it, And what concernes it not, shalt straight forget. There thou (but in no other schoole) maist bee Perchance, as learned, and as full, as shee, Shee who all libraries had throughly read At home in her owne thoughts, and practised

So much good as would make as many more: Shee whose example they must all implore, Who would or doe, or thinke well, and confesse That all the vertuous Actions they expresse, Are but a new, and worse edition Of her some one thought, or one action: She who in th'art of knowing Heaven, was growne Here upon earth, to such perfection, That she hath, ever since to Heaven she came, (In a far fairer print,) but read the same: Shee, shee not satisfied with all this waight, (For so much knowledge, as would over-fraight Another, did but ballast her) is gone As well t'enjoy, as get perfection. And cals us after her, in that shee tooke, (Taking her selfe) our best, and worthiest booke. Returne not, my Soule, from this extasie, Of our company in this And meditation of what thou shalt bee, life, and in the next. To earthly thoughts, till it to thee appeare, With whom thy conversation must be there. With whom wilt thou converse? what station Canst thou choose out, free from infection, That will not give thee theirs, nor drinke in thine? Shalt thou not finde a spungie slacke Divine Drinke and sucke in th'instructions of Great men, And for the word of God, vent them agen? Are there not some Courts (and then, no things bee So like as Courts) which, in this let us see, That wits and tongues of Libellers are weake, Because they do more ill, than these can speake? The poyson's gone through all, poysons affect Chiefly the chiefest parts, but some effect In nailes, and haires, yea excrements, will show; So lyes the poyson of sinne in the most low. Up, up, my drowsie Soule, where thy new eare Shall in the Angels songs no discord heare; Where thou shalt see the blessed Mother-maid

Joy in not being that, which men have said. Where she is exalted more for being good, Than for her interest of Mother-hood. Up to those Patriarchs, which did longer sit Expecting Christ, than they'have enjoy'd him yet. Up to those Prophets, which now gladly see Their Prophesies growne to be Historie. Up to th'Apostles, who did bravely runne All the Suns course, with more light than the Sunne. Up to those Martyrs, who did calmly bleed Oyle to th'Apostles Lamps, dew to their seed. Up to those Virgins, who thought, that almost They made joyntenants with the Holy Ghost, If they to any should his Temple give. Up, up, for in that squadron there doth live She, who hath carried thither new degrees (As to their number) to their dignities. Shee, who being to her selfe a State, injoy'd All royalties which any State employ'd; For shee made warres, and triumph'd; reason still Did not o'rthrow, but rectifie her will: And she made peace, for no peace is like this, That beauty, and chastity together kisse: She did high justice, for she crucified Every first motion of rebellious pride: And she gave pardons, and was liberall, For, onely her selfe except, she pardon'd all: Shee coy'nd, in this, that her impressions gave To all our actions all the worth they have: She gave protections; the thoughts of her brest Satans rude Officers could ne'r arrest. As these prerogatives being met in one, Made her a soveraigne State; religion Made her a Church; and these two made her all. She who was all this All, and could not fall To worse, by company, (for she was still More Antidote, than all the world was ill,)

Shee, shee doth leave it, and by Death, survive All this, in Heaven; whither who doth not strive The more, because shees there, he doth not know That accidentall joyes in Heaven doe grow. But pause, my soule; And study, ere thou fall On accidentall joyes, th'essentiall. Still before Accessories doe abide A triall, must the principall be tride. And what essentiall joy can'st thou expect Here upon earth? what permanent effect Of transitory causes? Dost thou love Beauty? (And beauty worthy'st is to move) Poore cousened cousenor, that she, and that thou, Which did begin to love, are neither now; You are both fluid, chang'd since yesterday; Next day repaires, (but ill) last dayes decay. Nor are, (although the river keepe the name) Yesterdaies waters, and to daies the same. So flowes her face, and thine eyes, neither now That Saint, nor Pilgrime, which your loving vow Concern'd, remaines; but whil'st you thinke you bee Constant, you'are hourely in inconstancie. Honour may have pretence unto our love, Because that God did live so long above Without this Honour, and then lov'd it so, That he at last made Creatures to bestow Honour on him; not that he needed it, But that, to his hands, man might grow more fit. But since all Honours from inferiours flow, (For they doe give it; Princes doe but shew Whom they would have so honor'd) and that this On such opinions, and capacities Is built, as rise and fall, to more and lesse: Alas, 'tis but a casuall happinesse. Hath ever any man to'himselfe assign'd This or that happinesse to arrest his minde, But that another man which takes a worse,

Of essentiall joy in this life and in the next.

Thinks him a foole for having tane that course? They who did labour Babels tower to'erect, Might have considered, that for that effect, All this whole solid Earth could not allow Nor furnish forth materialls enow; And that this Center, to raise such a place, Was farre too little, to have beene the Base; No more affords this world, foundation To erect true joy, were all the meanes in one. But as the Heathen made them severall gods, Of all Gods Benefits, and all his Rods, (For as the Wine, and Corne, and Onions are Gods unto them, so Agues bee, and Warre) And as by changing that whole precious Gold To such small Copper coynes, they lost the old, And lost their only God, who ever must Be sought alone, and not in such a thrust: So much mankinde true happinesse mistakes; No Joy enjoyes that man, that many makes. Then, Soule, to thy first pitch worke up againe; Know that all lines which circles doe containe, For once that they the Center touch, doe touch Twice the circumference; and be thou such; Double on heaven thy thoughts on earth emploid; All will not serve; Only who have enjoy'd The sight of God, in fulnesse, can thinke it; For it is both the object, and the wit. This is essentiall joy, where neither hee Can suffer diminution, nor wee; 'Tis such a full, and such a filling good; Had th'Angels once look'd on him, they had stood. To fill the place of one of them, or more, Shee whom wee celebrate, is gone before. She, who had Here so much essentiall joy, As no chance could distract, much lesse destroy; Who with Gods presence was acquainted so, (Hearing, and speaking to him) as to know

His face in any naturall Stone, or Tree, Better than when in Images they bee: Who kept by diligent devotion, Gods Image, in such reparation, Within her heart, that what decay was growne, Was her first Parents fault, and not her owne: Who being solicited to any act, Still heard God pleading his safe precontract; Who by a faithfull confidence, was here Betroth'd to God, and now is married there; Whose twilights were more cleare, than our mid-day; Who dreamt devoutlier, than most use to pray; Who being here fil'd with grace, yet strove to bee, Both where more grace, and more capacitie At once is given: she to Heaven is gone, Who made this world in some proportion A heaven, and here, became unto us all, Joy, (as our joyes admit) essentiall. But could this low world joyes essentiall touch, Of acciden-Heavens accidentall joyes would passe them much. tall joys in both places. How poor and lame, must then our casuall bee? If thy Prince will his subjects to call thee My Lord, and this doe swell thee, thou art then, By being greater, growne to bee lesse Man. When no Physitian of redresse can speake, A joyfull casuall violence may breake A dangerous Apostem in thy breast; And whil'st thou joyest in this, the dangerous rest, The bag may rise up, and so strangle thee. What e'r was casuall, may ever bee. What should the nature change? Or make the same Certaine, which was but casuall, when it came? All casuall joy doth loud and plainly say, Only by comming, that it can away. Only in Heaven joyes strength is never spent; And accidentall things are permanent. Joy of a soules arrivall ne'r decaies; For that soule ever joyes and ever staies.

Joy that their last great Consummation Approaches in the resurrection; When earthly bodies more celestiall Shall be, than Angels were, for they could fall; This kinde of joy doth every day admit Degrees of growth, but none of losinit. In this fresh joy, 'tis no small part, that shee, Shee, in whose goodnesse, he that names degree, Doth injure her; ('Tis losse to be cal'd best, There where the stuffe is not such as the rest) Shee, who left such a bodie, as even shee Only in Heaven could learne, how it can bee Made better; for shee rather was two soules, Or like to full on both sides written Rols, Where eyes might reade upon the outward skin, As strong Records for God, as mindes within; Shee, who by making full perfection grow, Peeces a Circle, and still keepes it so, Long'd for, and longing for it, to heaven is gone, Where shee receives, and gives addition. Here in a place, where mis-devotion frames A thousand Prayers to Saints, whose very names The ancient Church knew not, Heaven knows not yet: And where, what lawes of Poetry admit, Lawes of Religion have at least the same, Immortall Maide, I might invoke thy name. Could any Saint provoke that appetite, Thou here should'st make me a French convertite. But thou would'st not; nor would'st thou be content, To take this, for my second yeares true Rent, Did this Coine beare any other stampe, than his, That gave thee power to doe, me, to say this. Since his will is, that to posteritie, Thou should'st for life, and death, a patterne bec, And that the world should notice have of this, The purpose, and th'authoritie is his; Thou art the Proclamation; and I am The Trumpet, at whose voyce the people came.

sion.

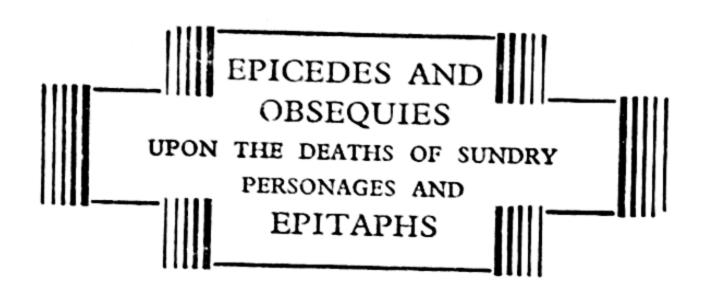
EPICEDES & OBSEQUIES EPITAPHS

OF THE "ELEGIE ON PRINCE HENRY" (ob. Nov. 6th, 1612), Donne is recorded to have said that he wrote it " to match Sir Edward Herbert in obscurenesse," and no one could deny that he has succeeded in producing a poem more lamentable than the death of any prince. The remaining elegies, six in number, in spite of the formality of expression that can hardly be dissociated from this kind of writing, are not unworthy examples of Donne's middle style. In many respects they resemble the Divine poems, while at least some of the ideas they express can be found more fully developed in the Sermons. The dates of the deaths which these elegies celebrate are as follows: Lord Chamberlain, July 23rd, 1596; Lady Marckham, May 4th, 1609; Mistris Bulstrode, August 4th, 1609; Lord Harrington, February 27th, 1614; Marquis Hamilton, March 22nd, 1625. The Elegie "Death" was probably written for Lady Marckham, and belongs therefore to the year 1609. From these dates it will be seen that, with one exception, all the elegies were written in Donne's mature age.

The "Elegie upon the untimely death of Prince Henry" was printed during Donne's lifetime in Joshua Sylvester's "Lachrymæ Lachrymarum," 1613, which I have used for the present text. It was not printed again until 1635, and afterwards, in the later editions, to all of which I have had occasion to refer. The text of the remaining six elegies is based on the edition of 1633 in which they were printed for the first time. Following the practice of Donne's latest editors, I have placed the "Elegie on the L[ord] C[hamberlain]" among the "Epicedes and Obsequies." In the edition of 1633 it appears as "Elegy VI" among the Elegies. I have done the same for "An Hymne to the Saints", which in all the early editions is

misplaced among the "Divine Poems."

The two versions of the "Epitaph" were printed for the first time in 1635 (the basis of the present text). The first version (i.e. "Epistle" 6 ll., Epitaph 10 ll.) is printed among the "Funerall Elegies"; the complete version of the epitaph, but omitting the introductory epistle, is printed with the "Divine Poems." The title of the incomplete version occurs in no one recension, but is made up as follows: "Epitaph" (Dowden MS.), "On Himselfe" (1635), "To the Countess of Bedford" (Stowe MS. 961). The title "Omnibus" of the complete version occurs in the Dowden MS.



ELEGIE ON THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF THE

INCOMPARABLE PRINCE HENRY

LOOK to me, Faith; and look to my Faith, GoD: For, both my Centres feel This Period. Of Waight, one Centre; one of Greatness is: And REASON is That Centre; FAITH is This. For into our Reason flowe, and there doe end, All that this naturall World doth comprehend; Quotidian things, and Equi-distant hence, Shut-in for Men in one Circumference: But, for th'enormous Greatnesses, which are So disproportion'd and so angulare, As is God's Essence, Place, and Providence, Where, How, When, What, Soules do, departed hence: These Things (Eccentrique else) on Faith do strike; Yet neither All, nor upon all alike: For, Reason, put t'her best Extension, Almost meetes Faith, and makes both Centres one: And nothing ever came so neer to This, As Contemplation of the PRINCE wee misse. For, All that Faith could credit Mankinde could, Reason still seconded that This PRINCE would. If then, least Movings of the Centre make (More than if whole Hell belcht) the World to shake, What must This doo, Centres distracted so, That Wee see not what to believe or knowe?

Was it not well believ'd, till now, that Hee, Whose Reputation was an Extasie On neighbour States; which knew not Why to wake Till Hee discoverd what wayes Hee would take: For Whom what Princes angled (when they tryed) Mett a Torpedo, and were stupefied: And Others studies, how Hee would be bent; Was His great Father's greatest Instrument, And activ'st spirit to convey and tye This soule of Peace through CHRISTIANITIE? Was it not well believ'd, that Hee would make This general Peace th'eternall overtake? And that His Times might have stretcht out so far As to touch Those of which they Emblems are? For, to confirm this just Belief, that Now The last Dayes came, wee saw Heaven did allow That but from His aspect and Exercise, In Peace-full times, Rumors of Warrs should rise. But now This Faith is Heresie: wee must Still stay, and vexe our Great-Grand-Mother, Dust. Oh! Is God prodigall? Hath he spent his store Of Plagues on us? and only now, when more Would ease us much, doth he grudge Miserie, And will not lett's enjoy our Curse, to Dye? As, for the Earth throw'n lowest downe of all, 'Twere an Ambition to desire to fall: So God, in our desire to dye, dooth know Our Plot for Ease, in beeing Wretched so. Therefore Wee live: though such a Life we have As but so manie Mandrakes on his Grave.

What had His growth and generation donne? When what wee are, his putrefaction Sustains in us, Earth, which Griefs animate? Nor hath our World now other soule than That. And could Grief gett so high as Heav'n, that Quire Forgetting This, their new Joy, would desire (With grief to see him) Hee had staid belowe,

To rectifie Our Errors They foreknowe.

Is th'other Centre, REASON, faster, then?

Where should wee look for That, now w'are not Men:

For, if our Reason be our Connexion

Of Causes, now to us there can be none.

For, as, if all the Substances were spent,

'Twere madnes to enquire of Accident:

So is't to looke for Reason, HEE being gone,

The only subject REASON wrought upon. If Faith have such a chaine, whose divers Links Industrious Man discerneth, as he thinks, When Miracle dooth joine, and so steal-in A new link Man knowes not where to begin: At a much deader Fault must Reason bee, Death having broke-off such a Link as Hee. But, now, for us with busie Proofs to come That w'have no Reason, would prove we had some: So would just Lamentations. Therefore Wee May safelier say, that Wee are dead, than Hee. So, if our Griefs wee doo not well declare, W'have double Excuse; Hee is not dead, We are. Yet would not I dye yet; for though I bee Too narrow, to think HIM, as Hee is HEE (Our Soule's best Bayting and Mid-period In her long journey of Considering God) Yet (no Dishonor) I can reach Him thus; As Hee embrac't the Fires of Love with us. Oh! May I (since I live) but see or hear That Shee-Intelligence which mov'd This Sphear, I pardon Fate my Life. Who-e'r thou bee Which hast the noble Conscience, Thou art Shee. I conjure Thee by all the Charmes Hee spoke, By th'Oathes which only you Two never broke, By all the Soules you sigh'd; that if you see

These Lines, you wish I knew Your Historie:

I were an Angel singing what You were.

So, much as You Two mutual Heavens were here,

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD

MADAME,

I HAVE learn'd by those lawes wherein I am a little conversant, that hee which bestowes any cost upon the dead, obliges him which is dead, but not the heire; I do not therefore send this paper to your Ladyship, that you should thanke mee for it, or thinke that I thanke you in it; your favours and benefits to mee are so much above my merits, that they are even above my gratitude, if that were to be judged by words which must expresse it: But, Madame, since your noble brothers fortune being yours, the evidences also concerning it are yours, so his vertue being yours, the evidences concerning it, belong also to you, of which by your acceptance this may be one peece, in which quality I humbly present it, and as a testimony how intirely your familie possesseth

Your Ladiships most humble and thankfull servant

JOHN DONNE.

OBSEQUIES TO THE LORD HARRINGTON, BROTHER TO THE LADY LUCY, COUNTESSE OF BEDFORD

Then when thou wast infused, harmony,
But did'st continue so; and now dost beare
A part in Gods great organ, this whole Spheare:
If looking up to God; or downe to us,
Thou finde that any way is pervious,
Twixt heav'n and earth, and that mans actions doe
Come to your knowledge, and affections too,
See, and with joy, mee to that good degree
Of goodnesse growne, that I can studie thee,
And, by these meditations refin'd,
Can unapparell and enlarge my minde,

And so can make by this soft extasie, This place a map of heav'n, my selfe of thee. Thou seest mee here at midnight, now all rest; Times dead-low water; when all mindes devest To morrows businesse, when the labourers have Such rest in bed, that their last Church-yard grave, Subject to change, will scarce be'a type of this, Now when the clyent, whose last hearing is To morrow, sleeps, when the condemned man, (Who when hee opes his eyes, must shut them then Againe by death,) although sad watch hee keepe, Doth practice dying by a little sleepe, Thou at this midnight seest mee, and as soone As that Sunne rises to mee, midnight's noone, All the world growes transparent, and I see Through all, both Church and State, in seeing thee; And I discerne by favour of this light, My selfe, the hardest object of the sight. God is the glasse; as thou when thou dost see Him who sees all, seest all concerning thee, So, yet unglorified, I comprehend All, in these mirrors of thy wayes, and end. Though God be our true glasse, through which we see All, since the beeing of all things is hee, Yet are the trunkes which doe to us derive Things, in proportion fit, by perspective, Deeds of good men; for by their living here, Vertues, indeed remote, seeme to be neare. But where can I affirme, or where arrest My thoughts on his deeds? which shall I call best? For fluid vertue cannot be look'd on, Nor can endure a contemplation. As bodies change, and as I do not weare Those Spirits, humors, blood I did last yeare, And, as if on a streame I fixe mine eye, That drop, which I looked on, is presently Pusht with more waters from my sight, and gone,

So in this sea of vertues, can no one Bee'insisted on; vertues, as rivers, passe, Yet still remaines that vertuous man there was; And as if man feed on mans flesh, and so Part of his body to another owe, Yet at the last two perfect bodies rise, Because God knowes where every Atome lyes; So, if one knowledge were made of all those, Who knew his minutes well, hee might dispose His vertues into names, and ranks; but I Should injure Nature, Vertue, and Destinie, Should I divide and discontinue so, Vertue, which did in one intirenesse grow. For as, hee that would say, spirits are fram'd Of all the purest parts that can be nam'd, Honours not spirits halfe so much, as hee Which sayes, they have no parts, but simple bee; So is't of vertue; for a point and one Are much entirer than a million. And had Fate meant to have his vertues told, It would have let him live to have beene old; So, then that vertue in season, and then this, We might have seene, and said, that now he is Witty, now wise, now temperate, now just: In good short lives, vertues are faine to thrust, And to be sure betimes to get a place, When they would exercise, lacke time, and space. So was it in this person, forc'd to bee For lack of time, his owne epitome: So to exhibit in few yeares as much, As all the long breath'd Chronicles can touch. As when an Angell down from heav'n doth flye, Our quick thought cannot keepe him company, Wee cannot thinke, now hee is at the Sunne, Now through the Moon, now he through th'aire doth run, Yet when he's come, we know he did repaire To all twixt Heav'n and Earth, Sunne, Moon, and Aire;

And as this Angell in an instant knowes, And yet wee know, this sodaine knowledge growes By quick amassing severall formes of things, Which he successively to order brings; When they, whose slow-pac'd lame thoughts cannot goe So fast as hee, thinke that he doth not so; Just as a perfect reader doth not dwell, On every syllable, nor stay to spell, Yet without doubt, hee doth distinctly see And lay together every A, and B; So, in short liv'd good men, is'not understood Each severall vertue, but the compound good; For, they all vertues paths in that pace tread; As Angells goe, and know, and as men read. O why should then these men, these lumps of Balme Sent hither, this worlds tempests to becalme, Before by deeds they are diffus'd and spread, And so make us alive, themselves be dead? O Soule, O circle, why so quickly bee Thy ends, thy birth and death, clos'd up in thee? Since one foot of thy compasse still was plac'd In heav'n, the other might securely'have pac'd In the most large extent, through every path, Which the whole world, or man the abridgment hath. Thou knowst, that though the tropique circles have (Yea and those small ones which the Poles engrave,) All the same roundnesse, evennesse, and all The endlesnesse of the equinoctiall; Yet, when we come to measure distances, How here, how there, the Sunne affected is, When he doth faintly worke, and when prevaile, Onely great circles, then can be our scale: So, though thy circle to thy selfe expresse All, tending to thy endlesse happinesse, And wee, by our good use of it may trye, Both how to live well young, and how to die, Yet, since we must be old, and age endures

His Torrid Zone at Court, and calentures Of hot ambitions, irrelegions ice, Zeales agues, and hydroptique avarice, Infirmities which need the scale of truth, As well as lust, and ignorance of youth; Why did'st thou not for these give medicines too, And by thy doing tell us what to doe? Though as small pocket-clocks, whose every wheele Doth each mismotion and distemper feele, Whose hand gets shaking palsies, and whose string (His sinews) slackens, and whose Soule, the spring, Expires, or languishes, whose pulse, the flye, Either beates not, or beates unevenly, Whose voice, the Bell, doth rattle, or grow dumbe, Or idle,'as men, which to their last houres come, If these clockes be not wound, or be wound still, Or be not set, or set at every will; So, youth is easiest to destruction, If then wee follow all, or follow none. Yet, as in great clocks, which in steeples chime, Plac'd to informe whole towns, to'imploy their time, An error doth more harme, being generall, When, small clocks faults, only'on the wearer fall; So worke the faults of age, on which the eye Of children, servants, or the State relie. Why wouldst not thou then, which hadst such a soule, A clock so true, as might the Sunne controule, And daily hadst from him, who gave it thee, Instructions, such as it could never be Disordered, stay here, as a generall And great Sun-dyall, to have set us All? O why wouldst thou be any instrument To this unnaturall course, or why consent To this, not miracle, but Prodigie, That when the ebbs, longer than flowings be, Vertue, whose flood did with thy youth begin, Should so much faster ebb out, than flow in?

Though her flood was blowne in, by thy first breath, All is at once sunke in the whirle-poole death. Which word I would not name, but that I see Death, else a desert, growne a Court by thee. Now I grow sure, that if a man would have Good companie, his entry is a grave. Mee thinkes all Cities now, but Anthills bee, Where, when the severall labourers I see, For children, house, Provision, taking paine, They'are all but Ants, carrying eggs, straw, and grain; And Church-yards are our cities, unto which The most repaire, that are in goodnesse rich. There is the best concourse, and confluence, There are the holy suburbs, and from thence Begins Gods City, New Jerusalem, Which doth extend her utmost gates to them. At that gate then Triumphant soule, dost thou Begin thy Triumph; But since lawes allow That at the Triumph day, the people may, All that they will, 'gainst the Triumpher say, Let me here use that freedome, and expresse My griefe, though not to make thy Triumph lesse. By law, to Triumphs none admitted bee, Till they as Magistrates get victorie; Though then to thy force, all youthes foes did yield, Yet till fit time had brought thee to that field, To which thy ranke in this state destin'd thee, That there thy counsailes might get victorie, And so in that capacitie remove All jealousies 'twixt Prince and subjects love, Thou could'st no title, to this triumph have, Thou didst intrude on death, usurp'dst a grave. Then (though victoriously) thou hadst fought as yet But with thine owne affections, with the heate Of youths desires, and colds of ignorance, But till thou should'st successefully advance Thine armes 'gainst forraine enemies, which are

Both Envy, and acclamations popular, (For, both these engines equally defeate, Though by a divers Mine, those which are great,) Till then thy War was but a civill War, For which to Triumph, none admitted are. No more are they, who though with good successe, In a defensive war, their power expresse; Before men triumph, the dominion Must be enlarg'd and not preserv'd alone; Why should'st thou then, whose battailes were to win Thy selfe, from those straits nature put thee in, And to deliver up to God that state, Of which he gave thee the vicariate, (Which is thy soule and body) as intire As he, who takes endeavours, doth require, But didst not stay, t'enlarge his kingdome too, By making others, what thou didst, to doe; Why shouldst thou Triumph now, when Heav'n no more Hath got, by getting thee, than't had before? For, Heav'n and thou, even when thou livedst here, Of one another in possession were. But this from Triumph most disables thee, That, that place which is conquered, must bee Left safe from present warre, and likely doubt Of imminent commotions to breake out: And hath he left us so? or can it bee His territory was no more than Hee? No, we were all his charge, the Diocis Of ev'ry exemplar man, the whole world is, And he was joyned in commission With Tutelar Angels, sent to every one. But though his freedome to upbraid, and chide Him who Triumph'd, were lawfull, it was ty'd With this, that it might never reference have Unto the Senate, who this triumph gave; Men might at Pompey jeast, but they might not At that authoritie, by which he got

Leave to Triumph, before, by age, he might; So, though, triumphant soule, I dare to write, Mov'd with a reverentiall anger, thus, That thou so earely wouldst abandon us; Yet I am farre from daring to dispute With that great soveraigntie, whose absolute Prerogative hath thus dispens'd with thee, 'Gainst natures lawes, which just impugners bee Of early triumphs; And I (though with paine) Lessen our losse, to magnifie thy gaine Of triumph, when I say, It was more fit, That all men should lacke thee, than thou lack it. Though then in our time, be not suffered That testimonie of love, unto the dead, To die with them, and in their graves be hid, As Saxon wives, and French soldurii did; And though in no degree I can expresse Griefe in great Alexanders great excesse, Who at his friends death, made whole townes devest Their walls and bullwarks which became them best: Doe not, faire soule, this sacrifice refuse, That in thy grave I doe interre my Muse, Who, by my griefe, great as thy worth, being cast Behind hand, yet hath spoke, and spoke her last.

ELEGIE ON THE LADY MARCKHAM

MAN is the World, and death th'Ocean,
To which God gives the lower parts of man.
This Sea invirons all, and though as yet
God hath set markes, and bounds, twixt us and it,
Yet doth it rore, and gnaw, and still pretend,
And breaks our bankes, when ere it takes a friend.
Then our land waters (teares of passion) vent;
Our waters, then, above our firmament,
(Teares which our Soule doth for her sins let fall)
Take all a brackish tast, and Funerall,

And even these teares, which should wash sin, are sin.

We, after Gods Noe, drowne our world againe.

Nothing but man of all invenom'd things

Doth worke upon itselfe, with inborne stings.

Teares are false Spectacles, we cannot see

Through passions mist, what wee are, or what shee.

In her this sea of death hath made no breach,

But as the tide doth wash the slimie beach,

And leaves embroder'd workes upon the sand, So is her flesh refin'd by deaths cold hand.

As men of China,'after an ages stay,

Do take up Porcelane, where they buried Clay;

So at this grave, her limbecke, which refines

The Diamonds, Rubies, Saphires, Pearles, and Mines,

Of which this flesh was, her soule shall inspire

Flesh of such stuffe, as God, when his last fire

Annuls this world, to recompence it, shall,

Make and name then, th'Elixar of this All.

They say, the sea, when it gaines, loseth too;

If carnall Death (the yonger brother) doe

Usurpe the body,'our soule, which subject is

To th'elder death, by sinne, is freed by this;

They perish both, when they attempt the just;

For, graves our trophies are, and both deaths' dust.

So, unobnoxious now, she'hath buried both;

For, none to death sinnes, that to sinne is loth,

Nor doe they die, which are not loth to die;

So hath she this, and that virginity.

Grace was in her extremely diligent,

That kept her from sinne, yet made her repent.

Of what small spots pure white complaines! Alas,

How little poyson cracks a christall glasse!

She sinn'd, but just enough to let us see

That God's word must be true, All, sinners be.

Soe much did zeale her conscience rarefie,

That, extreme truth lack'd little of a lye,

Making omissions, acts; laying the touch

Of sinne, on things that sometimes may be such.

As Moses Cherubines, whose natures doe

Surpasse all speed, by him are winged too:

So would her soule, already'in heaven, seeme then,

To clyme by teares, the common staires of men.

How fit she was for God, I am content

To speake, that Death his vaine haste may repent.

How fit for us, how even and how sweet,

How good in all her titles, and how meet,

To have reform'd this forward heresie,

That women can no parts of friendship bee;

How Morall, how Divine shall not be told,

Lest they that heare her vertues, thinke her old:

And lest we take Deaths part, and make him glad Of such a prey, and to his tryumph adde.

ELEGIE ON MISTRIS BOULSTRED

DEATH I recant, and say, unsaid by mee

What ere hath slip'd, that might diminish thee.

Spirituall treason, atheisme 'tis, to say,

That any can thy Summons disobey.

Th'earths face is but thy Table; there are set

Plants, cattell, men, dishes for Death to eate.

In a rude hunger now hee millions drawes

Into his bloody, or plaguy, or sterv'd jawes.

Now hee will seeme to spare, and doth more wast,

Eating the best first, well preserv'd to last.

Now wantonly he spoiles, and eates us not,

But breakes off friends, and lets us peecemeale rot.

Nor will this earth serve him; he sinkes the deepe

Where harmlesse fish monastique silence keepe,

Who (were Death dead) by Roes of living sand,

Might spunge that element, and make it land.

He rounds the aire, and breakes the hymnique notes

In birds (Heavens choristers,) organique throats,

Which (if they did not dye) might seeme to bee

A tenth ranke in the heavenly hierarchie.

O strong and long-liv'd death, how cam'st thou in?
And how without Creation didst begin?

Thou hast, and shalt see dead, before thou dyest, All the foure Monarchies, and Antichrist.

How could I thinke thee nothing, that see now In all this All, nothing else is, but thou.

Our births and lives, vices, and vertues, bee Wastfull consumptions, and degrees of thee.

For, wee to live, our bellowes weare, and breath, Nor are wee mortall, dying, dead, but death.

And though thou beest, O mighty bird of prey, So much reclaim'd by God, that thou must lay

All that thou kill'st at his feet, yet doth hee Reserve but few, and leaves the most to thee.

And of those few, now thou hast overthrowne One whom thy blow makes, not ours, nor thine own.

She was more stories high: hopelesse to come To her Soule, thou'hast offer'd at her lower roome.

Her Soule and body was a King and Court:
But thou hast both of Captaine mist and fort.

As houses fall not, though the King remove, Bodies of Saints rest for their soules above.

Death gets 'twixt soules and bodies such a place As sinne insinuates 'twixt just men and grace, Both worke a separation, no divorce.

Her Soule is gone to usher up her corse, Which shall be almost another soule, for there Bodies are purer, than best Soules are here.

Because in her, her virtues did outgoe

Her yeares, would'st thou, O emulous death, do so?

And kill her young to thy losse? must the cost Of beauty,'and wit, apt to doe harme, be lost?

What though thou found'st her proofe 'gainst sins of youth?

Oh, every age a diverse sinne pursueth. Thou should'st have stay'd, and taken better hold, Shortly, ambitious; covetous, when old, She might have prov'd: and such devotion Might once have stray'd to superstition.

If all her vertues must have growne, yet might

Abundant virtue'have bred a proud delight.

Had she persever'd just, there would have bin Some that would sinne, mis-thinking she did sinne.

Such as would call her friendship, love, and faine To sociablenesse, a name profane;

Or sinne, by tempting, or, not daring that, By wishing, though they never told her what.

Thus might'st thou'have slain more soules, had'st thou not crost

Thy selfe, and to triumph, thine army lost.

Yet though these wayes be lost, thou hast left one,
Which is, immoderate griefe that she is gone.

But we may scape that sinne, yet weepe as much,
Our teares are due, because we are not such.

Some teares, that knot of friends, her death must cost,
Because the chaine is broke, though no linke lost.

ELEGIE

DEATH

LANGUAGE thou art too narrow, and too weake
To ease us now; great sorrow cannot speake;
If we could sigh out accents, and weepe words,
Griefe weares, and lessens, that tears breath affords.
Sad hearts, the lesse they seeme the more they are,
(So guiltiest men stand mutest at the barre)
Not that they know not, feele not their estate,
But extreme sense hath made them desperate.
Sorrow, to whom we owe all that we bee;
Tyrant, in the fift and greatest Monarchy,
Was't, that she did possesse all hearts before,
Thou hast kil'd her, to make thy Empire more?
Knew'st thou some would, that knew her not, lament,

As in a deluge perish th'innocent?

Was't not enough to have that palace wonne,

But thou must raze it too, that was undone?

Had'st thou staid there, and look'd out at her eyes,

All had ador'd thee that now from thee flies,

For they let out more light, than they tooke in,

They told not when, but did the day beginne.

She was too Saphirine, and cleare for thee;

Clay, flint, and jeat now thy fit dwellings be;

Alas, shee was too pure, but not too weake;

Who e'r saw Christall Ordinance but would break?

And if wee be thy conquest, by her fall

Th'hast lost thy end, for in her perish all;

Or if we live, we live but to rebell,

They know her better now, that knew her well.

If we should vapour out, and pine, and die; Since, shee first went, that were not miserie.

Shee chang'd our world with hers; now she is gone,

Mirth and prosperity is oppression;

For of all morall vertues she was all,

The Ethicks speake of vertues Cardinall.

Her soule was Paradise; the Cherubin

Set to keepe it was grace, that kept out sinne.

Shee had no more than let in death, for wee

All reape consumption from one fruitfull tree.

God tooke her hence, lest some of us should love

Her, like that plant, him and his lawes above, And when wee teares, hee mercy shed in this,

To soice our winder to become when your

To raise our mindes to heaven where now she is;

Who if her vertues would have let her stay

Wee'had had a Saint, have now a holiday.

Her heart was that strange bush, where, sacred fire, Religion, did not consume, but'inspire

Such piety, so chast use of Gods day,

That what we turne to feast, she turn'd to pray,

And did prefigure here, in devout tast,

The rest of her high Sabaoth, which shall last.

Angels did hand her up, who next God dwell,

(For she was of that order whence most fell)

Her body left with us, lest some had said,

Shee could not die, except they saw her dead;

For from lesse vertue, and lesse beautiousnesse,

The Gentiles fram'd them Gods and Goddesses.

The ravenous earth that now wooes her to be

Earth too, will be a Lemnia; and the tree

That wraps that christall in a wooden Tombe,

Shall be tooke up spruce, fill'd with diamond;

And we her sad glad friends all beare a part

Of griefe, for all would waste a Stoicks heart.

ELEGIE ON THE L[ORD]. C[HAMBERLAIN].

SORROW, who to this house scarce knew the way: Is, Oh, heire of it, our All is his prey. This strange chance claimes strange wonder, and to us Nothing can be so strange, as to weepe thus. 'Tis well his lifes loud speaking workes deserve, And give praise too, our cold tongues could not serve: 'Tis well, hee kept teares from our eyes before, That to fit this deepe ill, we might have store. Oh, if a sweet briar, climbe up by'a tree, If to a paradise that transplanted bee, Or fell'd, and burnt for holy sacrifice, Yet, that must wither, which by it did rise, As wee for him dead: though no familie Ere rigg'd a soule for heavens discoverie With whom more Venturers more boldly dare Venture their states, with him in joy to share. Wee lose what all friends lov'd, him; he gaines now But life by death, which worst foes would allow, If hee could have foes, in whose practise grew All vertues, whose names subtile Schoolmen knew. What ease, can hope that wee shall see'him, beget, When wee must die first, and cannot dye yet?

His children are his pictures, Oh they bee Pictures of him dead, senselesse, cold as he. Here needs no marble Tombe, since hee is gone, He, and about him, his, are turn'd to stone.

AN HYMNE TO THE SAINTS, AND TO MARQUESSE HAMYLTON

Sir,

To Sir Robert Carr.

I PRESUME you rather try what you can doe in me, than what I can doe in verse; you know my uttermost when it was best, and even then I did best when I had least truth for my subjects. In this present case there is so much truth as it defeats all Poetry. Call therefore this paper by what name you will, and, if it bee not worthy of him, nor of you, nor of mee, smother it, and bee that the sacrifice. If you had commanded mee to have waited on his body to Scotland and preached there, I would have embraced the obligation with more alacrity; But, I thanke you that you would command me that which I was loath to doe, for, even that hath given a tincture of merit to the obedience of

Your poore friend and servant in Christ Jesus

J. D.

WHETHER that soule which now comes up to you Fill any former ranke or make a new, Whether it take a name nam'd there before, Or be a name it selfe, and order more Than was in heaven till now; (for may not hee Bee so, if every severall Angell bee A kind alone?) What ever order grow Greater by him in heaven, wee doe not so. One of your orders growes by his accesse; But, by his losse grow all our orders lesse; The name of Father, Master, Friend, the name Of Subject and of Prince, in one are lame; Faire mirth is dampt, and conversation black, The household widdow'd, and the garter slack;

The Chappell wants an eare, Councell a tongue; Story, a theame; and Musicke lacks a song; Blest order that hath him! the losse of him Gangred all Orders here; all lost a limbe. Never made body such haste to confesse What a soule was; All former comelinesse Fled, in a minute, when the soule was gone, And, having lost that beauty, would have none; So fell our Monasteries, in one instant growne Not to lesse houses, but, to heapes of stone; So sent this body that faire forme it wore, Unto the spheare of formes, and doth (before His soule shall fill up his sepulchrall stone,) Anticipate a Resurrection; For, as in his fame, now, his soule is here, So, in the forme thereof his bodie's there; And if, faire soule, not with first Innocents Thy station be, but with the Pænitents, (And, who shall dare to aske then when I am Dy'd scarlet in the blood of that pure Lambe, Whether that colour, which is scarlet then, Were black or white before in eyes of men?) When thou rememb'rest what sins thou didst finde Amongst those many friends now left behinde, And seest such sinners as they are, with thee Got thither by repentance, Let it bee Thy wish to wish all there, to wish them cleane; Wish him a David, her a Magdalen.

EPITAPHS

EPITAPH ON HIMSELFE

To the Countesse of Bedford

MADAME,

THAT I might make your Cabinet my tombe, And for my fame which I love next my soule, Next to my soule provide the happiest roome, Admit to that place this last funerall Scrowle. Others by Wills give Legacies, but I Dying, of you doe beg a Legacie.

My fortune and my will this custome breake,
When we are senselesse grown to make stones speak,
Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou
In my graves inside see what thou art now:
Yet th'art not yet so good; till us death lay
To ripe and mellow there, w'are stubborne clay,
Parents make us earth, and soules dignifie
Us to be glasse, here to grow gold we lie;
Whilst in our soules sinne bred and pampered is,
Our soules become worme-eaten Carkasses.

OMNIBUS

MY Fortune and my choice this custome break, When we are speechlesse grown, to make stones speak, Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou In my graves inside seest what thou art now: Yet thou'art not yet so good, till death us lay To ripe and mellow here, we are stubborne Clay. Parents make us earth, and soules dignifie Us to be glasse; here to grow gold we lie. Whilst in our soules sinne bred and pamper'd is, Our soules become wormeaten carkases; So we our selves miraculously destroy. Here bodies with lesse miracle enjoy Such priviledges, enabled here to scale Heaven, when the Trumpets agre shall them exhale. Heare this, and mend thy selfe, and thou mendst me, By making me being dead, doe good to thee, And thinke me well compos'd, that I could now A last-sicke houre to syllables allow.

THE PROGRESSE OF THE SOULB

"THE PROGRESSE OF THE SOULE" is the most ambitious of Donne's poems, but like the "Anniversaries" it was never carried beyond the preliminary stages. The subject Donne had proposed to himself was the passage of the soul from its origins in the vegetable world, through many animal metamorphoses, to its final state in human form. "The conceit ...", Jonson is reported to have said, "was that he sought the soule of that apple which Eve pulled and thereafter made it the soule of a bitch, then a shee wolf, and so of a woman; his generall purpose was to have brought in all the bodies of the Hereticks from the soule of Cain, and at last left in the bodie of Calvin. Of this he never wrotte but one sheet, and now, since he was made Doctor, repenteth highlie and seeketh to destroy all his poems." Jonson's account is not strictly accurate, since it is clear (v. Stanza VII) that Donne intended Queen Elizabeth to receive the soul of heresy at the end of its wanderings.

In 1601, the year in which the poem was composed, Donne's catholic sympathies, though still strong enough to suggest the idea of such a satire against heresy, were slowly waning, and with them his desire to complete such a satire. In a MS. (Harleian 3998), which seems to be an early version of "The Progresse of the Soule," the last stanza is omitted. It is probable that it was added later as a kind of makeshift conclusion when Donne realised that the poem would never be finished.

No other poem in the canon of Donne's poetry reveals more clearly than this one what Signor Mario Praz calls "una promiscuita nelle analogie, laquale si presta facilmente al ridicolo."

The present text is based on the edition of 1633. Of the five MSS.—B.M. Add. 18647, Camb. Univ. Add. 5778, Trinity Coll. Camb. MS., B.M. Harleian 3998, Gosse MS.—which have been used to establish this version, two are of particular importance, Harleian 3998 and Gosse. The latter is one of the best extant MSS. of the "Metempsychosis," and the late Sir Edmund Gosse generously allowed me to make use of it. The former was discovered by Mr. H. J. L. Robbie (Rev. Eng. Studies IV, 14, 1928), after Professor Grierson's edition had been published. In a few cases its readings are to be preferred to those of any other recension. The punctuation is extensive and, on the whole, reliable. Indeed many of Professor Grierson's conjectural stoppings find support in this MS., a valuable tribute to the accuracy of his emendations.



INFINITATI SACRUM

16. Augusti 1601.

METEMPSYCHOSIS POÊMA SATYRICON

EPISTLE

OTHERS at the Porches and entries of their Buildings set their Armes; I, my picture; if any colours can deliver a minde so plaine, and flat, and through-light as mine. Naturally at a new Author, I doubt, and sticke, and doe not say quickly, good. I censure much and taxe; And this liberty costs mee more than others, by how much my owne things are worse than others. Yet I would not be so rebellious against my selfe, as not to doe it, since I love it; nor so unjust to others, to do it sine talione. As long as I give them as good hold upon mee, they must pardon mee my bitings. I forbid no reprehender, but him that like the Trent Councell forbids not bookes, but Authors, damning what ever such a name hath or shall write. None writes so ill, that he gives not some thing exemplary, to follow, or flie. Now when I beginne this booke, I have no purpose to come into any mans debt; how my stocke will hold out I know not; perchance waste, perchance increase in use; if I doe borrow any thing of Antiquitie, besides that I make account that I pay it to posterity, with as much and as good: You shall still finde mee to acknowledge it, and to thanke not him onely that hath digg'd out treasure for mee, but that hath lighted mee a candle to the place. All which I will bid you remember, (for I will have no such Readers as I can teach) is, that the Pithagorian doctrine doth not onely carry one soule from man to man, nor man to beast, but indifferently to plants also: and therefore you must not grudge to finde the same soule in an Emperour, in a Post-horse, and in a Mucheron, since no unreadinesse in the soule, but an indisposition in the organs workes this. And therefore though this soule could not move when it was a Melon, yet it may remember, and now tell mee, at what lascivious banquet it was serv'd. And though it could not speake, when it was a spider, yet it can remember, and now tell me, who used it for poyson to attaine dignitie. How ever the bodies have dull'd her other faculties, her memory hath ever been her owne, which makes me so seriously deliver you by her relation all her passages from her first

her relation all her passages from her firmaking when shee was that apple which

Eve eate, to this time when shee
is hee, whose life you shall
finde in the end of
this books.

THE PROGRESSE OF THE SOULE

FIRST SONG

I

Whom Fate, which God made, but doth not controule, Plac'd in most shapes; all times before the law Yoak'd us, and when, and since, in this I sing. And the great world to his aged evening; From infant morne, through manly noone I draw. What the gold Chaldee, or silver Persian saw, Greeke brasse, or Roman iron, is in this one; A worke t'outweare Seths pillars, bricke and stone, And (holy writt excepted) made to yeeld to none.

11

Thee, eye of heaven, this great Soule envies not,
By thy male force, is all wee have, begot.
In the first East, thou now beginst to shine,
Suck'st early balme, and Iland spices there,
And wilt anon in thy loose-rein'd careere
At Tagus, Po, Sene, Thames, and Danow dine,
And see at night thy Westerne land of Myne,
Yet hast thou not more nations seene than shee,
That before thee, one day beganne to bee,
And thy fraile light being quench'd, shall long, long out
live thee.

Ш

Nor, holy Janus, in whose soveraigne boate
The Church, and all the Monarchies did floate;
That swimming Colledge, and free Hospitall
Of all mankinde, that cage and vivarie
Of fowles, and beasts, in whose wombe, Destinie
Us, and our latest nephewes did install
(From thence are all deriv'd, that fill this All,)

256 THE PROGRESSE OF THE SOULE

Did'st thou in that great stewardship embarke So diverse shapes into that floating parke,

As have beene moved, and inform'd by this heavenly sparke.

IV

Great Destiny the Commissary of God,
That hast mark'd out a path and period
For every thing; who, where wee of-spring tooke,
Our wayes and ends seest at one instant; Thou
Knot of all causes, thou whose changelesse brow
Ne'r smiles nor frownes, O vouch thou safe to looke
And shew my story, in thy eternall booke:
That (if my prayer be fit) I may'understand
So much my selfe, as to know with what hand,
How scant, or liberall this my lifes race is spand.

V

To my sixe lustres almost now outwore,
Except thy booke owe mee so many more,
Except my legend be free from the letts
Of steepe ambition, sleepie povertie,
Spirit-quenching sicknesse, dull captivitie,
Distracting businesse, and from beauties nets,
And all that calls from this, and to others whets,
O let me not launch out, but let mee save
Th'expense of braine and spirit; that my grave
His right and due, a whole unwasted man may have.

VI

But if my dayes be long, and good enough,
In vaine this sea shall enlarge, or enrough
It selfe; for I will through the wave, and fome,
And shall, in sad lone wayes a lively spright,
Make my darke heavy Poëm light, and light.
For though through many streights, and lands I roame,
I launch at paradise, and I saile towards home;

The course I there began, shall here be staid,
Sailes hoised there, stroke here, and anchors laid
In Thames, which were at Tigrys, and Euphrates
waide.

VII

For the great soule which here amongst us now Doth dwell, and moves that hand, and tongue, and brow Which, as the Moone the sea, moves us; to heare Whose story, with long patience you will long; (For 'tis the crowne, and last straine of my song) This soule to whom Luther, and Mahomet were Prisons of flesh; this soule which oft did teare, And mend the wracks of th'Empire, and late Rome, And liv'd when every great change did come, Had first in paradise, a low, but fatall roome.

VIII

Yet no low roome, nor than the greatest, lesse,
If (as devout and sharpe men fitly guesse)
That Crosse, our joy, and griefe, where nailes did tye
That All, which alwayes was all, every where;
Which could not sinne, and yet all sinnes did beare;
Which could not die, yet could not chuse but die;
Stood in the selfe same roome in Calvarie,
Where first grew the forbidden learned tree,
For on that tree hung in security
This Soule, made by the Makers will from pulling free.

TX

Prince of the orchard, faire as dawning morne, Fenc'd with the law, and ripe as soone as borne That apple grew, which this Soule did enlive, Till the then climing serpent, that now creeps For that offence, for which all mankinde weepes, Tooke it, and t'her whom the first man did wive (Whom and her race, only forbiddings drive)

258 THE PROGRESSE OF THE SOULE

He gave it, she, t'her husband, both did eate; So perished the eaters, and the meate:

And wee (for treason taints the blood) thence die and sweat.

√x

Man all at once was there by woman slaine,
And one by one we'are here slaine o'er againe
By them. The mother poison'd the well-head,
The daughters here corrupt us, Rivolets;
No smalnesse scapes, no greatnesse breaks their nets;
She thrust us out, and by them we are led
Astray, from turning, to whence we are fled.
Were prisoners Judges, 'twould seeme rigorous,
Shee sinn'd, we beare; part of our paine is, thus
To love them, whose fault to this painfull love
yoak'd us.

√ XI

So fast in us doth this corruption grow,
That now wee dare aske why wee should be so.
Would God (disputes the curious Rebell) make
A law, and would not have it kept? Or can
His creatures will, crosse his? Of every man
For one, will God (and be just) vengeance take?
Who sinn'd? t'was not forbidden to the snake
Nor her, who was not then made; nor is't writ
That Adam cropt, or knew the apple; yet
The worme and she, and he, and wee endure for it.

XII

But snatch mee heavenly Spirit from this vaine
Reckoning their vanities, lesse is their gaine
Than hazard still, to meditate on ill,
Though with good minde; their reasons, like those toyes
Of glassie bubbles, which the gamesome boyes
Stretch to so nice a thinnes through a quill
That they themselves breake, doe themselves spill:

Arguing is heretiques game, and Exercise
As wrastlers, perfects them; Not liberties
Of speech, but silence; hands, not tongues, end
heresies.

XIII

Just in that instant when the serpents gripe,
Broke the slight veines, and tender conduit-pipe,
Through which this soule from the trees root did draw
Life, and growth to this apple, fled away
This loose soule, old, one and another day.
As lightning, which one scarce dares say, he saw,
'Tis so soone gone, (and better proofe the law
Of sense, than faith requires) swiftly she flew
To a darke and foggie Plot; Her, her fates threw
There through th'earths pores, and in a Plant hous'd her anew.

XIV

The plant thus abled, to it selfe did force
A place, where no place was; by natures course
As aire from water, water fleets away
From thicker bodies, by this root thronged so
His spungie confines gave him place to grow:
Just as in our streets, when the people stay
To see the Prince, and have so fill'd the way
That weesels scarce could passe, when she comes nere
They throng and cleave up, and a passage cleare,
As if, for that time, their round bodies flatned were.

XV

His right arme he thrust out towards the East,
West-ward his left; th'ends did themselves digest
Into ten lesser strings, these fingers were:
And as a slumberer stretching on his bed,
This way he this, and that way scattered
His other legge, which feet with toes upbeare.
Grew on his middle parts, the first day, haire,

260 THE PROGRESSE OF THE SOULE

To show, that in loves businesse hee should still A dealer bee, and be us'd well, or ill: His apples kindle, his leaves, force of conception kill.

XVI

A mouth, but dumbe, he hath; blinde eyes, deafe eares, And to his shoulders dangle subtile haires; A young Colossus there hee stands upright, And as that ground by him were conquered A leafie garland weares he on his head Enchas'd with little fruits, so red and bright That for them you would call your Loves lips white; So, of a lone unhaunted place possest, Did this soules second Inne, built by the guest, This living buried man, this quiet mandrake, rest.

XVII

No lustfull woman came this plant to grieve,
But 'twas because there was none yet but Eve:
And she (with other purpose) kill'd it quite;
Her sinne had now brought in infirmities,
And so her cradled child, the moist red eyes
Had never shut, nor slept since it saw light;
Poppie she knew, she knew the mandrakes might,
And tore up both, and so coold her childs blood;
Unvirtuous weeds might long unvex'd have stood;
But hee's short liv'd, that with his death can doe most good.

XVIII

To an unfetterd soules quick nimble haste
Are falling stars, and hearts thoughts, but slow pac'd:
Thinner than burnt aire flies this soule, and she
Whom foure new comming, and foure parting Suns
Had found, and left the Mandrakes tenant, runnes
Thoughtlesse of change, when her firme destiny
Confin'd, and enjayld her, that seem'd so free,

Into a small blew shell, the which a poore
Warme bird orespread, and sat still evermore,
Till her inclos'd child kickt, and pick'd it selfe a dore.

XIX

Outcrept a sparrow, this soules moving Inne,
On whose raw armes stiffe feathers now begin,
As childrens teeth through gummes, to breake with paine,
His flesh is jelly yet, and his bones threds,
All a new downy mantle overspreads,
A mouth he opes, which would as much containe
As his late house, and the first houre speaks plaine,
And chirps alowd for meat. Meat fit for men
His father steales for him, and so feeds then
One, that within a moneth, will beate him from his hen.

$\mathbf{x}\mathbf{x}$

In this worlds youth wise nature did make haste,
Things ripened sooner, and did longer last;
Already this hot cocke, in bush and tree,
In field and tent, oreflutters his next hen;
He asks her not, who did so last, nor when,
Nor if his sister, or his neece shee be;
Nor doth she pule for his inconstancie
If in her sight he change, nor doth refuse
The next that calls; both liberty doe use;
Where store is of both kindes, both kindes may freely chuse.

$\mathbf{x}\mathbf{x}\mathbf{I}$

Men, till they tooke laws which made freedome lesse, Their daughters, and their sisters did ingresse; Till now unlawfull, therefore ill, 'twas not. So jolly, that it can move, this soule is, The body so free of his kindnesses, That selfe-preserving it hath now forgot, And slackneth so the soules, and bodies knot,

Which temperance streightens; freely on his she friends He blood, and spirit, pith, and marrow spends, Ill steward of himself, himselfe in three yeares ends.

XXII

Else might he long have liv'd; man did not know
Of gummie blood, which doth in holly grow,
How to make bird-lime, nor how to deceive
With faind calls, hid nets, or enwrapping snare,
The free inhabitants of the Plyant aire.
Man to beget, and woman to conceive
Askt not of rootes, nor of cock-sparrowes, leave:
Yet chuseth hee, though none of these he feares,
Pleasantly three, than streightned twenty yeares
To live, and to encrease his race, himselfe outweares.

XXIII

This cole with overblowing quench'd and dead,
The Soule from her too active organs fled
T'a brooke. A female fishes sandie Roe
With the males jelly, newly lev'ned was,
For they had intertouch'd as they did passe,
And one of those small bodies, fitted so,
This soule inform'd, and abled it to rowe
It selfe with finnie oares, which she did fit:
Her scales seem'd yet of parchment, and as yet
Perchance a fish, but by no name you could call it.

XXIV

When goodly, like a ship in her full trim,
A swan, so white that you may unto him
Compare all whitenesse, but himselfe to none,
Glided along, and as he glided watch'd,
And with his arched necke this poore fish catch'd.
It mov'd with state, as if to looke upon
Low things it scorn'd, and yet before that one

Could thinke he sought it, he had swallowed cleare This, and much such, and unblam'd devour'd there All, but who too swift, too great, or well armed were.

XXV

Now swome a prison in a prison put,
And now this Soule in double walls was shut,
Till melted with the Swans digestive fire,
She left her house the fish, and vapour'd forth;
Fate not affording bodies of more worth
For her as yet, bids her againe retire
T'another fish, to any new desire
Made a new prey; For, he that can to none
Resistance make, nor complaint, sure is gone.
Weaknesse invites, but silence feasts oppression.

XXVI

Pace with her native streame, this fish doth keepe,
And journeyes with her, towards the glassie deepe,
But oft retarded, once with a hidden net
Though with greate windowes, for when Need first taught
These tricks to catch food, then they were not wrought
As now, with curious greedinesse to let
None scape, but few, and fit for use, to get,
As, in this trap a ravenous pike was tane,
Who, though himselfe distrest, would faine have slain
This wretch; So hardly are ill habits left again.

XXVII

Here by her smallnesse shee two deaths orepast, Once innocence scap'd, and left the oppressor fast. The net through-swome, she keepes the liquid path, And whether she leape up sometimes to breath And suck in aire, or finde it underneath, Or working parts like mills or limbecks hath To make the water thinne and airelike, faith

Cares not; but safe the Place she's come unto Where fresh, with salt waves meet, and what to doe She knowes not, but betweene both makes a boord or two.

XXVIII

So farre from hiding her guests, water is,
That she showes them in bigger quantities
Than they are. Thus doubtfull of her way,
For game and not for hunger a sea Pie
Spied through this traiterous spectacle, from high,
The seely fish where it disputing lay,
And t'end her doubts and her, beares her away:
Exalted she'is, but to the exalters good,
As are by great ones, men which lowly stood.
It's rais'd, to be the Raisers instrument and food.

√ xxix

Is any kinde subject to rape like fish?

Ill unto man, they neither doe, nor wish:
Fishers they kill not, nor with noise awake,
They doe not hunt, nor strive to make a prey
Of beasts, nor their yong sonnes to beare away;
Foules they pursue not, nor do undertake
To spoile the nests industrious birds do make;
Yet them all these unkinde kinds feed upon,
To kill them is an occupation,
And lawes make Fasts, and Lents for their destruction.

XXX

A sudden stiffe land-winde in that selfe houre
To sea-ward forc'd this bird, that did devour
The fish; he cares not, for with ease he flies,
Fat gluttonies best orator: at last
So long hee hath flowen, and hath flowen so fast
That many leagues at sea, now tir'd hee lyes,
And with his prey, that till then languisht, dies:

The soules no longer foes, two wayes did erre,
The fish I follow, and keepe no calender

Of the other; he lives yet in some great officer.

XXXI

Into an embrion fish, our Soule is throwne,
And in due time throwne out againe, and growne
To such vastnesse as, if unmanacled
From Greece, Morea were, and that by some
Earthquake unrooted, loose Morea swome,
Or seas from Africks body had severed
And torne the hopefull Promontories head,
This fish would seeme these, and, when all hopes faile,
A great ship overset, or without saile
Hulling, might (when this was a whelp) be like this
whale.

XXXII

At every stroake his brazen finnes do take,
More circles in the broken sea they make
Than cannons voices, when the aire they teare:
His ribs are pillars, and his high arch'd roofe
Of barke that blunts best steele, is thunder-proofe:
Swimme in him swallow'd Dolphins, without feare,
And feele no sides, as if his vast wombe were
Some inland sea, and ever as hee went,
Hee spouted rivers up, as if he ment
To joyne our seas, with seas above the firmament.

✓ XXXIII

He hunts not fish, but as an officer, Stayes in his court, at his owne net, and there All suitors of all sorts themselves enthrall; So on his backe lyes this whale wantoning, And in his gulfe-like throat, sucks every thing That passeth neare. Fish chaseth fish, and all, Flyer and follower, in this whirlepoole fall;

O might not states of more equality Consist? and is it of necessity

That thousand guiltlesse smals, to make one great, must die?

XXXIV

Now drinkes he up seas, and he eates up flocks, He justles Ilands, and he shakes firme rockes. Now in a roomefull house this Soule doth float, And like a Prince she sends her faculties To all her limbes, distant as Provinces. The Sunne hath twenty times both crab and goate Parched, since first lanch'd forth this living boate; 'Tis greatest now, and to destruction Nearest; There's no pause at perfection; Greatnesse a period hath, but hath no station.

XXXV

Two little fishes whom hee never harm'd,
Nor fed on their kinde, two not throughly arm'd
With hope that they could kill him, nor could doe
Good to themselves by his death (they did not eate
His flesh, nor suck those oyles, which thence outstreat)
Conspir'd against him, and it might undoe
The plot of all, that the plotters were two,
But that they fishes were, and could not speake.
How shall a Tyran wise strong projects breake,
If wreches can on them the common anger wreake?

XXXVI ~

The flaile-finn'd Thresher, and steel-beak'd Sword-fish Onely attempt to doe, what all doe wish. The Thresher backs him, and to beate begins; The sluggard Whale yeelds to oppression, And t'hide himselfe from shame and danger, downe Begins to sinke; the Swordfish upward spins, And gores him with his beake; his staffe-like finnes,

So well the one, his sword the other plyes,
That now a scoffe, and prey, this tyran dyes,
And (his owne dole) feeds with himselfe all companies.

XXXVII

Who will revenge his death? or who will call
Those to account, that thought, and wrought his fall?
The heires of slaine kings, wee see are often so
Transported with the joy of what they get,
That they, revenge and obsequies forget,
Nor will against such men the people goe,
Because h'is now dead, to whom they should show
Love in that act; Some kings by vice being growne
So needy of subjects love, that of their own
They thinke they lose, if love be to the dead Prince shown.

XXXVIII

This Soule, now free from prison, and passion,
Hath yet a little indignation
That so small hammers should so soone downe beat
So great a castle. And having for her house
Got the streight cloyster of a wreched mouse
(As basest men that have not what to eate,
Nor enjoy ought, doe farre more hate the great
Than they, who good repos'd estates possesse)
This Soule, late taught that great things might by lesse
Be slain, to gallant mischiefe doth herselfe addresse.

✓ XXXIX

Natures great master-peece, an Elephant,
The onely harmlesse great thing; the giant
Of beasts; who thought, no more had gone, to make one
wise

But to be just, and thankfull, loth to offend, (Yet nature hath given him no knees to bend) Himselfe he up-props, on himselfe relies,

And foe to none, suspects no enemies, Still sleeping stood; vex't not his fantasie Blacke dreames; like an unbent bow, carelessly His sinewy Proboscis did remisly lie:

V XL

In which as in a gallery this mouse
Walk'd, and surveid the roomes of this vast house,
And to the braine, the soules bedchamber, went,
And gnaw'd the life cords there; Like a whole towne
Cleane undermin'd, the slaine beast tumbled downe;
With him the murtherer dies, whom envy sent
To kill, not scape, (for, only hee that ment
To die, did ever kill a man of better roome,)
And thus he made his foe, his prey, and tombe:
Who cares not to turn back, may any whither come.

XLI

Next, hous'd this Soule a Wolves yet unborne whelp,
Till the best midwife, Nature, gave it helpe,
To issue. It could kill, as soone as goe.
Abel, as white, and milde as his sheepe were,
(Who, in that trade, of Church, and kingdomes, there
Was the first type) was still infested soe,
With this wolfe, that it bred his losse and woe;
And yet his bitch, his sentinell attends
The flocke so neere, so well warnes and defends,
That the wolfe, (hopelesse else) to corrupt her, intends.

XLII

Hee tooke a course, which since, successfully,
Great men have often taken, to espie
The counsels, or to breake the plots of foes.
To Abels tent he stealeth in the darke,
On whose skirts the bitch slept; ere she could barke,
Attach'd her with streight gripes, yet hee call'd those,

Embracements of love; to loves worke he goes,
Where deeds move more than words; nor doth she show.
Nor much resist, nor needs hee streighten so
His prey, for, were shee loose, she would nor barke, nor goe.

XLIII

Hee hath engag'd her; his, she wholy bides; Who not her owne, none others secrets hides. If to the flocke he come, and Abell there, She faines hoarse barkings, but she biteth not, Her faith is quite, but not her love forgot. At last a trap, of which some every where Abell had plac'd, ends all his losse, and feare, By the Wolves death; and now just time it was That a quicke soule should give life to that masse Of blood in Abels bitch, and thither this did passe.

XLIV

Some have their wives, their sisters some begot, But in the lives of Emperours you shall not Reade of a lust the which may equall this; This wolfe begot himselfe, and finished What he began alive, when hee was dead; Sonne to himselfe, and father too, hee is A ridling lust, for which Schoolemen would misse A proper name. The whelpe of both these lay In Abels tent, and with soft Moaba, His sister, being yong, it us'd to sport and play.

XLV

Hee soone for her too harsh, and churlish grew, And Abell (the dam dead) would use this new For the field. Being of two kindes thus made, He, as his dam, from sheepe drove wolves away, And as his Sire, he made them his owne prey. Five yeares he liv'd, and cosened with his trade,

Then hopelesse that his faults were hid, betraid Himselfe by flight, and by all followed, From dogges, a wolfe; from wolves, a dogge he fled; And, like a spie to both sides false, he perished.

XLVI

It quickned next a toyfull Ape, and so
Gamesome it was, that it might freely goe
From tent to tent, and with the children play.
His organs now so like theirs hee doth finde,
That why he cannot laugh, and speake his minde,
He wonders. Much with all, most he doth stay
With Adams fift daughter Siphatecia,
Doth gaze on her, and, where she passeth, passe,
Gathers her fruits, and tumbles on the grasse,
And wisest of that kinde, the first true lover was.

XLVII

He was the first that more desir'd to have
One than another; first that ere did crave
Love by mute signes, and had no power to speake;
First that could make love faces, or could doe
The valters sombersalts, or us'd to wooe
With hoiting gambolls, his owne bones to breake
To make his mistresse merry; or to wreake
Her anger on himselfe. Sinnes against kinde
They easily doe, that can let feed their minde
With outward beauty; beauty they in boyes and beasts
do find.

XLVIII

By this misled, too low things men have prov'd,
And too high; beasts and angels have beene lov'd.
This Ape, though else through-vaine, in this was wise,
He reach'd at things too high, but open way
There was, and he knew not she would say nay;
His toyes prevaile not, likelier meanes he tries,

He gazeth on her face with teare-shot eyes, And up lifts subtly with his russet pawe Her kidskinne apron without feare or awe

Of Nature; Nature hath no gaole, though shee hath law.

XLIX

First she was silly and knew not what he ment.

That vertue, by his touches, chaft and spent,

Succeeds an itchie warmth, that melts her quite;

She knew not first, nowe cares not what he doth,

And willing halfe and more, more than halfe loth,

She neither puls nor pushes, but outright

Now cries, and now repents; when Tethlemite

Her brother, enterd, and a great stone threw

After the Ape, who, thus prevented, flew.

This house thus batter'd downe, the Soule possest a new.

L

And whether by this change she lose or win,
She comes out next, where the Ape would have gone in.
Adam and Eve had mingled bloods, and now
Like Chimiques equall fires, her temperate wombe
Had stew'd and form'd it: and part did become
A spungie liver, that did richly allow,
Like a free conduit, on a high hils brow,
Life-keeping moisture unto every part;
Part hardned it selfe to a thicker heart,
Whose busie furnaces lifes spirits do impart.

LI

Another part became the well of sense,
The tender well-arm'd feeling braine, from whence,
Those sinowie strings which do our bodies tie,
Are raveld out; and fast there by one end,
Did this Soule limbes, these limbes a soule attend;
And now they joyn'd; keeping some quality

Of every past shape, she knew treachery, Rapine, deceit, and lust, and ills enow To be a woman. Themech she is now, Sister and wife to Caine, Caine that first did plow.

LII

Who ere thou beest that read'st this sullen Writ, Which just so much courts thee, as thou dost it, Let me arrest thy thoughts; wonder with mee, Why plowing, building, ruling and the rest, Or most of those arts, whence our lives are blest, By cursed Cains race invented be, And blest Seth vext us with Astronomie. Ther's nothing simply good, nor ill alone, Of every quality comparison,

The onely measure is, and judge, opinion.

DIVINE POEMS

with the "songs and sonets," the "Divine Poems" must be counted as Donne's highest achievement in verse. They fall, as Professor Grierson has pointed out, into two groups—"those written before and those written after he took Orders." But more important, perhaps, as a turning point in Donne's life, was the death of his wife in 1617, after which the "Holy Sonnets" were composed. Many of the poems in the earlier group, we learn from his letters, were written during his melancholy sojourn at Mitcham, when the misery of circumstance turned his thoughts away from the vanities of the world to the promise of eternal consolation in a future life. In those years he was undergoing a severe self-examination, preparatory to taking Orders, and the poems which belong to that period seem to have been written as a recreation or relief from it.

Soon after his ordination came the shock of his wife's sudden death. He had loved her well and faithfully, and after her death that love and faith became sublimated into a love of God and faith in the merits of his Son. The poems written after 1617 reveal a sensuousness of feeling comparable to the ecstasies of Crashaw derived from that sublimation.

Of the thirty-nine "Divine Poems," twenty-eight were printed in the edition of 1633, seven in the edition of 1635, three are found only in the Westmoreland MS.; "To the Lady Magdalen Herbert" was first printed in Walton's "Life of Herbert," 1670, from which it is reprinted here. The text of Holy Sonnets I, III, V, VIII: "Upon the Translation of the Psalmes," "To Mr. Tilman," "Hymne to God my God", is based on the edition of 1635. Holy Sonnets XVII, XVIII, XIX are printed from the Westmoreland MS. with Sir Edmund Gosse's permission. The text of the remaining poems is based on the edition of 1633 in which they first appeared.

Following Professor Grierson, I have removed the sonnet of dedication to the "E of D", placed in the early editions among the "Verse Letters," to its present position.



TO E[ARL]. OF D[ORSET]. WITH SIX HOLY SONNETS

Begets strange creatures on Niles durty slime,
In me, your fatherly yet lusty Ryme
(For, these songs are their fruits) have wrought the same;
But though the ingendring force from whence they came
Bee strong enough, and nature doe admit
Seaven to be borne at once, I send as yet
But six; they say, the seaventh hath still some maime.
I choose your judgement, which the same degree
Doth with her sister, your invention, hold,
As fire these drossie Rymes to purifie,
Or as Elixar, to change them to gold;
You are that Alchimist which alwaies had
Wit, whose one spark could make good things of bad.

TO THE LADY MAGDALEN HERBERT: OF ST. MARY MAGDALEN

Bethina was, and jointure Magdalo:
An active faith so highly did advance,
That she once knew, more than the Church did know,
The Resurrection; so much good there is
Deliver'd of her, that some Fathers be
Loth to believe one Woman could do this;
But, think these Magdalens were two or three.

Increase their number, Lady, and their fame:
To their Devotion, add your Innocence;
Take so much of th'example, as of the name;
The latter half; and in some recompence
That they did harbour Christ himself, a Guest,
Harbour these Hymns, to his dear name addrest.

HOLY SONNETS

LA CORONA

I

Weav'd in my low devout melancholie,
Thou which of good, hast, yea art treasury,
All changing unchang'd Antient of dayes;
But doe not, with a vile crowne of fraile bayes,
Reward my muses white sincerity,
But what thy thorny crowne gain'd, that give mee,
A crowne of Glory, which doth flower alwayes;
The ends crowne our workes, but thou crown'st our ends,
For, at our end begins our endlesse rest;
The first last end, now zealously possest,
With a strong sober thirst, my soule attends.
'Tis time that heart and voice be lifted high,
Salvation to all that will is nigh.

ANNUNCIATION

Salvation to all that will is nigh;
That All, which alwayes is All every where,
Which cannot sinne, and yet all sinnes must beare,
Which cannot die, yet cannot chuse but die,
Loe, faithfull Virgin, yeelds himselfe to lye
In prison, in thy wombe; and though he there
Can take no sinne, nor thou give, yet he'will weare

Taken from thence, flesh, which deaths force may trie. Ere by the spheares time was created, thou Wast in his minde, who is thy Sonne, and Brother; Whom thou conceiv'st, conceiv'd; yea thou art now Thy Makers maker, and thy Fathers mother; Thou'hast light in darke; and shutst in little roome, Immensity cloysterd in thy deare wombe.

3

NATIVITIE

Immensity cloysterd in thy deare wombe,

Now leaves his welbelov'd imprisonment,

There he hath made himselfe to his intent

Weake enough, now into our world to come;

But Oh, for thee, for him, hath th'Inne no roome?

Yet lay him in this stall, and from the Orient,

Starres, and wisemen will travell to prevent

Th'effect of Herods jealous generall doome.

Seest thou, my Soule, with thy faiths eyes, how he

Which fils all place, yet none holds him, doth lye?

Was not his pity towards thee wondrous high,

That would have need to be pittied by thee?

Kisse him, and with him into Egypt goe,

With his kinde mother, who partakes thy woe.

4

TEMPLE

With his kinde mother who partakes thy woe,
Joseph turne backe; see where your child doth sit,
Blowing, yea blowing out those sparks of wit,
Which himselfe on the Doctors did bestow;
The Word but lately could not speake, and loe
It sodenly speakes wonders, whence comes it,
That all which was, and all which should be writ,
A shallow seeming child, should deeply know?

His Godhead was not soule to his manhood,
Nor had time mellowed him to this ripenesse,
But as for one which hath a long taske, 'tis good,
With the Sunne to beginne his businesse,
He in his ages morning thus began
By miracles exceeding power of man.

5

CRUCIFYING

By miracles exceeding power of man,
Hee faith in some, envie in some begat,
For, what weake spirits admire, ambitious, hate;
In both affections many to him ran,
But Oh! the worst are most, they will and can,
Alas, and do, unto the immaculate,
Whose creature Fate is, now prescribe a Fate,
Measuring selfe-lifes infinity to'a span,
Nay to an inch. Loe, where condemned hee
Beares his owne crosse, with paine, yet by and by
When it beares him, he must beare more and die.
Now thou art lifted up, draw mee to thee,
And at thy death giving such liberall dole,
Moyst, with one drop of thy blood, my dry soule.

6

RESURRECTION

Moyst with one drop of thy blood, my dry soule
Shall (though she now be in extreme degree
Too stony hard, and yet too fleshly,) bee
Freed by that drop, from being starv'd, hard, or foule,
And life, by this death abled, shall controule
Death, whom thy death slue; nor shall to mee
Feare of first or last death, bring miserie,
If in thy little booke my name thou enroule,
Flesh in that long sleep is not putrified,

But made that there, of which, and for which 'twas;
Nor can by other meanes be glorified.
May then sinnes sleep, and deaths soone from me passe,
That wak't from both, I againe risen may
Salute the last, and everlasting day.

7

ASCENTION

Salute the last and everlasting day,
Joy at the uprising of this Sunne, and Sonne,
Yee whose just teares, or tribulation
Have purely washt, or burnt your drossie clay;
Behold the Highest, parting hence away,
Lightens the darke clouds, which hee treads upon,
Nor doth hee by ascending, show alone,
But first hee, and hee first enters the way.
O strong Ramme, which hast batter'd heaven for mee,
Mild Lambe, which with thy blood, hast mark'd the path;
Bright Torch, which shin'st, that I the way may see,
Oh, with thy owne blood quench thy owne just wrath,
And if thy holy Spirit, my Muse did raise,
Deigne at my hands this crown of prayer and praise.

HOLY SONNETS

I

Repaire me now, for now mine end doth haste,
I runne to death, and death meets me as fast,
And all my pleasures are like yesterday;
I dare not move my dimme eyes any way,
Despaire behind, and death before doth cast
Such terrour, and my feeble flesh doth waste
By sinne in it, which it t'wards hell doth weigh;
Onely thou art above, and when towards thee
By thy leave I can looke, I rise againe;

But our old subtle foe so tempteth me, That not one houre my selfe I can sustaine; Thy Grace may wing me to prevent his art, And thou like Adamant draw mine iron heart.

II

As due by many titles I resigne
My selfe to thee, O God, first I was made
By thee, and for thee, and when I was decay'd
Thy blood bought that, the which before was thine;
I am thy sonne, made with thy selfe to shine,
Thy servant, whose paines thou hast still repaid,
Thy sheepe, thine Image, and, till I betray'd
My selfe, a temple of thy Spirit divine;
Why doth the devill then usurpe on mee?
Why doth he steale, nay ravish that's thy right?
Except thou rise and for thine owne worke fight,
Oh I shall soone despaire, when I doe see
That thou lov'st mankind well, yet wilt'not chuse me,
And Satan hates mee, yet is loth to lose mee.

III

Into my breast and eyes, which I have spent,
That I might in this holy discontent
Mourne with some fruit, as I have mourn'd in vaine;
In mine Idolatry what showres of raine
Mine eyes did waste? what griefs my heart did rent?
That sufferance was my sinne; now I repent;
'Cause I did suffer I must suffer paine.
Th'hydroptique drunkard, and night-scouting thiefe,
The itchy Lecher, and selfe tickling proud
Have the remembrance of past joyes, for reliefe
Of comming ills. To (poore) me is allow'd
No ease; for, long, yet vehement griefe hath beene
Th'effect and cause, the punishment and sinne.

IV

OH my blacke Soule! now thou art summoned By sicknesse, deaths herald, and champion; Thou art like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done Treason, and durst not turne to whence hee is fled, Ot like a thiefe, which till deaths doome be read, Wisheth himselfe delivered from prison; But damn'd and hal'd to execution, Wisheth that still he might be imprisoned. Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lacke; But who shall give thee that grace to beginne? Oh make thy selfe with holy mourning blacke, And red with blushing, as thou art with sinne; Or wash thee in Christs blood, which hath this might That being red, it dyes red soules to white.

V

Of Elements, and an Angelike spright,
But black sinne hath betraid to endlesse night
My worlds both parts, and (oh) both parts must die.
You which beyond that heaven which was most high
Have found new sphears, and of new lands can write,
Powre new seas in mine eyes, that so I might
Drowne my world with my weeping earnestly,
Or wash it if it must be drown'd no more:
But oh it must be burnt! alas the fire
Of lust and envie have burnt it heretofore,
And made it fouler; Let their flames retire,
And burne me ô Lord, with a fiery zeale
Of thee and thy house, which doth in eating heale.

VI

THIS is my playes last scene, here heavens appoint My pilgrimages last mile; and my race Idly, yet quickly runne, hath this last pace,
My spans last inch, my minutes latest point,
And gluttonous death, will instantly unjoynt
My body, and soule, and I shall sleepe a space,
But my'ever-waking part shall see that face,
Whose feare already shakes my every joynt:
Then, as my soule, to'heaven her first seate, takes flight,
And earth-borne body, in the earth shall dwell,
So, fall my sinnes, that all may have their right,
To where they'are bred, and would presse me, to hell.
Impute me righteous, thus purg'd of evill,
For thus I leave the world, the flesh, the devill.

VII

Your trumpets, Angells, and arise, arise
From death, you numberlesse infinities
Of soules, and to your scattred bodies goe,
All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'erthrow,
All whom warre, dearth, age, agues, tyrannies,
Despaire, law, chance, hath slaine, and you whose eyes,
Shall behold God, and never tast deaths woe.
But let them sleepe, Lord, and mee mourne a space,
For, if above all these, my sinnes abound,
'Tis late to aske abundance of thy grace,
When wee are there; here on this lowly ground,
Teach mee how to repent; for that's as good
As if thou'hadst seal'd my pardon, with thy blood.

VIII

IF faithfull soules be alike glorifi'd
As Angels, then my fathers soul doth see,
And adds this even to full felicitie,
That valiantly I hels wide mouth o'rstride:
But if our mindes to these soules be descry'd
By circumstances, and by signes that be

Apparent in us, not immediately,
How shall my mindes white truth by them be try'd?
They see idolatrous lovers weepe and mourne,
And vile blasphemous Conjurers to call
On Jesus name, and Pharisaicall
Dissemblers feigne devotion. Then turne
O pensive soule, to God, for he knowes best
Thy true griefe, for he put it in my breast.

IX

Whose fruit threw death on else immortall us, If lecherous goats, if serpents envious Cannot be damn'd; Alas; why should I bee? Why should intent or reason, borne in mee, Make sinnes, else equall, in mee more heinous? And mercy being easie, and glorious To God; in his sterne wrath, why threatens hee? But who am I, that dare dispute with thee O God? Oh! of thine onely worthy blood, And my teares, make a heavenly Lethean flood, And drowne in it my sinnes blacke memorie; That thou remember them, some claime as debt, I thinke it mercy, if thou wilt forget.

X

Mighty and dreadfull, for, thou art not soe,
For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill mee.
From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures bee,
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,
Rest of their bones, and soules deliverie.
Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poyson, warre, and sicknesse dwell,

And poppie, or charmes can make us sleepe as well, And better than thy stroake; why swell'st thou then? One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally, And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die.

XI

Buffet, and scoffe, scourge, and crucifie mee,
For I have sinn'd, and sinn'd, and onely hee,
Who could do no iniquitie, hath dyed:
But by my death can not be satisfied
My sinnes, which passe the Jewes impiety:
They kill'd once an inglorious man, but I
Crucifie him daily, being now glorified.
Oh let mee then, his strange love still admire:
Kings pardon, but he bore our punishment.
And Jacob came cloth'd in vile harsh attire
But to supplant, and with gainfull intent:
God cloth'd himselfe in vile mans flesh, that so
Hee might be weake enough to suffer woe.

$\mathbf{x}\mathbf{I}\mathbf{I}$

Why doe the prodigall elements supply
Life and food to mee, being more pure than I,
Simple, and further from corruption?
Why brook'st thou, ignorant horse, subjection?
Why dost thou bull, and bore so seelily
Dissemble weaknesse, and by'one mans stroke die,
Whose whole kinde, you might swallow and feed upon?
Weaker I am, woe is mee, and worse than you,
You have not sinn'd, nor need be timorous.
But wonder at a greater wonder, for to us
Created nature doth these things subdue,
But their Creator, whom sin, nor nature tyed,
For us, his Creatures, and his foes, hath dyed.

IIIX

Marke in my heart, O Soule, where thou dost dwell,
The picture of Christ crucified, and tell
Whether that countenance can thee affright,
Teares in his eyes quench the amazing light,
Blood fills his frownes, which from his pierc'd head fell.
And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell,
Which pray'd forgivenesse for his foes fierce spight?
No, no; but as in my idolatrie
I said to all my profane mistresses,
Beauty, of pitty, foulnesse onely is
A signe of rigour: so I say to thee,
To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assign'd,
This beauteous forme assures a pitious minde.

XIV

As yet but knocke, breathe, shine, and seeke to mend; That I may rise, and stand, o'erthrow mee,'and bend Your force, to breake, blowe, burn and make me new. I, like an usurpt towne, to'another due, Labour to'admit you, but Oh, to no end, Reason your viceroy in mee, mee should defend, But is captiv'd, and proves weake or untrue. Yet dearely'I love you,'and would be loved faine, But am betroth'd unto your enemie:

Divorce mee,'untie, or breake that knot againe, Take mee to you, imprison mee, for I Except you'enthrall mee, never shall be free, Nor ever chast, except you ravish mee.

XV

WILT thou love God, as he thee? then digest, My Soule, this wholsome meditation,

How God the Spirit, by Angels waited on In heaven, doth make his Temple in thy brest. The Father having begot a Sonne most blest, And still begetting, (for he ne'r begonne) Hath deign'd to chuse thee by adoption, Coheire to'his glory,'and Sabbaths endlesse rest; And as a robb'd man, which by search doth finde His stolne stuffe sold, must lose or buy'it againe: The Sonne of glory came downe, and was slaine, Us whom he'had made, and Satan stolne, to unbinde. 'Twas much, that man was made like God before, But, that God should be made like man, much more.

XVI

Unto thy kingdome, thy Sonne gives to mee,
His joynture in the knottie Trinitie
Hee keepes, and gives to me his deaths conquest.
This Lambe, whose death, with life the world hath blest,
Was from the worlds beginning slaine, and he
Hath made two Wills, which with the Legacie
Of his and thy kingdome, doe thy Sonnes invest.
Yet such are thy laws, that men argue yet
Whether a man those statutes can fulfill;
None doth; but all-healing grace and spirit
Revive againe what law and letter kill.
Thy lawes abridgement, and thy last command
Is all but love; Oh let this last Will stand!

XVII

To Nature, and to hers, and my good is dead, And her Soule early into heaven ravished, Wholly on heavenly things my mind is sett. Here the admyring her my mind did whett To seeke thee God; so streames do shew their head; But though I have found thee, and thou my thirst hast fed,
A holy thirsty dropsy melts mee yett.
But why should I begg more Love, when as thou
Dost wooe my soule for hers; offring all thine:
And dost not only feare least I allow
My Love to Saints and Angels things divine,
But in thy tender jealosy dost doubt
Least the World, Fleshe, yea Devill putt thee out.

XVIII

What! is it She, which on the other shore
Goes richly painted? or which rob'd and tore
Laments and mournes in Germany and here?
Sleepes she a thousand, then peepes up one yeare?
Is she selfe truth and errs? now new, now outwore?
Doth she, and did she, and shall she evermore
On one, on seaven, or on no hill appeare?
Dwells she with us, or like adventuring knights
First travaile we to seeke and then make Love?
Betray kind husband thy spouse to our sights,
And let myne amorous soule court thy mild Dove,
Who is most trew, and pleasing to thee, then
When she'is embrac'd and open to most men.

XIX

Inconstancy unnaturally hath begott
A constant habit; that when I would not
I change in vowes, and in devotione.
As humorous is my contritione
As my prophane Love, and as soone forgott:
As ridlingly distemper'd, cold and hott,
As praying, as mute; as infinite, as none.
I durst not view heaven yesterday; and to day
In prayers, and flattering speaches I court God:

To morrow I quake with true feare of his rod. So my devout fitts come and go away
Like a fantastique Ague: save that here
Those are my best dayes, when I shake with feare.

THE CROSSE

SINCE Christ embrac'd the Crosse it selfe, dare I His image, th'image of his Crosse deny? Would I have profit by the sacrifice, And dare the chosen Altar to despise? It bore all other sinnes, but is it fit That it should beare the sinne of scorning it? Who from the picture would avert his eye, How would he flye his paines, who there did dye? From mee, no Pulpit, nor misgrounded law, Nor scandall taken, shall this Crosse withdraw, It shall not, for it cannot; for, the losse Of this Crosse, were to mee another Crosse; Better were worse, for, no affliction, No Crosse is so extreme, as to have none. Who can blot out the Crosse, which th'instrument Of God, dew'd on mee in the Sacrament? Who can deny mee power, and liberty To stretch mine armes, and mine owne Crosse to be? Swimme, and at every stroake, thou art thy Crosse; The Mast and yard make one, where seas do tosse; Looke downe, thou spiest out Crosses in small things; Looke up, thou scest birds rais'd on crossed wings; All the Globes frame, and spheares, is nothing else But the Meridians crossing Parallels. Materiall Crosses then, good physicke bee, But yet spirituall have chiefe dignity. These for extracted chimique medicine serve, And cure much better, and as well preserve; Then are you your own physicke, or need none, When Still'd, or purg'd by tribulation.

For when that Crosse ungrudg'd, unto you stickes, Then are you to your selfe, a Crucifixe. As perchance, Carvers do not faces make, But that away, which hid them there, do take. Let Crosses, soe, take what hid Christ in thee, And be his image, or not his, but hee. But, as oft Alchimists doe coyners prove, So may a selfe-dispising, get selfe-love; And then as worst surfets, of best meates bee, Soe is pride, issued from humility, For, 'tis no child, but monster; therefore Crosse Your joy in crosses, else, 'tis double losse, And crosse thy senses, else, both they, and thou Must perish soone, and to destruction bowe. For if the'eye seeke good objects, and will take No crosse from bad, wee cannot scape a snake. So with harsh, hard, sowre, stinking, crosse the rest, Make them indifferent all; call nothing best. But most the eye needs crossing, that can rome, And move; To th'other th'objects must come home. And crosse thy heart: for that in man alone Points downewards, and hath palpitation. Crosse those dejections, when it downeward tends, And when it to forbidden heights pretends. And as the braine through bony walls doth vent By sutures, which a Crosses forme present, So when thy braine workes, ere thou utter it, Crosse and correct concupiscence of witt. Be covetous of Crosses, let none fall. Crosse no man else, but crosse thy selfe in all. Then doth the Crosse of Christ worke fruitfully Within our hearts, when wee love harmlessly That Crosses pictures much, and with more care That Crosses children, which our Crosses are.

RESURRECTION, IMPERFECT

SLEEP sleep old Sun, thou canst not have repast As yet, the wound thou took'st on friday last; Sleepe then, and rest; The world may beare thy stay, A better Sun rose before thee to day, Who, not content to'enlighten all that dwell . On the earths face, as thou, enlightned hell, And made the darke fires languish in that vale, As, at thy presence here, our fires grow pale. Whose body having walk'd on earth, and now Hasting to Heaven, would, that he might allow Himselfe unto all stations, and fill all, For these three daies become a minerall; Hee was all gold when he lay downe, but rose All tincture, and doth not alone dispose Leaden and iron wills to good, but is Of power to make even sinfull flesh like his. Had one of those, whose credulous pietie Thought, that a Soule one might discerne and see Goe from a body,'at this sepulcher been, And, issuing from the sheet, this body seen, He would have justly thought this body a soule, If not of any man, yet of the whole.

Desunt cætera

UPON THE ANNUNTIATION AND PASSION FALLING UPON ONE DAY. 1608

My soule eates twice, Christ hither and away.

She sees him man, so like God made in this,

That of them both a circle embleme is,

Whose first and last concurre; this doubtfull day

Of feast or fast, Christ came, and went away.

Shee sees him nothing twice at once, who'is all;

Shee sees a Cedar plant it selfe, and fall,

Her Maker put to making, and the head

Of life, at once, not yet alive, yet dead. She sees at once the virgin mother stay Reclus'd at home, Publique at Golgotha; Sad and rejoyc'd shee's seen at once, and seen At almost fiftie, and at scarce fifteene. At once a Sonne is promis'd her, and gone, Gabriell gives Christ to her, He her to John; Not fully a mother, Shee's in Orbitie, At once receiver and the legacie. All this, and all betweene, this day hath showne, Th'Abridgement of Christs story, which makes one (As in plaine Maps, the furthest West is East) Of the'Angels Ave,'and Consummatum est. How well the Church, Gods Court of faculties Deales, in some times, and seldome joyning these! As by the selfe-fix'd Pole wee never doe Direct our course, but the next starre thereto, Which showes where the other is, and which we say (Because it strayes not farre) doth never stray; So God by his Church, neerest to him, wee know And stand firme, if wee by her motion goe; His Spirit, as his fiery Pillar doth Leade, and his Church, as cloud; to one end both. This Church, by letting these daies joyne, hath shown Death and conception in mankinde is one; Or'twas in him the same humility, That he would be a man, and leave to be: Or as creation he hath made, as God, With the last judgement, but one period, His imitating Spouse would joyne in one Manhoods extremes: He shall come, he is gone: Or as though one blood drop, which thence did fall, Accepted, would have serv'd, he yet shed all; So though the least of his paines, deeds, or words, Would busie a life, she all this day affords; This treasure then, in grosse, my Soule uplay, And in my life retaile it every day.

GOODFRIDAY, 1613. RIDING WESTWARD

LET mans Soule be a Spheare, and then, in this, The intelligence that moves, devotion is, And as the other Spheares, by being growne Subject to forraigne motions, lose their owne, And being by others hurried every day, Scarce in a yeare their naturall forme obey: Pleasure or businesse, so, our Soules admit For their first mover, and are whirld by it. Hence is't, that I am carryed towards the West This day, when my Soules forme bends toward the East. There I should see a Sunne, by rising set, And by that setting endlesse day beget; But that Christ on this Crosse, did rise and fall, Sinne had eternally benighted all. Yet dare I'almost be glad, I do not see That spectacle of too much weight for mee. Who sees Gods face, that is selfe life, must dye; What a death were it then to see God dye? It made his owne Lieutenant Nature shrinke, It made his footstoole crack, and the Sunne winke. Could I behold those hands which span the Poles, And tune all spheares at once, peirc'd with those holes? Could I behold that endlesse height which is Zenith to us, and our Antipodes, Humbled below us? or that blood which is The seat of all our Soules, if not of his, Made durt of dust, or that flesh which was worne By God, for his apparell, rag'd, and torne? If on these things I durst not looke, durst I Upon his miserable mother cast mine eye, Who was Gods partner here, and furnish'd thus Halfe of that Sacrifice, which ransom'd us? Though these things, as I ride, be from mine eye, They'are present yet unto my memory,

For that looks towards them; and thou look'st towards mee,

O Saviour, as thou hang'st upon the tree;
I turne my backe to thee, but to receive
Corrections, till thy mercies bid thee leave.
O thinke mee worth thine anger, punish mee,
Burne off my rusts, and my deformity,
Restore thine Image, so much, by thy grace,
That thou may'st know mee, and I'll turne my face.

THE LITANIE

I

THE FATHER

It, and us for it, and all else, for us
Thou madest, and govern'st ever, come
And re-create mee, now growne ruinous:
My heart is by dejection, clay,
And by selfe-murder, red.
From this red earth, O Father, purge away
All vicious tinctures, that new fashioned
I may rise up from death, before I'm dead.

II

THE SONNE

O Sonne of God, who seeing two things,
Sinne, and death crept in, which were never made,
By bearing one, tryed'st with what stings
The other could thine heritage invade;
O be thou nail'd unto my heart,

And crucified againe,

Part not from it, though it from thee would part,

But let it be, by applying so thy paine,

Drown'd in thy blood, and in thy passion slaine.

III

THE HOLY GHOST

O Holy Ghost, whose temple I

Am, but of mudde walls, and condensed dust,

And being sacrilegiously

Halfe wasted with youths fires, of pride and lust,

Must with new stormes be weatherbeat;

Double in my heart thy flame,

Which let devout sad teares intend; and let

(Though this glasse lanthorne, flesh, do suffer maime)

Fire, Sacrifice, Priest, Altar be the same.

IV

THE TRINITY

O Blessed glorious Trinity,
Bones to Philosophy, but milke to faith,
Which, as wise serpents, diversly
Most slipperinesse, yet most entanglings hath,
As you distinguish'd undistinct
By power, love, knowledge bee,
Give mee a such selfe different instinct
Of these; let all mee elemented bee,
Of power, to love, to know, you unnumbred three.

V

THE VIRGIN MARY

For that faire blessed Mother-maid,
Whose flesh redeem'd us; That she-Cherubin,
Which unlock'd Paradise, and made
One claime for innocence, and disseiz'd sinne,
Whose wombe was a strange heav'n for there
God cloath'd himselfe, and grew,
Our zealous thankes wee poure. As her deeds were
Our helpes, so are her prayers; nor can she sue
In vaine, who hath such titles unto you.

VI

THE ANGELS

And since this life our nonage is,
And wee in Wardship to thine Angels be,
Native in heavens faire Palaces,
Where we shall be but denizen'd by thee,
As th'earth conceiving by the Sunne,
Yeelds faire diversitie,
Yet never knowes which course that light doth run,
So let mee study, that mine actions bee
Worthy their sight, though blinde in how they see.

VII

THE PATRIARCHES

And let thy Patriarches Desire

(Those great Grandfathers of thy Church, which saw More in the cloud, than wee in fire,

Whom Nature clear'd more, than us Grace and Law,

And now in Heaven still pray, that wee

May use our new helpes right,)

Be satisfy'd, and fructifie in mee;

Let not my minde be blinder by more light

Nor Faith, by Reason added, lose her sight.

VIII

THE PROPHETS

Thy Eagle-sighted Prophets too,
Which were thy Churches Organs, and did sound
That harmony, which made of two
One law, and did unite, but not confound;
Those heavenly Poëts which did see
Thy will, and it expresse
In rythmique feet, in common pray for mee,
That I by them excuse not my excesse
In seeking secrets, or Poëtiquenesse.

IX

THE APOSTLES

And thy illustrious Zodiacke

Of twelve Apostles, which ingirt this All,

(From whom whosoever do not take

Their light, to darke deep pits, throw downe, and fall,)

As through their prayers, thou'hast let mee know

That their bookes are divine;

May they pray still, and be heard, that I goe

Th'old broad way in applying; O decline

Mee, when my comment would make thy word mine.

X

THE MARTYRS

And since thou so desirously
Did'st long to die, that long before thou could'st,
And long since thou no more couldst dye,
Thou in thy scatter'd mystique body wouldst
In Abel dye, and ever since
In thine; let their blood come
To begge for us, a discreet patience
Of death, or of worse life: for Oh, to some
Not to be Martyrs, is a martyrdome.

XI

THE CONFESSORS

Therefore with thee triumpheth there
A Virgin Squadron of white Confessors,
Whose bloods betroth'd, not marryed were,
Tender'd, not taken by those Ravishers:
They know, and pray, that wee may know,
In every Christian
Hourly tempestuous persecutions grow;
Tentations martyr us alive; A man
Is to himselfe a Dioclesian.

XII

THE VIRGINS

The cold white snowie Nunnery,
Which, as thy mother, their high Abbesse, sent
Their bodies backe againe to thee,
As thou hadst lent them, cleane and innocent,
Though they have not obtain'd of thee,
That or thy Church, or I,
Should keep, as they, our first integrity;
Divorce thou sinne in us, or bid it die,
And call chast widowhead Virginitie.

XIII

THE DOCTORS

Thy sacred Academie above
Of Doctors, whose paines have unclasp'd, and taught
Both bookes of life to us (for love
To know thy Scriptures tells us, we are wrote
In thy other booke) pray for us there
That what they have misdone
Or mis-said, wee to that may not adhere;
Their zeale may be our sinne. Lord let us runne
Meane waies, and call them stars, but not the Sunne.

XIV

And whil'st this universall Quire,
That Church in triumph, this in warfare here,
Warm'd with one all-partaking fire
Of love, that none be lost, which cost thee deare,
Prayes ceaslesly,'and thou hearken too,
(Since to be gratious
Our taske is treble, to pray, beare, and doe)
Heare this prayer Lord: O Lord deliver us
From trusting in those prayers, though powr'd out thus.

ME GINGE CO

XV

From being anxious, or secure,
Dead clods of sadnesse, or light squibs of mirth,
From thinking, that great courts immure
All, or no happinesse, or that this earth
Is only for our prison fram'd,
Or that thou art covetous
To them thou lovest, or that they are maim'd
From reaching this worlds sweet, who seek thee thus,
With all their might, Good Lord deliver us.

XVI

From needing danger, to bee good,
From owing thee yesterdaies teares to day,
From trusting so much to thy blood,
That in that hope, wee wound our soule away,
From bribing thee with Almes, to excuse
Some sinne more burdenous,
From light affecting, in religion, newes,
From thinking us all soule, neglecting thus
Our mutuall duties, Lord deliver us.

XVII

and the bigging constitues and the contract the

From tempting Satan to tempt us,

By our connivence, or slack companie,

From measuring ill by vitious,

Neglecting to choake sins spawne, Vanitic,

From indiscreet humilitie,

Which might be scandalous,

And cast reproach on Christianitie,

From being spies, or to spies pervious,

From thirst, or scorne of fame, deliver us.

XVIII

Deliver us for thy descent

Into the Virgin, whose wombe was a place
Of middle kind; and thou being sent
To'ungratious us, staid'st at her full of grace;
And through thy poore birth, where first thou
Glorifiedst Povertie,
And yet soone after riches didst allow,
By accepting Kings gifts in the Epiphanie,
Deliver, and make us, to both waies free.

XIX

And through that bitter agonie,
Which is still the agonie of pious wits,
Disputing what distorted thee,
And interrupted evennesse, with fits;
And through thy free confession
Though thereby they were then
Made blind, so that thou might'st from them have gone,
Good Lord deliver us, and teach us when
Wee may not, and we may blinde unjust men.

XX

Through thy submitting all, to blowes
Thy face, thy clothes to spoile; thy fame to scorne,
All waies, which rage, or Justice knowes,
And by which thou could'st shew, that thou wast born;
And through thy gallant humblenesse
Which thou in death did'st shew,
Dying before thy soule they could expresse,
Deliver us from death, by dying so,
To this world, ere this world doe bid us goe.

XXI

When senses, which thy souldiers are,
Wee arme against thee, and they fight for sinne,
When want, sent but to tame, doth warre
And worke despaire a breach to enter in,
When plenty, Gods image, and seale
Makes us Idolatrous,
And love it, not him, whom it should reveale,
When wee are mov'd to seeme religious
Only to vent wit, Lord deliver us.

XXII

In Churches, when the infirmitie

Of him which speakes, diminishes the Word,

When Magistrates doe mis-apply

To us, as we judge, lay or ghostly sword,

When plague, which is thine Angell, raignes,

Or wars, thy Champions, swaie,

When Heresie, thy second deluge, gaines;

In th'houre of death, the Eve of last judgement day,

Deliver us from the sinister way.

XXIII

Heare us, O heare us Lord; to thee
A sinner is more musique, when he prayes,
Than spheares, or Angels praises bee,
In Panegyrique Allelujaes;
Heare us, for till thou heare us, Lord
We know not what to say;

Thine eare to'our sighes, teares, thoughts gives voice and word.

O Thou who Satan heard'st in Jobs sicke day,
Heare thy selfe now, for thou in us dost pray.

XXIV

That wee may change to evennesse
This intermitting aguish Pietie;
That snatching cramps of wickednesse
And Apoplexies of fast sin, may die;
That musique of thy promises,
Not threats in Thunder may
Awaken us to our just offices;
What in thy booke, thou dost, or creatures say,
That we may heare, Lord heare us, when wee pray.

XXV

That our eares sicknesse wee may cure,
And rectifie those Labyrinths aright,
That wee, by harkning, not procure
Our praise, nor others dispraise so invite,
That wee get not a slipperinesse,
And senslesly decline,
From hearing bold wits jeast at Kings excesse,
To'admit the like of majestie divine,
That we may locke our eares, Lord open thine.

XXVI

That living law, the Magistrate,
Which to give us, and make us physicke, doth
Our vices often aggravate,
That Preachers taxing sinne, before her growth,
That Satan, and invenom'd men
Which well, if we starve, dine,
When they doe most accuse us, may see then
Us, to amendment, heare them; thee decline:
That we may open our eares, Lord lock thine.

XXVII

That learning, thine Ambassador,

From thine allegeance wee never tempt,

That beauty, paradises flower

For physicke made, from poyson be exempt,

That wit, borne apt high good to doe,

By dwelling lazily

On Natures nothing, be not nothing too,

That our affections kill us not, nor dye,

Heare us, weake ecchoes, O thou eare, and cry.

XXVIII

Sonne of God heare us, and since thou

By taking our blood, owest it us againe,

Gaine to thy self, or us allow;

And let not both us and thy selfe be slaine;

O Lambe of God, which took'st our sinne

Which could not stick to thee,

O let it not returne to us againe,

But Patient and Physition being free,

As sinne is nothing, let it no where be.

UPON THE TRANSLATION OF THE PSALMES BY SIR PHILIP SYDNEY,

AND THE COUNTESSE OF PEMBROKE HIS SISTER

BTERNALL God, (for whom who ever dare
Seeke new expressions, doe the Circle square,
And thrust into strait corners of poore wit
Thee, who art cornerlesse and infinite)
I would but blesse thy Name, not name thee now;
(And thy gifts are as infinite as thou:)
Fixe we our prayses therefore on this one,
That, as thy blessed Spirit fell upon

These Psalmes first Author in a cloven tongue; (For 'twas a double power by which he sung The highest matter in the noblest forme;) So thou hast cleft that spirit, to performe That worke againe, and shed it, here, upon Two, by their bloods, and by thy Spirit one; A Brother and a Sister, made by thee The Organ, where thou art the Harmony. Two that make one John Baptists holy voyce, And who that Psalme, Now let the Iles rejoyce, Have both translated, and apply'd it too, Both told us what, and taught us how to doe. They shew us Ilanders our joy, our King, They tell us why, and teach us how to sing; Make all this All, three Quires, heaven, earth, and sphears; The first, Heaven, hath a song, but no man heares, The Spheares have Musick, but they have no tongue, Their harmony is rather danc'd than sung; But our third Quire, to which the first gives eare, (For, Angels learne by what the Church does here) This Quire hath all. The Organist is hee Who hath tun'd God and Man, the Organ we: The songs are these, which heavens high holy Muse Whisper'd to David, David to the Jewes: And Davids Successors, in holy zeale, In formes of joy and art doe re-reveale To us so sweetly and sincerely too, That I must not rejoyce as I would doe When I behold that these Psalmes are become So well attyr'd abroad, so ill at home, So well in Chambers, in thy Church so ill, As I can scarce call that reform'd untill This be reform'd; Would a whole State present A lesser gift than some one man hath sent? And shall our Church, unto our Spouse and King More hoarse, more harsh than any other, sing? For that we pray, we praise thy name for this,

Which, by this Moses and this Miriam, is
Already done; and as those Psalmes we call
(Though some have other Authors) Davids all:
So though some have, some may some Psalmes translate,
We thy Sydnean Psalmes shall celebrate,
And, till we come th'Extemporall song to sing,
(Learn'd the first hower, that we see the King,
Who hath translated those translators) may
These their sweet learned labours, all the way
Be as our tuning, that, when hence we part,
We may fall in with them, and sing our part.

TO MR. TILMAN AFTER HE HAD TAKEN ORDERS

THOU, whose diviner soule hath caus'd thee now To put thy hand unto the holy Plough, Making Lay-scornings of the Ministry, Not an impediment, but victory; What bringst thou home with thee? how is thy mind Affected since the vintage? Dost thou finde New thoughts and stirrings in thee? and as Steele Toucht with a Loadstone, dost new motions feele? Or, as a Ship after much paine and care, For Iron and Cloth brings home rich Indian ware, Hast thou thus traffiqu'd, but with farre more gaine Of noble goods, and with lesse time and paine? Thou art the same materials, as before, Onely the stampe is changed; but no more. And as new crowned Kings alter the face, But not the monies substance; so hath grace Chang'd onely Gods old Image by Creation, To Christs new stampe, at this thy Coronation; Or, as we paint Angels with wings, because They beare Gods message, and proclaime his lawes, Since thou must doe the like, and so must move, Art thou new feather'd with coelestiall love?

Deare, tell me where thy purchase lies, and shew What thy advantage is above, below. But if thy gainings doe surmount expression, Why doth the foolish world scorne that profession, Whose joyes passe speech? Why do they think unfit That Gentry should joyne families with it? As if their day were onely to be spent In dressing, Mistressing and complement; Alas poore joyes, but poorer men, whose trust Seemes richly placed in refined dust; (For, such are cloathes and beauty, which though gay, Are, at the best, but of sublimed clay.) Let then the world thy calling disrespect, But goe thou on, and pitty their neglect. What function is so noble, as to bee Embassadour to God and destinie? To open life, to give kingdomes to more Than Kings give dignities; to keepe heavens doore? Maries prerogative was to beare Christ, so 'Tis preachers to convey him, for they doe As Angels out of clouds, from Pulpits speake; And blesse the poore beneath, the lame, the weake. If then th'Astronomers, whereas they spie A new-found Starre, their Opticks magnifie, How brave are those, who with their Engine, can Bring man to heaven, and heaven againe to man? These are thy titles and preheminences, In whom must meet Gods graces, mens offences, And so the heavens which beget all things here, And the earth our mother, which these things doth beare, Both these in thee, are in thy Calling knit, And make thee now a blest Hermaphrodite.

A HYMNE TO CHRIST, AT THE AUTHORS LAST GOING INTO GERMANY

In what torne ship soever I embarke,

That ship shall be my embleme of thy Arke;

What sea soever swallow mee, that flood

Shall be to mee an embleme of thy blood;

Though thou with clouds of anger do disguise

Thy face; yet through that maske I know those eyes,

Which, though they turne away sometimes,

They never will despise.

I sacrifice this Iland unto thee,
And all whom I lov'd there, and who lov'd mee;
When I have put our seas twixt them and mee,
Put thou thy sea betwixt my sinnes and thee.
As the trees sap doth seeke the root below
In winter, in my winter now I goe,
Where none but thee, th'Eternall root
Of true Love I may know.

Nor thou nor thy religion dost controule,
The amorousnesse of an harmonious Soule,
But thou would'st have that love thy selfe: As thou
Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now,
Thou lov'st not, till from loving more, thou free
My soule: Who ever gives, takes libertie:
O, if thou car'st not whom I love

Alas, thou lov'st not mee.

Seale then this bill of my Divorce to All,
On whom those fainter beames of love did fall;
Marry those loves, which in youth scattered bee
On Fame, Wit, Hopes (false mistresses) to thee.
Churches are best for Prayer, that have least light:
To see God only, I goe out of sight:
And to scape stormy dayes, I chuse
An Everlasting night.

THE LAMENTATIONS OF JEREMY, FOR THE MOST PART ACCORDING TO TREMELIUS

CHAP. I

- I HOW sits this citie, late most populous, Thus solitary, and like a widdow thus! Amplest of Nations, Queene of Provinces She was, who now thus tributary is!
- 2 Still in the night shee weepes, and her teares fall Downe by her cheeks along, and none of all Her lovers comfort her; Perfidiously Her friends have dealt, and now are enemie.
- Juda is captive led; Those nations
 With whom shee dwells, no place of rest afford,
 In streights shee meets her Persecutors sword.
- 4 Emptie are the gates of Sion, and her waies Mourne, because none come to her solemne dayes. Her Priests doe groane, her maides are comfortlesse, And shee's unto her selfe a bitternesse.
- 5 Her foes are growne her head, and live at Peace, Because when her transgressions did increase, The Lord strooke her with sadnesse: Th'enemie Doth drive her children to captivitie.
- 6 From Sions daughter is all beauty gone, Like Harts, which seeke for Pasture, and find none, Her Princes are, and now before the foe Which still pursues them, without strength they go.
- 7 Now in her daies of Teares, Jerusalem
 (Her men slaine by the foe, none succouring them)
 Remembers what of old, shee esteemed most,
 Whilest her foes laugh at her, for what she hath lost.

- 8 Jerusalem hath sinn'd, therefore is shee Remov'd, as women in uncleannesse bee; Who honor'd, scorne her, for her foulnesse they Have seene; her selfe doth groane, and turne away.
- 9 Her foulnesse in her skirts was seene, yet she Remembred not her end; Miraculously Therefore she fell, none comforting: Behold O Lord my affliction, for the Foe growes bold.
- The foe hath stretch'd his hand, for shee hath seene Heathen, whom thou command'st, should not doe so, Into her holy Sanctuary goe.
- And all her people groane, and seeke for bread;
 And they have given, only to be fed,
 All precious things, wherein their pleasure lay:
 How cheape I'am growne, O Lord, behold, and weigh.
- O see, and marke if any sorrow bee

 Like to my sorrow, which Jehova hath

 Done to mee in the day of his fierce wrath?
- He hath cast from heaven on my bones, and spred A net before my feet, and mee o'rthrowne, And made me languish all the day alone.
- Which wreath'd, and cast upon my neck, hath broke My strength. The Lord unto those enemies Hath given mee, from whom I cannot rise.
- My strong men; He did company invite
 To breake my young men; he the winepresse hath
 Trod upon Juda's daughter in his wrath.

- 16 For these things doe I weepe, mine eye, mine eye Casts water out; For he which should be nigh To comfort mee, is now departed farre; The foe prevailes, forlorne my children are.
- There's none, though Sion do stretch out her hand, To comfort her, it is the Lords command That Jacobs foes girt him. Jerusalem Is as an uncleane woman amongst them.
- 18 But yet the Lord is just, and righteous still,
 I have rebell'd against his holy will;
 O heare all people, and my sorrow see,
 My maides, my young men in captivitie.
- 19 I called for my lovers then, but they
 Deceiv'd mee, and my Priests, and Elders lay
 Dead in the citie; for they sought for meat
 Which should refresh their soules, they could not get.
- 20 Because I am in streights, Jehova see
 My heart o'rturn'd, my bowells muddy bee,
 Because I have rebell'd so much, as fast
 The sword without, as death within, doth wast.
- Of all which heare I mourne, none comforts mee, My foes have heard my griefe, and glad they be, That thou hast done it; But thy promis'd day Will come, when, as I suffer, so shall they.
- Doe unto them, as thou hast done to mee,
 For all my sinnes: The sighs which I have had
 Are very many, and my heart is sad.

CHAP. II

- I HOW over Sions daughter hath God hung
 His wraths thicke cloud! and from heaven hath flung
 To earth the beauty of *Israel*, and hath
 Forgot his foot-stoole in the day of wrath!
- 2 The Lord unsparingly hath swallowed All Jacobs dwellings, and demolished To ground the strengths of Juda, and prophan'd The Princes of the Kingdome, and the land.
- In heat of wrath, the horne of *Israel* hee Hath cleane cut off, and lest the enemie Be hindred, his right hand he doth retire, But is towards *Jacob*, All-devouring fire.
- 4 Like to an enemie he bent his bow,
 His right hand was in posture of a foe,
 To kill what Sions daughter did desire,
 'Gainst whom his wrath, he poured forth, like fire.
- 5 For like an enemie Jehova is, Devouring Israel, and his Palaces, Destroying holds, giving additions To Juda's daughters lamentations.
- 6 Like to a garden hedge he hath cast downe

 The place where was his congregation,

 And Sions feasts and sabbaths are forgot;

 Her King, her Priest, his wrath regardeth not.
- 7 The Lord forsakes his Altar, and detests
 His Sanctuary, and in the foes hand rests
 His Palace, and the walls, in which their cries
 Are heard, as in the true solemnities.

- 8 The Lord hath cast a line, so to confound And levell Sions walls unto the ground; He drawes not back his hand, which doth oreturne The wall, and Rampart, which together mourne.
- 9 Their gates are sunke into the ground, and hee Hath broke the barres; their King and Princes bee Amongst the heathen, without law, nor there Unto their Prophets doth the Lord appeare.
- There Sions Elders on the ground are plac'd, And silence keepe; Dust on their heads they cast, In sackcloth have they girt themselves, and low The Virgins towards ground, their heads do throw.
- Are faint with weeping: and my liver lies
 Pour'd out upon the ground, for miserie
 That sucking children in the streets doe die.
- Shall we have bread, and drinke? they fainted there, And in the streets like wounded persons lay

 Till 'twixt their mothers breasts they went away.
- A witnesse, or comparison for thee?

 Sion, to ease thee, what shall I name like thee?

 Thy breach is like the sea, what help can bee?
- Thee, thine iniquities they have not taught,
 Which might disturne thy bondage: but for thee
 False burthens, and false causes they would see.
- If The passengers doe clap their hands, and hisse, And wag their head at thee, and say, Is this That citie, which so many mendid call Joy of the earth, and perfectest of all?

- And gnash their teeth, and say, Devoure wee this, For this is certainly the day which wee Expected, and which now we finde, and see.
- The Lord hath done that which he purposed, Fulfill'd his word of old determined; He hath throwne downe, and not spar'd, and thy foe Made glad above thee, and advanc'd him so.
- 18 But now, their hearts against the Lord do call, Therefore, O walls of Sion, let teares fall Downe like a river, day and night; take thee No rest, but let thine eye incessant be.
- Thy heart, like water, when the watch begins; Lift up thy hands to God, lest children dye, Which, faint for hunger, in the streets doe lye.
- Thou hast done this; what, shall the women come
 To eate their children of a spanne? shall thy
 Prophet and Priest be slaine in Sanctuary?
- 21 On ground in streets, the yong and old do lye, My virgins and yong men by sword do dye; Them in the day of thy wrath thou hast slaine, Nothing did thee from killing them containe.
- 22 As to a solemne feast, all whom I fear'd

 Thou call'st about mee; when his wrath appear'd,

 None did remaine or scape, for those which I

 Brought up, did perish by mine enemie.

CHAP. III

- I I AM the man which have affliction seene, Under the rod of Gods wrath having beene,
- 2 He hath led mee to darknesse, not to light,
 - 3 And against mee all day, his hand doth fight.
- 4 Hee hath broke my bones, worne out my flesh and skinne,
- 5 Built up against mee; and hath girt mee in With hemlocke, and with labour; 6 and set mee In darke, as they who dead for ever bee.
- 7 Hee hath hedg'd me lest I scape, and added more To my steele fetters, heavier than before.
- 8 When I crie out, he out shuts my prayer: 9 And hath Stop'd with hewn stone my way, and turn'd my path.
- o And like a Lion hid in secrecie,
 Or Beare which lyes in wait, he was to mee.
- 11 He stops my way, teares me, made desolate, 12 And hee makes mee the marke he shooteth at.
- Into my reines, 14 I with my people was
 All the day long, a song and mockery.

 15 Hee hath fill'd mee with bitternesse, and he
- Hath made me drunke with wormewood. 16 He hath burst My teeth with stones, and covered mee with dust; 17 And thus my Soule farre off from peace was set,

And my prosperity I did forget.

- 18 My strength, my hope (unto my selfe I said)
 Which from the Lord should come, is perished.
- 19 But when my mournings I do thinke upon, My wormwood, hemlocke, and affliction,

- 20 My Soule is humbled in remembring this; 21 My heart considers, therefore, hope there is.
- 22 'Tis Gods great mercy we'are not utterly Consum'd, for his compassions do not die;
- For great, O Lord, is thy fidelity.
- 24 The Lord is, saith my Soule, my portion, And therefore in him will I hope alone.
- 25 The Lord is good to them, who on him relie, And to the Soule that seeks him earnestly.
- 26 It is both good to trust, and to attend (The Lords salvation) unto the end:
- 27 'Tis good for one his yoake in youth to beare;
 28 He sits alone, and doth all speech forbeare,
 Because he hath borne it. 29 And his mouth he layes
 Deepe in the dust, yet then in hope he stayes.
- 30 He gives his cheekes to whosoever will Strike him, and so he is reproched still.
- 31 For, not for ever doth the Lord forsake, 32 But when he'hath strucke with sadnes, hee doth take
- Compassion, as his mercy'is infinite;
 - 33 Nor is it with his heart, that he doth smite;
- 34 That underfoot the prisoners stamped bee,
 - 35 That a mans right the Judge himselfe doth see
- To be wrung from him, 36 That he subverted is In his just cause; the Lord allowes not this.
- 37 Who then will say, that ought doth come to passe,
 But that which by the Lord commanded was?
- 38 Both good and evill from his mouth proceeds; 39 Why then grieves any man for his misdeeds?
- 40 Turne wee to God, by trying out our wayes;
 41 To him in heaven, our hands with hearts upraise.

- 42 Wee have rebell'd, and falne away from thee, Thou pardon'st not; 43 Usest no clemencie; Pursuest us, kill'st us, coverest us with wrath, 44 Cover'st thy selfe with clouds, that our prayer hath
- No power to passe. 45 And thou hast made us fall As refuse, and off-scouring to them all.
- 46 All our foes gape at us. 47 Feare and a snare With ruine, and with waste, upon us are.
- 48 With watry rivers doth mine eye oreflow For ruine of my peoples daughter so;
- 49 Mine eye doth drop downe teares incessantly, 50 Untill the Lord looke downe from heaven to see.
- 51 And for my citys daughters sake, mine eye Doth breake mine heart. 52 Causles mine enemy, Like a bird chac'd me. 53 In a dungeon They have shut my life, and cast on me a stone.
- 54 Waters flow'd o'r my head, then thought I, I am Destroy'd; 55 I called Lord, upon thy name Out of the pit. 56 And thou my voice didst heare; Oh from my sigh, and crye, stop not thine eare.
- 57 Then when I call'd upon thee, thou drew'st nere Unto mee, and said'st unto mee, do you feare.
- 58 Thou Lord my Soules cause handled hast, and thou Rescud'st my life. 59 O Lord do thou judge now,
- Thou heardst my wrong. 60 Their vengeance all they have wrought;
 - 61 How they reproach'd, thou hast heard, and what they thought,
- 62 What their lips uttered, which against me rose, And what was ever whisper'd by my foes.

63 I am their song, whether they rise or sit, 64 Give them rewards Lord, for their working fit, 65 Sorrow of heart, thy curse. 66 And with thy might

Follow, and from under heaven destroy them quite.

CHAP. IV

- I How is the gold become so dimme? How is Purest and finest gold thus chang'd to this? The stones which were stones of the Sanctuary, Scattered in corners of each street do lye.
- 2 The pretious sonnes of Sion, which should bee Valued at purest gold, how do wee see Low rated now, as earthen Pitchers, stand, Which are the worke of a poore Potters hand.
- 3 Even the Sea-calfes draw their brests, and give Sucke to their young; my peoples daughters live, By reason of the foes great cruelnesse, As do the Owles in the vast Wildernesse.
- 4 And when the sucking child doth strive to draw, His tongue for thirst cleaves to his upper jaw. And when for bread the little children crye, There is no man that doth them satisfie.
- 5 They which before were delicately fed,
 Now in the streets forlorne have perished,
 And they which ever were in scarlet cloath'd,
 Sit and embrace the dunghills which they loath'd.
- 6 The daughters of my people have sinned more, Than did the towne of Sodome sinne before; Which being at once destroy'd, there did remaine No hands amongst them, to vexe them againe.

- 7 But heretofore purer her Nazarite

 Was than the snow, and milke was not so white;
 As carbuncles did their pure bodies shine,
 And all their polish'dnesse was Saphirine.
- 8 They are darker now than blacknes, none can know. Them by the face, as through the streets they goe, For now their skin doth cleave unto the bone, And withered, is like to dry wood growne.
- 9 Better by sword than famine 'tis to dye;
 And better through pierc'd, than through penury.

 10 Women by nature pitifull have eate
 Their children drest with their owne hand for meat.
- II Jehova here fully accomplish'd hath
 His indignation, and powr'd forth his wrath,
 Kindled a fire in Sion, which hath power
 To eate, and her foundations to devour.
- In the inhabitable world beleeve,

 That any adversary, any foe
 Into Jerusalem should enter so.
- 13 For the Priests sins, and Prophets, which have shed Blood in the streets, and the just murthered:
- 14 Which when those men, whom they made blinde, did stray

Thorough the streets, defiled by the way

With blood, the which impossible it was

Their garments should scape touching, as they passe,

15 Would cry aloud, depart defiled men,

Depart, depart, and touch us not: and then

They fled, and strayd, and with the Gentiles were,
Yet told their friends, they should not long dwell there;
16 For this they are scattered by Jehovahs face
Who never will regard them more; No grace

Unto their old men shall the foe afford,

Nor, that they are Priests, redeeme them from the
sword.

17 And wee as yet, for all these miseries

Desiring our vaine helpe, consume our eyes:

And such a nation as cannot save, We in desire and speculation have.

18 They hunt our steps, that in the streets wee feare To goe: our end is now approached neere,

Our dayes accomplish'd are, this the last day.

19 Eagles of heaven are not so swift as they
Which follow us, o'r mountaine tops they flye
At us, and for us in the desart lye.

- Of whom we said, under his shadow, wee Shall with more ease under the Heathen dwell, Into the pit which these men digged, fell.
- Thou which inhabitst Huz, for unto thee
 This cup shall passe, and thou with drunkennesse
 Shalt fill thy selfe, and shew thy nakednesse.
- The Lord will not leave thee in banishment.

 Thy sinnes O Edoms daughter, hee will see,

 And for them, pay thee with captivitie.

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CHAP. V

- I REMEMBER, O Lord, what is fallen on us; See, and marke how we are reproached thus,
- 2 For unto strangers our possession Is turn'd, our houses unto Aliens gone,
- 3 Our mothers are become as widowes, wee As Orphans all, and without father be;
- 4 Waters which are our owne, wee drunke, and pay, And upon our owne wood a price they lay.
- 5 Our persecutors on our necks do sit, They make us travaile, and not intermit,
- 6 We stretch our hands unto th' Egyptians. To get us bread; and to the Assyrians.
- 7 Our Fathers did these sinnes, and are no more, But wee do beare the sinnes they did before.
- 8 They are but servants, which do rule us thus, Yet from their hands none would deliver us.
- 9 With danger of our life our bread wee gat; For in the wildernesse, the sword did wait.
- 10 The tempests of this famine wee liv'd in, Black as an Oven colour'd had our skinne:
- II In Judaes cities they the maids abus'd By force, and so women in Sion us'd.
- 12 The Princes with their hands they hung; no grace Nor honour gave they to the Elders face.
- 13 Unto the mill our yong men carried are, And children fell under the wood they bare.
- 14 Elders, the gates; youth did their songs forbeare,
- 15 Gone was our joy; our dancings, mournings were.

- 16 Now is the crowne falne from our head; and woe Be unto us, because we'have sinned so.
- 17 For this our hearts do languish, and for this Over our eyes a cloudy dimnesse is.
- 18 Because mount Sion desolate doth lye, And foxes there do goe at libertie:
- 19 But thou O Lord art ever, and thy throne From generation, to generation.
- 20 Why should'st thou forget us eternally?
 Or leave us thus long in this misery?
- Restore us Lord to thee, that so we may Returne, and as of old, renew our day.
- 22 For oughtest thou, O Lord, despise us thus, And to be utterly enrag'd at us?

HYMNE TO GOD MY GOD, IN MY SICKNESSE

Where, with thy Quire of Saints for evermore, I shall be made thy Musique; As I come I tune the Instrument here at the dore, And what I must doe then, thinke here before.

Whilst my Physitians by their love are growne Cosmographers, and I their Mapp, who lie Flat on this bed, that by them may be showne That this is my South-west discoverie Per fretum febris, by these streights to die,

I joy, that in these straits, I see my West;
For, though theire currants yeeld returne to none,
What shall my West hurt me? As West and East
In all flatt Maps (and I am one) are one,
So death doth touch the Resurrection.

Is the Pacifique Sea my home? Or are
The Easterne riches? Is Jerusalem?
Anyan, and Magellan, and Gibraltare,
All streights, and none but streights, are wayes to them,
Whether where Japhet dwelt, or Cham, or Sem.

We thinke that Paradise and Calvarie,

Christs Crosse, and Adams tree, stood in one place;

Looke Lord, and finde both Adams met in me;

As the first Adams sweat surrounds my face,

May the last Adams blood my soule embrace.

So, in his purple wrapp'd receive mee Lord,
By these his thornes give me his other Crowne;
And as to others soules I preach'd thy word,
Be this my Text, my Sermon to mine owne,
Therfore that he may raise the Lord throws down.

A HYMNE TO GOD THE FATHER

I

WILT thou forgive that sinne where I begunne,
Which is my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive those sinnes, through which I runne,
And do run still: though still I do deplore?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For, I have more.

11

Wilt thou forgive that sinne by which I'have wonne Others to sinne? and, made my sinne their doore? Wilt thou forgive that sinne which I did shunne A yeare, or two: but wallowed in, a score? When thou hast done, thou hast not done, For I have more.

ш

I have a sinne of feare, that when I have spunne My last thred, I shall perish on the shore; Sweare by thy selfe, that at my death thy sonne Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore; And, having done that, Thou haste done,

I feare no more.

LATIN POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS

THE IDENTITY OF DOCTOR ANDREWS, to whom the first of the following poems is addressed is not known.

The commendatory verses on Jonson's "Volpone" were first printed in the 1607 quarto of the play and afterwards in the first folio edition, 1616, in both cases over the initials "J.D." They were not printed among Donne's poems until 1650.

The Latin poem and its translation, sent with Donne's seal " of the Anchor and Christ" to George Herbert, were probably written at the end of Donne's life. Cf. Walton's Life: "Not long before his death he caused to be drawn the figure of the Body of Christ, extended upon an Anchor, like those which Painters draw when they would present us with the picture of Christ crucified on the Cross; his varying no otherwise than to affix him not to a Cross, but to an Anchor (the Emblem of hope); this he caused to be drawn in little, and then many of these figures thus drawn to be ingraven very small in Helitropian Stones, and set in gold, and of these he sent to many of his dearest friends, to be used as Seals or Rings, and kept as memorials of him, and of his affection to them." This particular seal was used by Donne himself as early as 1614, when it was used in a letter to Edward Herbert (Lord Powis, Herbert MSS.). If Walton is right, it was not until the last years of Donne's life that he had copies made.

The sources of the present texts are as follows: "De libro, etc.," 1635 edition. "To Ben Jonson"; "To Mr. George Herbert"; "Translated out of Gazæus," 1650 edition, in which, with the exception of the verses in Jonson's "Volpone" (v. supra), they were printed for the first time.

NOTE.—I have included in the following pages an epigram (p. 326) written by Donne in his autograph, in a copy of Covell's "Defence of Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity." This small addition to the canon of Donne's writings, and the only known example of verse in his own hand, was discovered by Mr. Keynes in Harvard College Library. It was known to Gosse who first printed it in his Life and Letters (I, 270). In the second impression of this edition, I overlooked this fact and therefore assumed that I had printed it here for the first time.



DE LIBRO CUM MUTUARETUR IMPRESSO; DOMI À PUERIS FRUSTATIM LACERATO; ET POST REDDITO MANUSCRIPTO

DOCTISSIMO AMICISSIMOQUE V.

D. D. ANDREWS

PARTURIUNT madido quae nixu praela, recepta, Sed quae scripta manu, sunt veneranda magis. Qui liber in pluteos, blattis cinerique relictos, Si modo sit praeli sanguine tinctus, abit; Accedat calamo scriptus, reverenter habetur, Involat et veterum scrinia summa Patrum. Dicat Apollo modum; Pueros infundere libro Nempe vetustatem canitiemque novo. Nil mirum, medico pueros de semine natos, Haec nova fata libro posse dedisse novo. Si veterem faciunt pueri, qui nuperus, Annon Ipse Pater Juvenem me dabit arte senem? Hei miseris senibus! nos vertit dura senectus Omnes in pueros, neminem at in Juvenem. Hoc tibi servasti praestandum, Antique Dierum, Quo viso, et vivit, et juvenescit Adam. Interea, infirmae fallamus taedia vitae, Libris, et Coelorum aemulâ amicitiâ. Hos inter, qui a te mihi redditus iste libellus, Non mihi tam charus, tam meus, ante fuit.

EPIGRAMMA

Transiit in Sequanam Moenus; Victoris in aedes; Et Francofurtum, te revehente, meat.

AMICISSIMO, ET MERITISSIMO BEN. JONSON IN VULPONEM

QUOD arte ausus es hic tuâ, Poeta, Si auderent hominum Deique juris Consulti, veteres sequi aemularierque, O omnes saperemus ad salutem. His sed sunt veteres araneosi; Tam nemo veterum est sequutor, ut tu Illos quod sequeris novator audis. Fac tamen quod agis; tuique primâ Libri canitie induantur horâ: Nam chartis pueritia est neganda, Nascanturque senes, oportet, illi Libri, queis dare vis perennitatem. Priscis, ingenium facit, laborque Te parem; hos superes, ut et futuros, Ex nostrâ vitiositate sumas, Quâ priscos superamus, et futuros.

WRITTEN IN A JUST AND TEMPERATE DEFENCE OF THE FIVE BOOKS OF ECCLESI-ASTICAL POLICIE BY R. HOOKER, 1603. BY WILLIAM COVELL

AD AUTOREM

Non eget Hookerus tanto tutamine, tanto Tutus qui impugnat sed foret Auxilio.

J. DONNE.

TO MR. GEORGE HERBERT,
WITH ONE OF MY SEALS, OF THE ANCHOR AND CHRIST
QUI prius assuetus Serpentum fasce Tabellas
Signare, (haec nostrae symbola parva Domus)
Adscitus domui Domini, patrioque relicto
Stemmate, nanciscor stemmata jure nova.

Hinc mihi Crux primo quae fronti impressa lavacro, Finibus extensis, anchora facta patet.

Anchorae in effigiem Crux tandem desinit ipsam, Anchora fit tandem Crux tolerata diu.

Hoc tamen ut fiat, Christo vegetatur ab ipso Crux, et ab Affixo, est Anchora facta, Jesu.

Nec Natalitiis penitus serpentibus orbor, Non ita dat Deus, ut auferat ante data.

Quâ sapiens, Dos est; Quâ terram lambit et ambit, Pestis; At in nostra fit Medicina Cruce,

Serpens; fixa Cruci si sit Natura; Crucique A fixo, nobis, Gratia tota fluat.

Omnia cum Crux sint, Crux Anchora facta, sigillum Non tam dicendum hoc quam Catechismus erit.

Mitto nec exigua, exiguâ sub imagine, dona,
Pignora amicitiae, et munera; Vota, preces.
Plura tibi accumulet, sanctus cognominis, Ille
Regia qui flavo Dona sigillat Equo.

A SHEAFE of Snakes used heretofore to be My Seal, The Crest of our poore Family. Adopted in Gods Family, and so Our old Coat lost, unto new armes I go. The Crosse (my seal at Baptism) spred below, Does, by that form, into an Anchor grow. Crosses grow Anchors; Bear, as thou shouldst do Thy Crosse, and that Crosse grows an Anchor too. But he that makes our Crosses Anchors thus, Is Christ, who there is crucifi'd for us. Yet may I, with this, my first Serpents hold, God gives new blessings, and yet leaves the old; The Serpent, may, as wise, my pattern be; My poison, as he feeds on dust, that's me. And as he rounds the Earth to murder sure, My death he is, but on the Crosse, my cure. Crucifie nature then, and then implore All Grace from him, crucified there before :

328 LATIN POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS

When all is Crosse, and that Crosse Anchor grown, This Seal's a Catechism, not a Seal alone. Under that little Seal great gifts I send, [Wishes,] and prayers, pawns, and fruits of a friend. And may that Saint which rides in our great Seal, To you, who bear his name, great bounties deal.

TRANSLATED OUT OF GAZÆUS, VOTA AMICO FACTA. Fol. 160

Thou, who dost, best friend, in best things outshine;
May thy soul, ever chearfull, nere know cares,
Nor thy life, ever lively, know gray haires.
Nor thy hand, ever open, know base holds,
Nor thy purse, ever plump, know pleits, or folds.
Nor thy tongue, ever true, know a false thing,
Nor thy word, ever mild, know quarrelling.
Nor thy works, ever equall, know disguise,
Nor thy fame, ever pure, know contumelies.
Nor thy prayers, know low objects, still Divine;
God grant thee thine own wish, and grant thee mine.

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THE PROSE

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INTRODUCTION TO THE PROSE SELECTIONS

DONNE's prose, like his poetry, falls into two groups, "humane and divine," products respectively of youth and age. In the following pages will be found selections from all his prose writings except the second and least remarkable of his controversial works, the "Pseudo-Martyr." The "Paradoxes and Problemes" are the best examples of his secular work in prose, as they are also the earliest. Most of them were written before 1600, when Donne's wit was at its most brilliant, and they should be read with the poems, with the "Satyres" in particular. "Ignatius his Conclave," which is printed here for the first time since 1652, a controversial, though not specifically a religious work, is a keen satire upon the Jesuits, contemporary with the "Anniversaries," with the style of which it has marked affinities. The "Devotions" and the "Sermons" belong to Donne's mature age, when he had long since discarded the "Mistress of his Youth"-Poetry, for a new Mistress-Divinity. The "Letters" are from every period, and are therefore a valuable commentary on his writings, in verse or in prose, and upon their development.

The importance of Donne's prose works, not only as a guide to his character but also as a key to many of the involved theories and doctrines, drawn from the Schoolmen and the Fathers, and a mountain of controversial writings, which abound, though made more subtle by fantasy, in his poetry, cannot be underestimated. The tendency has been, however, to neglect them, with the exception perhaps of the "Sermons," in favour of his poetry, and it is true to say that until Professor Grierson made use of them in his edition of the "Poems" to elucidate obscurities in the text, small attention was paid them. Since then, interest has been aroused, and with Miss Ramsay's thesis on Donne's mediævalism, Mr. Sparrow's edition of the "Devotions," and Mrs. Simpson's "Study of the Prose Works," there is no excuse for allowing this interest to abate.

The following are the manuscripts that have been used in the preparation of the text:

MS. Tanner, LXXXIII.

MS. e Musæo 131.

Bodleian, Oxford.

MS. in the Herbert collection of the Earl of Powis. Series II, Vol. VII, 8.

Domestic State Papers. Public Record Office.

(1) James I, Vol. 134, 59. (2) Charles I, Vol. 10, 28. MS. sold at Hodgson's, February, 1934 (v. note, p. xvii).

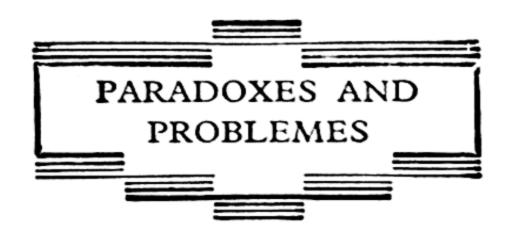
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PARADOXES & PROBLEMES

THE "PARADOXES AND PROBLEMES" are the earliest of Donne's writings in prose. In date they are contemporary with his early poems, those in which the "witty" and cynical sides of his nature are prominent. They were not printed while he was alive, although they must have circulated widely among his friends in manuscript. Soon after his death (1633) eleven "Paradoxes" and ten "Problemes" were published with the title "Juvenilia," a small quarto volume that is often found bound up with the first edition of his poems of that year; a second edition followed immediately, containing twentythree lines that had been omitted from the "Probleme" "Why have Bastards best Fortune" earlier in the year. It was not until 1652 that a third and enlarged edition was published by Donne's son, containing an additional Paradox and seven new Problems, besides some miscellaneous pieces, to which were added a reprint of "Ignatius his Conclave" and a second issue of "Essays in Divinity." In 1899 another Problem was added to the canon by Sir Edmund Gosse, who printed it in his "Life and Letters of John Donne" from a manuscript at the Bodleian (MS. Tanner 299). Yet another, dealing with John of Salisbury, has been found recently, and was printed by Mrs. Simpson in an article (Rev. Eng. Studies III, 10, 1927) from the O'Flaherty MS. at Harvard.

Originally it was my intention to print a complete version of the "Paradoxes and Problemes." In the course of preparing the text I discovered that Mrs. Simpson and Professor Grierson were engaged on the same work and had already carried it to an advanced stage. Moreover, they had already collated the early editions with a number of MS. copies, some of which I had not yet examined, and had been able to make several important improvements in the faulty text of the printed versions. I decided therefore to print only a selection, based on the printed texts, and ignoring the MS. collections.

The following passages are taken from the complete edition of 1652, but certain readings as well as some changes in punctuation and orthography have been incorporated from the first edition of 1633. The roman numerals at the head of each piece refer that piece to its place in the index of the 1652 edition.



PARADOXES

Ι

A DEFENCE OF WOMENS INCONSTANCY

THAT Women are Inconstant, I with any man confess, but that Inconstancy is a bad quality, I against any man will maintain: For every thing as it is one better than another, so is it fuller of change; The Heavens themselves continually turn, the Stars move, the Moon changeth; Fire whirleth, Aire flyeth, Water ebbs and flowes, the face of the Earth altereth her looks, time staies not; the Colour that is most light, will take most dyes: so in Men, they that have the most reason are the most alterable in their designes, and the darkest or most ignorant, do seldomest change; therefore Women changing more than Men, have also more Reason. They cannot be immutable like stocks, like stones, like the Earths dull Center; Gold that lyeth still, rusteth; Water, corrupteth; Aire that moveth not, poysoneth; then why should that which is the perfection of other things, be imputed to Women as greatest imperfection? Because thereby they deceive Men. Are not your wits pleased with those jests, which cozen your expectation? You can call it pleasure to be beguil'd in troubles, and in the most excellent toy in the world, you call it Treachery: I would you had your Mistresses so constant, that they would never change,

no not so much as their smocks, then should you see what sluttish vertue, Constancy were. Inconstancy is a most commendable and cleanly quality, and Women in this quality are far more absolute than the Heavens, than the Stars, Moon, or any thing beneath it; for long observation hath pickt certainty out of their mutability. The Learned are so well acquainted with the Stars, Signes and Planets, that they make them but Characters, to read the meaning of the Heaven in his own forehead. Every simple fellow can bespeak the change of the Moon a great while beforehand: but I would fain have the learnedst man so skilfull, as to tell when the simplest Woman meaneth to vary. Learning affords no rules to know, much less knowledge to rule the minde of a Woman: For as Philosophy teacheth us, that Light things do always tend upwards, and heavy things decline downward; Experience teacheth us otherwise, that the disposition of a Light Woman, is to fall down, the nature of women being contrary to all Art and Nature. Women are like Flies, which feed among us at our Table, or Fleas sucking our very blood, who leave not our most retired places free from their familiarity, yet for all their fellowship will they never be tamed nor commanded by us. Women are like the Sun, which is violently carried one way, yet hath a proper course contrary: so though they, by the mastery of some over-ruling churlish husbands, are forced to his Byas, yet have they a motion of their own, which their husbands never know of: It is the nature of nice and fastidious mindes to know things only to be weary of them: Women by their slye changeableness, and pleasing doubleness, prevent even the mislike of those, for they can never be so well known, but that there is still more unknown. Every woman is a Science; for he that plods upon a woman all his life long, shall at length finde himself short of the knowledge of her: they are born to take down the pride of wit, and ambition of wisdom, making fools wise in the adventuring to win them, wisemen fools in conceit of losing their labours; witty men

stark mad, being confounded with their uncertainties. Philosophers write against them for spight, not desert, that having attained to some knowledge in all other things, in them only they know nothing, but are meerly ignorant: Active and Experienced men rail against them, because they love in their liveless and decrepit age, when all goodness leaves them. These envious Libellers ballad against them, because having nothing in themselves able to deserve their love, they maliciously discommend all they cannot obtain, thinking to make men believe they know much, because they are able to dispraise much, and rage against Inconstancy, when they were never admitted into so much favour as to be forsaken. In mine opinion such men are happie that women are Inconstant, for so may they chance to be beloved of some excellent woman (when it comes to their turn) out of their Inconstancy and mutability, though not out of their own desert. And what reason is there to clog any woman with one man, be he never so singular? Women had rather, and it is far better and more Judicial to enjoy all the vertues in several men, than but some of them in one, for otherwise they lose their taste, like divers sorts of meat minced together in one dish: and to have all excellencies in one man (if it were possible) is Confusion and Diversity. Now who can deny, but such as are obstinately bent to undervalue their worth, are those that have not soul enough to comprehend their excellency, Women being the most excellent Creatures, in that Man is able to subject all things else, and to grow wise in every thing, but still persists a fool in Woman? The greatest Scholler, if he once take a wife, is found so unlearned, that he must begin his Horn-book, and all is by Inconstancy. To conclude therefore; this name of Inconstancy, which hath so much been poysoned with slanders, ought to be changed into variety, for the which the world is so delightfull, and a Woman for that the most delightfull thing in this world.

II

THAT WOMEN OUGHT TO PAINT

Foulness is Lothsome: can that be so which helps it? who forbids his beloved to gird in her waste? to mend by shooing her uneven lameness? to burnish her teeth? or to perfume her breath? yet that the Face be more precisely regarded, it concerns more: For as open confessing sinners are always punished, but the wary and concealing offenders without witness do it also without punishment; so the secret parts needs the less respect; but of the Face, discovered to all Examinations and surveys, there is not too nice a Jealousie. Nor doth it only draw the busie Eyes, but it is subject to the divinest touch of all, to kissing, the strange and mystical union of souls. If she should prostitute her self to a more unworthy man than thy self, how earnestly and justly wouldst thou exclaim, that for want of this easier and ready way of repairing, to betray her body to ruine and deformity (the tyrannous Ravishers, and sodain Deflourers of all women) what a hainous adultery is it! What thou lovest in her face is colour, and painting gives that, but thou hatest it, not because it is, but because thou knowest it. Fool, whom Ignorance makes happy, the Stars, the Sun, the Skye whom thou admirest, alas, have no colour, but are fair, because they seem to be coloured: If this seeming will not satisfie thee in her, thou hast good assurance of her colour, when thou seest her lay it on. If her face be painted on a Board or Wall, thou wilt love it, and the Board, and the Wall: Canst thou loath it then when it speaks, smiles, and kisses, because it is painted? Are we not more delighted with seeing Birds, Fruits, and Beasts painted than we are with Naturals? And do we not with pleasure behold the painted shape of Monsters and Devils, whom true, we durst not regard? We repair the ruines of our houses, but first cold tempests warn us of it, and bites Apparell, but first our eyes, and other bodies are offended; but by this providence of Women, this is prevented. If in Kissing or breathing upon her, the painting fall off, thou art angry; wilt thou be so, if it stick on? Thou didst love her; if thou beginnest to hate her, then 'tis because she is not painted. If thou wilt say now, thou didst hate her before, thou didst hate her and love her together. Be constant in something, and love her who shews her great love to thee, in taking this pains to seem lovely to thee.

IV

THAT GOOD IS MORE COMMON THAN EVIL

I HAVB not been so pittifully tired with any vanity, as with silly Old Mens exclaiming against these times, and extolling their own: Alas! they betray themselves, for if the times be changed, their manners have changed them. But their senses are to pleasures, as sick mens tastes are to Liquors; for indeed no new thing is done in the world, all things are what, and as they were, and Good is as ever it was, more plenteous, and must of necessity be more common than Evil, because it hath this for nature and perfection to be common. It makes Love to all Natures, all, all affect it. So that in the Worlds early Infancy, there was a time when nothing was Evill, but if this World shall suffer dotage, in the extreamest Crookednesse thereof, there shall be no time when nothing shall be good. It dares appear and spread, and glister in the World, but Evill buries it self in night and darkness, and is chastised and suppressed when Good is cherished and rewarded. And as Imbroderers, Lapidaries, and other Artisans, can by all things adorn their works; for by adding better things, the better they shew in [Lustre] and in Eminency; so Good doth not only prostrate her Amiablenesse to all, but refuses no end, no not of her utter contrary Evill, that she may be the more common to us. For Evill Manners are Parents of good Lawes; and in every Evill there is an excellency, which (in common speech) we call good. For the fashions of habits, for our moving in gestures, for phrases in our speech, we say they are good as long as they were used, that is, as long as they were common; and we eat, we walk, only when it is, or seems good to do so. All fair, all profitable, all vertuous, is, good, and these three things I think embrace all things, but their utter contraries; of which also fair may be rich and vertuous; poor, may be vertuous and fair; vitious, may be fair and rich; so that Good hath this good means to be common, that some subjects she can possess entirely; and in subjects poysoned with Evill, she can humbly stoop to accompany the Evill. And of Indifferent things many things are become perfectly good by being Common, as Customs by use are made binding Lawes. But I remember nothing that is therefore ill, because it is Common, but Women, of whom also: They that are most Common, are the best of that Occupation they profess.

VI

THAT IT IS POSSIBLE TO FINDE SOME VERTUE IN SOME WOMEN

I AM not of that seard Impudence that I dare defend Women, or pronounce them good; yet we see Physitians allow some vertue in every poyson. Alas! why should we except Women? since certainly, they are good for Physicke at least, so as some wine is good for a feaver. And though they be the Occasioners of many sins, they are also the Punishers and Revengers of the same sins: For I have seldom seen one which consumes his substance and body upon them, escape diseases, or beggery; and this is their Justice. And if suum cuique dare, be the fulfilling of all Civil Justice, they are most just; for they deny that which is theirs to no man.

Tanquam non liceat nulla puella negat.

And who may doubt of great wisdome in them, that doth but observe with how much labour and cunning our Justicers and other dispensers of the Laws studie to imbrace them: and how zealously our Preachers dehort men from them, only by urging their subtilties and policies, and wisdom, which are in them? Or who can deny them a good measure of Fortitude, if he consider how valiant men they have overthrown, and being themselves overthrown, how much and how patiently they bear? And though they be most intemperate, I care not, for I undertook to furnish them with some vertue, not with all. Necessity, which makes even bad things good, prevails also for them, for we must say of them, as of some sharp pinching Laws: If men were free from infirmities, they were needless. These or none must serve for reasons, and it is my great happiness that Examples prove not Rules, for to confirm this Opinion, the World yields not one Example.

VIII

THAT NATURE IS OUR WORST GUIDE

SHALL she be guide to all Creatures, which is her self one? Or if she also have a guide, shall any Creature have a better guide than we? The affections of lust and anger, yea even to erre is natural, shall we follow these? Can she be a good guide to us, which hath corrupted not us only but her self? was not the first Man, by the desire of knowledge, corrupted even in the whitest integrity of Nature? And did not Nature, (if Nature did any thing) infuse into him this desire of knowledge, and so this Corruption in him, into us? If by Nature we shall understand our essence, our definition [our reasonableness], then this being alike common to all (the Idiot and the Wizard being equally reasonable) why should not all men having equally all one nature, follow one course? Or if we shall understand our inclinations; alas! how unable a guide is that which follows the temperature of our slimie bodies !

For we cannot say that we derive our inclinations, our mindes, or soules from our Parents by any way: to say that it is all from all, is errour in reason, for then with the first nothing remains; or is a part from all, is errour in experience, for then this part equally imparted to many children, would like Gavell-kind lands, in few generations become nothing: or to say it by communication, is errour in Divinity, for to communicate the ability of communicating whole essence with any but God, is utterly blasphemy. And if thou hit thy Fathers nature and inclination, he also had his Fathers, and so climbing up, all comes of one man, and have one nature, all shall imbrace one course; but that cannot be, therefore our Complexions and whole Bodies, we inherit from Parents; our inclinations and minds follow that: For our mind is heavy in our bodies afflictions, and rejoyceth in our bodies pleasure: how then shall this nature governe us, that is governed by the worst part of us? Nature though oft chased away, it will return; 'tis true, but those good motions and inspirations which be our guides must be wooed, courted, and welcomed, or else they abandon us. And that old Axiome, nihil invita, &c. must not be said thou shalt, but thou wilt doe nothing against Nature; so unwilling he notes us to curbe our naturall appetites. Wee call our bastards alwayes our naturall issue, and we define a Foole by nothing so ordinary, as by the name of naturall. And that poore knowledge whereby we conceive what rain is, what wind, what thunder, we call Metaphysicke, supernaturall; such small things, such no things do we allow to our pliant Natures apprehension. Lastly, by following her, we lose the pleasant, and lawfull Commodities of this life, for we shall drinke water and eate rootes, and those not sweet and delicate, as now by Mans art and industry they are made: we shall lose all the necessities of societies, lawes, arts, and sciences, which are all the workemanship of Man: yea we shall lack the last best refuge of misery, death, because no death is naturall: for if yee will not dare to call all death violent (though I see not why sicknesses be not violences) yet causes of all deaths proceed of the defect of that which nature made perfect, and would preserve, and therefore all against nature.

X

THAT A WISE MAN IS KNOWN BY MUCH LAUGHING

Ride, si sapis, & puella ride; If thou beest wise, laugh: for since the powers of discourse, and Reason, and laughter, be equally proper unto Man only, why shall not he be only most wise, which hath most use of laughing, as well as he which hath most of reasoning and discoursing? I always did, and shall understand that Adage;

Per risum multum possis cognoscere stultum,

That by much laughing thou maist know there is a fool, not, that the laughers are fools, but that among them there is some fool, at whom wise men laugh: which moved Erasmus to put this as his first Argument in the mouth of his Folly, that she made Beholders laugh: for fools are the most laughed at, and laugh the least themselves of any. And Nature saw this faculty to be so necessary in man, that she hath been content that by more causes we should be importuned to laugh, than to the exercise of any other power; for things in themselves utterly contrary, beget this effect; for we laugh both at witty and absurd things: At both which sorts I have seen men laugh so long, and so earnestly, that at last they have wept that they could laugh no more. And therefore the Poet having described the quietnesse of a wise retired man, saith in one, what we have said before in many lines; Quid facit Canius tuus? ridet. We have received that even the extremity of laughing, year of weeping also, hath been accounted wisdom: and that Democritus and Heraclitus, the lovers of these Extreams, have been called lovers of Wisdom. Now among our wise

men, I doubt not but many would be found, who would laugh at Heraclitus weeping, none which weep at Democritus laughing. At the hearing of Comedies or other witty reports, I have noted some, which not understanding jests, &c. have yet chosen this as the best means to seem wise and understanding, to laugh when their Companions laugh; and I have presumed them ignorant, whom I have seen unmoved. A fool if he come into a Princes Court, and see a gay man leaning at the wall, so glistering, and so painted in many colours that he is hardly discerned from one of the Pictures in the Arras hanging, his body like an Ironbound chest, girt in and thick ribb'd with broad gold laces, may (and commonly doth) envy him. But alas! shall a wise man, which may not only not envy, but not pitty this Monster, do nothing? Yes, let him laugh. And if one of these hot cholerick firebrands, which nourish themselves by quarrelling, and kindling others, spit upon a fool one sparke of disgrace, he, like a thatcht house quickly burning, may be angry; but the wise man, as cold as the Salamander, may not only not be angry with him, but not be sorry for him; therefore let him laugh: so he shall be known a Man, because he can laugh, a wise Man that he knows at what to laugh, and a valiant Man that he dares laugh: for he that laughs is justly reputed more wise, than at whom it is laughed. And hence I think proceeds that which in these later formal times I have much noted; that now when our superstitious civilitie of manners is become a mutuall tickling flattery of one another, almost every man affecteth an humour of jesting, and is content to be deject, and to deform himself, yea become fool to no other end that I can spie, but to give his wise Companion occasion to laugh; and to shew themselves in promptness of laughing is so great in wise men, that I think all wise men, if any wise men do read this Paradox, will laugh both at it and The contract of the contract o

XI

THAT THE GIFTS OF THE BODY ARE BETTER THAN THOSE OF THE MINDE

I SAY again, that the body makes the minde, not that it created it a minde, but forms it a good or a bad minde; and this minde may be confounded with soul without any violence or injustice to Reason or Philosophy: then the soul it seems is enabled by our Body, not this by it. My Body licenseth my soul to see the worlds beauties through mine eyes: to hear pleasant things through mine ears; and affords it apt Organs for the conveiance of all perceivable delight. But alas ! my soul cannot make any part, that is not of it self disposed to see or hear, though without doubt she be as able and as willing to see behinde as before. Now if my soul would say, that she enables any part to taste these pleasures, but is her selfe only delighted with those rich sweetnesses which her inward eyes and senses apprehend, shee should dissemble; for I see her often solaced with beauties, which shee sees through mine eyes, and with musicke which through mine eares she heares. This perfection then my body hath, that it can impart to my minde all his pleasures; and my mind hath still many, that she can neither teach my indisposed part her faculties, nor to the best espoused parts shew it beauty of Angels, of Musicke, of Spheres, whereof she boasts the contemplation. Are Chastity, Temperance, and Fortitude gifts of the minde? I appeale to Physitians whether the cause of these be not in the body; health is the gift of the body, and patience in sicknesse the gift of the minde: then who will say that patience is as good a happinesse, as health, when wee must be extremely miserable to purchase this happinesse. And for nourishing of civill societies and mutuall love amongst men, which is our chief end while we are men; I say, this beauty, presence, and proportion of the body, hath a more masculine force in begetting this love, than the vertues of

the minde: for it strikes us suddenly, and possesseth us immoderately; when to know those vertues requires some Judgement in him which shall discerne, a long time and conversation between them. And even at last how much of our faith and beleefe shall we be driven to bestow, to assure our selves that these vertues are not counterfeited: for it is the same to be, and seem vertuous, because that he that hath no vertue, can dissemble none, but he which hath a little, may gild and enamell, yea and transforme much vice into vertue: For allow a man to be discreet and flexible to complaints, which are great vertuous gifts of the minde, this discretion will be to him the soule and Elixir of all vertues, so that touched with this, even pride shall be made humility; and Cowardice, honourable and wise valour. But in things seen there is not this danger, for the body which thou lovest and esteemest faire, is faire: certainly if it be not faire in perfection, yet it is faire in the same degree that thy Judgment is good. And in a faire body, I do seldom suspect a disproportioned minde, and as seldome hope for a good, in a deformed. When I see a goodly house, I assure my selfe of a worthy possessour, from a ruinous weather-beaten building I turn away, because it seems either stuffed with varlets as a Prison, or handled by an unworthy and negligent tenant, that so suffers the wast thereof. And truly the gifts of Fortune, which are riches, are only handmaids, yea Pandars of the bodies pleasure; with their service we nourish health, and preserve dainty, and wee buy delights; so that vertue which must be loved for it selfe, and respects no further end, is indeed nothing: And riches, whose end is the good of the body, cannot be so perfectly good, as the end whereto it levels.

XII

THAT VIRGINITY IS A VERTUE

I CALL not that Virginity a vertue, which resideth onely in the Bodies integrity; much lesse if it be with a purpose of perpetuall keeping it: for then it is a most inhumane

vice—But I call that Virginity a vertue which is willing and desirous to yeeld it selfe upon honest and lawfull terms, when just reason requireth; and until then, is kept with a modest chastity of Body and Mind. Some perchance will say that Virginity is in us by Nature, and therefore no vertue. True, as it is in us by Nature, it is neither a Vertue nor Vice, and is onely in the body: (as in Infants, Children, and such as are incapable of parting from it) But that Virginity which is in Man or Woman of perfect age, is not in them by Nature: Nature is the greatest enemy to it, and with most subtile allurements seeks the over-throw of it, continually beating against it with her Engines, and giving such forcible assaults to it, that it is a strong and more than ordinary vertue to hold out till marriage. Ethick Philosophy saith, That no Vertue is corrupted, or is taken away by that which is good: Hereupon some may say, that Virginity is therfore no vertue, being taken away by marriage. Virginity is no otherwise taken away by marriage, than is the light of the starres by a greater light (the light of the Sun:) or as a lesse Title is taken away by a greater (an Esquire by being created an Earle:) yet Virginity is a vertue, and hath her Throne in the middle: The extreams are, in Excesse, to violate it before marriage; in Defect, not to marry. In ripe years as soon as reason perswades and opportunity admits, These extreams are equally removed from the mean: The excesse proceeds from Lust, the defect from Peevishnesse, Pride and Stupidity. There is an old Proverb, That, they that dy maids, must lead Apes in Hell. An Ape is a ridiculous and an unprofitable Beast, whose flesh is not good for meat, nor its back for burden, nor is it commodious to keep an house: and perchance for the unprofitablenesse of this Beast did this proverb come up: For surely nothing is more unprofitable in the Commonwealth of Nature, than they that dy old maids, because they refuse to be used to that end for which they were only made. The Ape bringeth forth her young, for the

most part by twins; that which she loves best, she killeth by pressing it too hard: so foolish maids soothing themselves with a false conceit of vertue, in fond obstinacie, live and die maids; and so not onely kill in themselves the vertue of Virginity, and of a Vertue make it a Vice, but they also accuse their parents in condemning marriage. If this application hold not touch, yet there may be an excellent one gathered from an Apes tender love to Conies in keeping them from the Weasel and Ferret. From this similitude of an Ape and an old Maid did the foresaid proverb first arise. But alas, there are some old Maids that are Virgins much against their wills, and fain would change their Virgin-life for a Married: such if they never have had any offer of fit Husbands, are in some sort excusable, and their willingnesse, their desire to marry, and their forbearance from all dishonest, and unlawfull copulation, may be a kind of inclination to vertue, although not Vertue it selfe. This Vertue of Virginity (though it be small and fruitlesse) it is an extraordinary, and no common Vertue. All other Vertues lodge in the Will (it is the Will that makes them vertues.) But it is the unwillingnesse to keep it, the desire to forsake it, that makes this a vertue. As in the naturall generation and formation made of the seed in the womb of a woman, the body is joynted and organized about the 28 day, and so it begins to be no more an Embrion, but capable as a matter prepared to its form to receive the soule, which faileth not to insinuate and innest it selfe into the body about the fortieth day; about the third month it hath motion and sense: Even so Virginity is an Embrion, an unfashioned lump, till it attain to a certain time, which is about twelve years of age in women, fourteen in men, and then it beginneth to have the soule of Love infused into it, and to become a vertue: There is also a certain limited time when it ceaseth to be a vertue, which in men is about fourty, in women about thirty years of age: yea, the losse of so much time makes their Virginity a Vice, were not their

endeavour wholly bent, and their desires altogether fixt upon marriage: In Harvest time do we not account it a great vice of sloath and negligence in a Husband-man, to overslip a week or ten dayes after his fruits are fully ripe; May we not much more account it a more heynous vice, for a Virgin to let her Fruit (in potentia) consume and rot to nothing, and to let the vertue of her Virginity degenerate into Vice, (for Virginity ever kept is ever lost.) Avarice is the greatest deadly sin next Pride: it takes more pleasure in hoording Treasure than in making use of it, and will neither let the possessor nor others take benefit by it during the Misers life; yet it remains intire, and when the Miser dies must come to som body. Virginity ever kept, is a vice far worse than Avarice, it will neither let the possessor nor others take benefit by it, nor can it be bequeathed to any: with long keeping it decayes and withers, and becomes corrupt and nothing worth. Thus seeing that Virginity becomes a vice in defect, by exceeding a limited time; I counsell all female Virgins to make choyce of some Paracelsian for their Physitian, to prevent the death of that Vertue: The Paracelsians (curing like by like) say, That if the lives of living Creatures could be taken down, they would make us immortall. By this Rule, female Virgins by a discreet marriage should swallow down into their Virginity another Virginity, and devour such a life and spirit into their womb, that it might make them, as it were, immortall here on earth, besides their perfect immortality in heaven: And that Vertue which otherwise would putrifie and corrupt, shall then be compleat; and shall be recorded in Heaven, and enrolled here on Earth; and the name of Virgin shal be exchanged for a farre more honorable name, A Wife.

PROBLEMES

II

WHY PURITANS MAKE LONG SERMONS?

It needs not for perspicuousness, for God knows they are plain enough: nor do all of them use Sem-brief-Accents, for some of them have Crotchets enough. It may be they intend not to rise like glorious Tapers and Torches, but like Thin-wretched-sick-watching-Candles, which languish and are in a Divine Consumption from the first minute, yea in their snuff, and stink, when others are in their more profitable glory. I have thought sometimes, that out of conscience, they allow long measure to course ware. And sometimes, that usurping in that place a liberty to speak freely of Kings, they would reigne as long as they could. But now I think they do it out of a zealous imagination, that, It is their duty to Preach on till their Auditory wake.

VI

WHY HATH THE COMMON OPINION AFFORDED WOMEN SOULES?

part of either our mortal soules of sense or growth; and we deny soules to others equall to them in all but in speech for which they are beholding to their bodily instruments: For perchance an Oxes heart, or a Goates, or a Foxes, or a Serpents would speake just so, if it were in the breast, and could move that tongue and jawes. Have they so many advantages and means to hurt us (for, ever their loving destroyed us) that we dare not displease them, but give them what they will? And so when some call them Angels, some Goddesses, and the [Peputian] Hereticks made them Bishops, we descend so much with the stream, to allow them Soules? Or do we somewhat (in this dignifying of

them) flatter Princes and great Personages that are so much governed by them? Or do we in that easiness and prodigality, wherein we daily lose our own souls to we care not whom, so labour to perswade our selves, that sith a woman hath a soul, a soul is no great matter? Or do we lend them souls but for use, since they for our sakes, give their souls again, and their bodies to boot? Or perchance because the Devil (who is all soul) doth most mischief, and for convenience and proportion, because they would come nearer him, we allow them some souls: and so as the Romans naturalized some Provinces in revenge, and made them Romans, only for the burthen of the Common-wealth; so we, have given women souls only to make them capable of Damnation?

IX

WHY IS VENUS-STAR MULTINOMINOUS, CALLED BOTH HESPERUS AND VESPER?

THE Moone hath as many names, but not as she is a starre, but as she hath divers governments; but Venus is multinominous to give example to her prostitute disciples, who so often, either to renew or refresh them selves towards lovers, or to disguise themselves from Magistrates, are to take new names. It may be she takes new names after her many functions, for as she is Supreme Monarch of all Love at large (which is lust) so is she joyned in Commission with all Mythologicks, with Juno, Diana, and all others for Marriage. It may be because of the divers names to her self, for her Affections have more names than any vice; scilicet: Pollution, Fornication, Adultery, Lay-Incest, Church-Incest, Rape, Sodomy, Mastupration, Masturbation, and a thousand others. Perchance her divers names shewed her appliableness to divers men, for Neptune distilled and wet her in Love, the Sunne warms and melts her, Mercury perswaded and swore her, Jupiters authority secured, and Vulcan hammer'd her. As Hesperus she presents you with her bonum utile, because it is wholesomest in the Morning: As Vesper with her bonum delectabile, because it is pleasantest in the Evening. And because
industrious men rise and endure with the Sunne in their
civill businesses, this starre cals them up a little before,
and remembers them again a little after for her business;
for certainly,

Venit Hesperus, ite capellae:

was spoken to lovers in the persons of Goats.

XI

WHY DOTH THE POXE SOE MUCH AFFECT TO UNDERMINE THE NOSE?

Paracelsus perchance saith true, That every Disease hath his Exaltation in some part certaine. But why this in the Nose? Is there so much mercy in this desease, that it provides that one should not smell his own stinck? Or hath it but the common fortune, that being begot and bred in obscurest and secretest places, because therefore his serpentine crawling and insinuation should not be suspected, nor seen, he comes soonest into great place, and is more able to destroy the worthiest member, than a Disease better born? Perchance as mice defeat Elephants by knawing their Proboscis, which is their Nose, this wretched Indian Vermine practiseth to doe the same upon us. Or as the ancient furious Custome and Connivency of some Lawes, that one might cut off their Nose whome he deprehended in Adulterie, was but a Tipe of this; And that now more charitable lawes having taken away all Revenge from particular hands, this common Magistrate and Executioner is come to doe the same Office invisibly? Or by withdrawing this conspicuous part, the Nose, it warnes us from all adventuring upon that Coast; for it is as good a marke to take in a flag, as to hang one out. Possibly heate, which is more potent

and active than cold, thought her selfe injured, and the Harmony of the world out of tune, when cold was able to shew the high-way to Noses in Muscovia, except she found the meanes to doe the same in other Countries. Or because by the consent of all, there is an Analogy, Proportion and affection between the Nose and that part where this disease is first contracted, and therefore Heliogabalus chose not his Minions in the Bath but by the Nose; And Albertus had a knavish meaning when he prefered great Noses; And the licentious Poet was Naso Poeta. I think this reason is nearest truth, That the Nose is most compassionate with this part: Except this be nearer, that it is reasonable that this Disease in particular should affect the most eminent and perspicuous part, which in general doth affect to take hold of the most eminent and conspicuous men.

XVI

WHY ARE COURTIERS SOONER ATHEISTS THAN MEN OF OTHER CONDITIONS?

Is it because as Physitians contemplating Nature, and finding many abstruse things subject to the search of Reason, think therfore that all is so; so they (seeing mens destinies, mad[e] at Court, neck[s] [put] out and [in] joynt there, War, Peace, Life and Death derived from thence) climb no higher? Or doth a familiarity with greatness, and daily conversation and acquaintance with it breed a contempt of all greatness? Or because that they see that opinion or need of one another, and fear makes the degrees of servants, Lords and Kings, do they think that God likewise for such Reason hath been mans Creator? Perchance it is because they see Vice prosper best there, and, burthened with sinne, doe they not, for their ease, endeavour to put off the feare and Knowledge of God, as facinorous men deny Magistracy? Or are the most Atheists in that place, because it is the foole that said in his heart, There is no God.

Author			
Accession No. Call No.			

IGNATIUS HIS CONCLAVE

i simba - kujire

"IGNATIUS HIS CONCLAVE" is the third of Donne's prose works and it is in many respects his most entertaining. The "Juvenilia," although amusing, are only trifles, while the "Pseudo-Martyr" is a mère exercise in theological controversy. "The author," a friend of the printer remarks, "was unwilling to have this booke published, thinking it unfit both for the matter which in it selfe is weighty and serious, and for that gravity which himselfe had proposed and observed in an other booke formerly published (i.e. "Pseudo-Martyr" 1610), to descend to this kinde of writing." However that may be "Ignatius his Conclave," written in 1610, ran through three editions in the following year. Two of these, with the title "Conclave Ignatii," were in Latin, the third in English. The English text was reprinted once in Donne's lifetime (1626) and afterwards in 1634, 1635, and 1652. The latest edition was the Latin reprint in 1680.

The present text is reprinted from the first edition of 1611, corrected wherever necessary with the edition of 1626. Marginal references have been deleted. In the notes a list of the most important variants in these editions is given. The texts of the early editions are, on the whole, good and reveal only

unimportant differences.



OR

HIS INTHRONISATION IN A LATE ELECTION IN HELL:

WHEREIN MANY THINGS ARE MINGLED BY WAY OF SATYR;

Concerning

The Disposition of Jesuits,

The Creation of a new Hell,

The establishing of a Church in the Moone.

There is also added an Apology

for Jesuites.

All dedicated to the two Adversary
Angels, which are protectors of
the Papall Consistory, and of
the Colledge of Sorbon.

Translated out of Latine.

THE PRINTER TO THE READER

for hee is harder to be found than the parents of Popes were in the old times: yet if thou have an itch of gessing, receive from me so much, as a friend of his, to whom he sent his booke to bee read, writ to me. "The Author was "unwilling to have this booke published, thinking it unfit "both for the matter which in it selfe is weighty and "serious, and for that gravity which himselfe had pro"posed and observed in an other booke formerly pub"lished, to descend to this kinde of writing. But I on
"the other side, mustered my forces against him, and

" produced reasons and examples. I proposed to him the " great Erasmus (whom though Scribanius the Jesuit cal "him one of our Preachers: yet their great Coccius is well "content to number him amongst his Authors). And to "his bitter jestings and skirmishings in this kinde, our " enemies confesse, that our Church is as much beholden, "as to Luther himselfe, who fought so valiantly in the "maine battell. I remembred him also how familiar a "fashion this was among the Papists themselves; and "how much Rebullus that Run-away had done in this "kinde, as well in those bookes, which he cals Salmonees, "as in his other, which he entitles The Cabal of the Re-"formed Churches, of which booke, if he were not the "Author, hee was certainly the Apologist, and defender. "Neither was that man, whosoever hee bee, which cals "himselfe Macer, inferiour to Reboul in this kinde, when " hee dedicated to Laughter and to Pleasure, his disputa-"tion of that horrible Excommunication of Paulus 5. "against the Venetians, and of other matters concerning "the salvation of soules. Both which, not contenting "themselves, as this Author doth, to sport and obey their "naturall disposition in a busnesse (if you consider the "persons) light inough (for what can bee vainer than a "Jesuit?) have saucily risen up against Princes, and the "Lords Anointed. I added moreover, that the things "delivered in this booke, were by many degrees more "modest, than those which themselves in their owne "civill warres, do daily vomit forth, when they butcher " and mangle the fame and reputation of their Popes and " Cardinals by their revived Lucian, Pasquil. At last he " yeelded, and made mee owner of his booke, which I " send to you to be delivered over to forraine nations, (a) " farre from the father: and (as his desire is) (b) his last "in this kinde. Hee chooses and desires, that his other "book should testifie his ingenuity, and candor, and his "disposition to labour for the reconciling of all parts. "This Booke must teach what humane infirmity is, and

"how hard a matter it is for a man much conversant in the bookes and Acts of Jesuites, so throughly to cast off the Jesuits, as that he contract nothing of their naturall drosses, which are Petulancy, and Lightnesse. Vale."

TO THE TWO TUTELAR ANGELS, PROTECTORS OF THE POPES CONSISTORY, AND OF THE COLLEDGE OF SORBON

MOST noble couple of Angels, lest it should be sayd that you did never agree, and never meet, but that you did ever abhorre one another, and ever

Resemble Janus with a diverse face,

I attempted to bring and joyne you together once in these papers; not that I might compose your differences, for you have not chosen me for Arbitrator; but that you might beware of an enemy common to you both, I will relate what I saw. I was in an Extasie, and

My little wandring sportful Soule, Ghest, and Companion of my body

had liberty to wander through all places, and to survey and reckon all the roomes, and all the volumes of the heavens, and to comprehend the situation, the dimensions, the nature, the people, and the policy, both of the swimming Ilands, the *Planets*, and of all those which are fixed in the firmament. Of which, I thinke it an honester part as yet to be silent, than to do *Galileo* wrong by speaking of it, who of late hath summoned the other worlds, the Stars to come neerer to him, and give him an account of themselves. Or to *Keppler*, who (as himselfe testifies of himselfe) ever since Tycho Braches death hath received it into his care, that no new thing should be done in heaven without his knowledge. For by the law, Prevention must take place; and therefore what they have found and discovered first, I am content they speake and utter first.

Yet this they may vouchsafe to take from me, that they shall hardly find *Enoch*, or *Elias* any where in their circuit. When I had surveid al the Heavens, then as

The Larke by busie and laborious wayes,
Having climb'd up th' etheriall hill, doth raise
His Hymnes to Phæbus Harpe, And striking then
His sailes, his wings, doth fall downe backe agen
So suddenly, that one may safely say
A stone came lazily, that came that way,

In the twinckling of an eye, I saw all the roomes in Hell open to my sight. And by the benefit of certaine spectacles, I know not of what making, but, I thinke, of the same, by which Gregory the great, and Beda did discerne so distinctly the soules of their friends, when they were discharged from their bodies, and sometimes the soules of such men as they knew not by sight, and of some that were never in the world, and yet they could distinguish them flying into Heaven, or conversing with living men, I saw all the channels in the bowels of the Earth; and all the inhabitants of all nations, and of all ages were suddenly made familiar to me. I thinke truely, Robert Aquinas when he tooke Christs long Oration, as he hung upon the Crosse, did use some such instrument as this, but applied to the eare: And so I thinke did he, which dedicated to Adrian 6, that Sermon which Christ made in prayse of his father Joseph: for else how did they heare that, which none but they ever heard? As for the Suburbs of Hel (I meane both Limbo and Purgatory) I must confesse I passed them over so negligently, that I saw them not: and I was hungerly caried, to find new places, never discovered before. For Purgatory did not seeme worthy to me of much diligence, because it may seeme already to have beene beleeved by some persons, in some corners of the Romane Church, for about 50 yeares; that is, ever since the Councell of Trent had a minde to fulfill the prophecies of Homer, Virgil, and the other Patriarkes of

the Papists; and beeing not satisfied with making one Transubstantiation, purposed to bring in another: which is, to change fables into Articles of faith. Proceeding therefore to more inward places, I saw a secret place, where there were not many, beside Lucifer himselfe; to which, onely they had title, which had so attempted any innovation in this life, that they gave an affront to all antiquitie, and induced doubts, and anxieties, and scruples, and after, a libertie of beleeving what they would; at length established opinions, directly contrary to all established before. Of which place in Hell, Lucifer affoarded us heretofore some little knowledge, when more than 200 yeares since, in an Epistle written to the Cardinall S. Sexti, hee promised him a roome in his palace, in the remotest part of his eternall Chaos, which I take to bee this place. And here Pope Boniface 3, and Mahomet, seemed to contend about the highest roome. Hee gloried of having expelled an old Religion, and Mahomet of having brought in a new: each of them a great deluge to the world. But it is to be feared, that Mahomet will faile therein, both because hee attributed something to the old Testament, and because he used Sergius as his fellow-bishop, in making the Alcoran; whereas it was evident to the supreme Judge Lucifer, (for how could he be ignorant of that, which himselfe had put into the Popes mind?) that Boniface had not onely neglected, but destroyed the policy of the State of Israel, established in the old Testament, when he prepared Popes a way, to tread upon the neckes of Princes, but that he also abstained from all Example and Coadjutor, when he took upon him that newe Name, which Gregorie himselfe (a Pope neither very foolish nor over-modest) ever abhord. Besides that, every day affoords new Advocates to Boniface his side. For since the Franciscans were almost worne out (of whome their General, Francis, had seene 6000 souldiers in one army, that is, in one chapter which, because they were then but fresh souldiers, he saw assisted with 18000 Divels), the Jesuits have much recompenced those decayes and damages, who sometimes have maintained in their Tents 200000 schollers. For though the order of Benedict have ever bene so fruitfull, that they say of it, That all the new Orders, which in later times have broken out, are but little springs, or drops, and that Order the Ocean, which hath sent out 52 Popes, 200 Cardinals, 1600 Archbishops, 4000 Bishops, and 50000 Saints approved by the Church, and therefore it cannot be denied, but that Boniface his part is much releeved by that Order; yet if they be compared to the Jesuits, or to the weake and unperfect Types of them, the Franciscans, it is no great matter that they have done. Though therefore they esteeme Mahomet worthy of the name of an Innovator, and therein, perchance not much inferiour to Boniface, yet since his time, to ours, almost all which have followed his sect, have lived barren in an unanimity, and idle concord, and cannot boast that they have produced any new matter: whereas Boniface his successors, awakened by him, have ever beene fruitfull in bringing forth new sinnes, and new pardons, and idolatries and King-killings. Though therefore it may religiously, and piously be beleeved, that Turkes, as well as Papists, come daily in troupes to the ordinary and common places of Hell; yet certainly to this more honourable roome, reserved for especiall Innovators, the Papists have more frequent accesse; and therefore Mahomet is out of hope to prevaile, and must imitate the Christian Emperours, and be content to sit (as yet hee doth) at the Popes feet. Now to this place, not onely such endeavour to come, as have innovated in matters, directly concerning the soule, but they also which have done so, either in the Arts, or in conversation, or in any thing that exerciseth the faculties of the soule, and may so provoke to quarrelsome and brawling controversies: For so the truth be lost, it is no matter how. But the gates are seldome opened, nor scarce oftner than once in an Age. But my destiny favoured mee so much, that I was present then, and saw all the pretenders,

and all that affected an entrance, and Lucifer himselfe, who then came out into the outward chamber, to heare them pleade their owne Causes. As soone as the doore creekt, I spied a certaine Mathematitian, which till then had bene busied to finde, to deride, to detrude Ptolomey; and now with an erect countenance, and setled pace, came to the gates, and with hands and feet (scarce respecting Lucifer himselfe) beat the dores, and cried; "Are these "shut against me, to whom all the Heavens were ever "open, who was a Soule to the Earth, and gave it "motion?"

By this I knew it was Copernicus: For though I had never heard ill of his life, and therefore might wonder to find him there; yet when I remembred, that the Papists have extended the name, and the punishment of Heresie, almost to every thing, and that as yet I used Gregories and Bedes spectacles, by which one saw Origen, who deserved so well of the Christian Church, burning in Hell, I doubted no longer, but assured my selfe that it was Copernicus which I saw. To whom Lucifer sayd; "Who "are you? For though even by this boldnesse you seeme "worthy to enter, and have attempted a new faction even "in Hell, yet you must first satisfie those, which stand " about you, and which expect the same fortune as you do." "" Except, O Lucifer," answered Copernicus, "I thought "thee of the race of the starre Lucifer, with which I am "so well acquainted, I should not vouchsafe thee this "discourse. I am he, which pitying thee who wert thrust "into the Center of the world, raysed both thee, and thy "prison, the Earth, up into the Heavens; so as by my "meanes God doth not enjoy his revenge upon thee. The "Sunne, which was an officious spy, and a betrayer of "faults, and so thine enemy, I have appointed to go into "the lowest part of the world. Shall these gates be open "to such as have innovated in small matters? and shall "they be shut against me, who have turned the whole "frame of the world, and am thereby almost a new "Creator?" More than this he spoke not. Lucifer stuck in a meditation. For what should he do? It seemed unjust to deny entry to him which had deserved so well, and dangerous to graunt it, to one of so great ambitions, and undertakings: nor did he thinke that himselfe had attempted greater matters before his fall. Something he had which he might have conveniently opposed, but he was loath to utter it, least he should confesse his feare. But Ignatius Loyola which was got neere his chaire, a subtile fellow, and so indued with the Divell, that he was able to tempt, and not onely that, but (as they say) even to possesse the Divell, apprehended this perplexity in Lucifer. And making himselfe sure of his owne entrance, and knowing well, that many thousands of his family aspired to that place, he opposed himselfe against all others. He was content they should be damned, but not that they should governe. And though when hee died he was utterly ignorant in all great learning, and knew not so much as Ptolomeys, or Copernicus name, but might have beene perswaded, that the words Almagest, Zenith, and Nadir, were Saints names, and fit to bee put into the Litanie, and Ora pro nobis joyned to them; yet after hee had spent some time in hell, he had learnt somewhat of his Jesuites, which daily came thither. And whilst he staied at the threshold of Hell; that is, from the time when he delivered himselfe over to the Popes will, hee tooke a little taste of learning. Thus furnished, thus hee undertakes Copernicus. "Do you thinke to winne our "Lucifer to your part, by allowing him the honour of "being of the race of that starre? who was not onely " made before all the starres, but being glutted with the "glory of shining there, transferred his dwelling and "Colonies unto this Monarchy, and thereby gave our "Order a noble example, to spy, to invade, and to pos-"sesse forraine kingdomes. Can our Lucifer, or his "followers have any honour from that starre Lucifer, "which is but Venus? whose face how much wee scorne,

"appeares by this, that, for the most part we use her "aversly and preposterously. Rather let our Lucifer glory "in Lucifer the Calaritan Bishop; not therefore because "he is placed amongst Heretiques, onely for affirming the "propagation of the soule; but especially for this, that "he was the first that opposed the dignity of Princes, and "imprinted the names of Antichrist, Judas, and other "stigmatique markes upon the Emperour; But for you, "what new thing have you invented, by which our "Lucifer gets any thing? What cares hee whether the "earth travell, or stand still? Hath your raising up of "the earth into heaven, brought men to that confidence, "that they build new towers or threaten God againe? " Or do they out of this motion of the earth conclude, that "there is no hell, or deny the punishment of sin? Do not "men beleeve? do they not live just, as they did before? "Besides, this detracts from the dignity of your learning, "and derogates from your right and title of comming to "this place, that those opinions of yours may very well "be true. If therfore any man have honour or title to "this place in this matter, it belongs wholly to our " Clavius, who opposed himselfe opportunely against you, "and the truth, which at that time was creeping into "every mans minde. Hee only can be called the Author " of all contentions, and schoole-combats in this cause; " and no greater profit can bee hoped for heerein, but that " for such brabbles, more necessarie matters bee neglected. "And yet not onely for this is our Clavius to bee honoured, "but for the great paines also which hee tooke in the "Gregorian Calender, by which both the peace of the "Church, and Civill businesses have beene egregiously "troubled: nor hath heaven it selfe escaped his violence, "but hath ever since obeied his apointments: so that "S. Stephen, John Baptist, and all the rest, which have "bin commanded to worke miracles at certain appointed "daies, where their Reliques are preserved, do not now "attend till the day come, as they were accustomed, but

" are awaked ten daies sooner, and constrained by him to "come downe from heaven to do that businesse; But "your inventions can scarce bee called yours, since long " before you, Heraclides, Ecphantus, and Aristarchus thrust "them into the world: who notwithstanding content "themselves with lower roomes amongst the other Phil-" osophers, and aspire not to this place, reserved onely for "Antichristian Heroes: neither do you agree so wel "amongst your selves, as that you can be said to have "made a Sect, since, as you have perverted and changed "the order and Scheme of others: so Tycho Brache hath "done by yours, and others by his. Let therefore this "little Mathematitian (dread Emperour) withdraw him-" selfe to his owne company. And if hereafter the fathers " of our Order can draw a Cathedral Decree from the Pope, "by which it may be defined as a matter of faith: That " the earth doth not move; and an Anathema inflicted upon "all which hold the contrary: then perchance both the "Pope which shall decrée that, and Copernicus his "followers, (if they be Papists) may have the dignity of "this place." Lucifer signified his assent; and Copernicus, without muttering a word, was as quiet, as he thinks the sunne, when he which stood next him, entred into his place. To whom Lucifer said: "And who are you?" Hee answered, "Philippus Aureolus Theophrastus Para-" celsus Bombast of Hohenheim." At this Lucifer trembled, as if it were a new Exorcisme, and he thought it might well be the first verse of Saint John, which is alwaies imployed in Exorcismes, and might now bee taken out of the Welsh, or Irish Bibles. But when hee understood that it was but the webbe of his name, hee recollected himselfe, and raising himselfe upright, asked what he had to say to the great Emperour Sathan, Lucifer, Belzebub, Leviathan, Abaddon. Paracelsus replyed, " It were "an injurie to thee, ô glorious Emperour, if I should "deliver before thee, what I have done, as thogh al those "things had not proceeded from thee, which seemed to

" have bin done by me, thy organe and conduit: yet since "I shal rather be thy trumpet herein, than mine own, "some things may be uttered by me. Besides therfore "that I broght all Methodicall Phisitians, and the art it "selfe into so much contempt, that that kind of phisick "is almost lost; This also was ever my principal " purpose, that no certaine new Art, nor fixed rules might " be established, but that al remedies might be dangerously "drawne from my uncertaine, ragged, and unperfect "experiments, in triall whereof, how many men have "beene made carkases? And falling upon those times "which did abound with paradoxicall, and unusuall "diseases, of all which, the pox, which then began to "rage, was almost the center and sinke; I ever professed "an assured and an easy cure thereof, least I should "deterre any from their licentiousnesse, And whereas "almost all poysons are so disposed and conditioned by " nature, that they offend some of the senses, and so are "easily discerned and avoided, I brought it to passe, that "that trecherous quality of theirs might bee removed, and " so they might safely bee given without suspicion, and "yet performe their office as strongly. All this I must " confesse, I wrought by thy minerals and by thy fires, but " yet I cannot dispaire of my reward, because I was thy "first Minister and instrument, in these innovations." By this time Ignatius had observed a tempest risen in Lucifers countenance: for he was just of the same temper as Lucifer, and therefore suffered with him in every thing, and felt al his alterations. That therefore he might deliver him from Paracelsus, hee said; "You must not thinke "sir, that you may heere draw out an oration to the pro-" portion of your name. It must be confessed, that you "attempted great matters, and well becomming a great "officer of Lucifer, when you undertook not onely to "make a man, in your Alimbicks, but also to preserve him "immortall. And it cannot be doubted, but that out of "your Commentaries upon the Scriptures, in which you

"were utterly ignorant, many men have taken occasion " of erring, and thereby this kingdome much indebted to "you. But must you therefore have accesse to this secret "place? what have you compassed, even in Phisicke it "selfe, of which wee Jesuits are ignorant? For though " our Ribadenegra have reckoned none of our Order, which " hath written in Physicke, yet how able and sufficient wee " are in that faculty, I will bee tryed by that Pope, who "hath given a priveledge to Jesuites to practise Phisicke, "and to be present at Death-beds, which is denyed to "other Orders: for why should hee deny us their bodies, "whose soules he delivers to us? and since he hath "transferd upon us the power to practise Physick, he may "justly be thought to have transferd upon us the Art it "selfe, by the same Omnipotent Bul; since hee which " graunts the end, is by our Rules of law presumed to have "graunted all meanes necessary to that end. Let me "(dread Emperour,) have leave to speake truth before "thee; These men abuse and profane too much thy "mettals, which are the bowels, and treasure of thy "kingdome: For what doth Physicke profit thee? " Physicke is a soft, and womanish thing. For since no " medicine doth naturally draw bloud, that science is not "fit nor worthy of our study, Besides why should those "things, which belong to you, bee employed to preserve " from deiseases, or to procure long life? were it not fitter, "that your brother, and colleague, the Bishop of Rome, "which governes upon the face of your earth, and gives "dayly increase to your kingdome, should receive from "you these helps and subsidies? To him belonges all "the Gold, to him all the pretious stones, conceal'd in " your entrailes, wherby hee might baite and ensnare the " Princes of the earth, through their Lord, and coun-"sellours meanes to his obedience, and to receive his " commandements, especially in these times, when almost " everywhere his auncient rights and tributes are denied " unto him. To him belongs your Iron, and the ignobler

"mettals, to make engines; To him belong your Minerals apt for poyson; To him, the Saltpeter, and all the Elements of Gun-powder, by which he may demolish and overthrow Kings and Kingdomes, and Courts, and seates of Justice. Neither doth Paracelsus truly deserve the name of an Innovator, whose doctrine, Severinus and his other followers do referre to the most ancient times. Thinke therefore your selfe well satisfied, if you be admitted to governe in chiefe that Legion of homicidePhisitians, and of Princes which shall be made away by poyson in the midst of their sins, and of woemen tempting by paintings and face-phisicke. Of all which sorts great numbers will daily come hither out of your Academy."

Content with this sentence, Paracelsus departed; and Machiavel succeeded, who having observed Ignatius his forwardness, and saucinesse, and how, uncal'd, he had thrust himselfe into the office of kings Atturney, thought this stupid patience of Copernicus, and Paracelsus (men which tasted too much of their Germany) unfit for a Florentine: and therefore had provided some venemous darts, out of his Italian Arsenal, to cast against this worne souldier of Pampelune, this French-spanish mungrell, Ignatius. But when he thought better upon it, and observed that Lucifer ever approved whatsoever Ignatius sayd, he suddenly changed his purpose; and putting on another resolution, he determined to direct his speech to Ignatius, as to the principall person next to Lucifer, as well by this meanes to sweeten and mollifie him, as to make Lucifer suspect, that by these honors and specious titles offered to Ignatius, and entertained by him, his owne dignity might bee eclipsed, or clouded; and that Ignatius by winning to his side, politique men, exercised in civill businesses, might attempt some innovation in that kingdome. Thus therefore he began to speake. "Dread "Emperour, and you, his watchfull and diligent Genius, "father Ignatius, Archchancellor of this Court, and highest " Priest of this highest Synagogue (except the primacy of "the Romane Church reach also unto this place) let me "before I descend to my selfe, a little consider, speake, " and admire your stupendious wisedome, and the govern-"ment of this state. You may vouchsafe to remember " (great Emperour) how long after the Nazarens death, you "were forced to live a solitarie, a barren, and an Eremiti-"call life: till at last (as it was ever your fashion to "imitate heaven) out of your aboundant love, you begot "this deerely beloved sonne of yours, Ignatius, which "stands at your right hand. And from both of you pro-" ceedes a spirit, whom you have sent into the world, who "triumphing both with Mitre and Crowne, governes your "Militant Church there. As for those sonnes of Ignatius, "who either he left alive, or were borne after his death, "and your spirit, the Bishop of Rome; how justly and " properly may they be called Equivocal men? And not " only Equivocall in that sence, in which the Popes Legates, " at your Nicene Councel were called Equivocal, because " they did agree in all their opinions, and in all their words: "but especially because they have brought into the world " a new art of Equivocation. O wonderfull, and incredible "Hypercritiques, who, not out of marble fragments, but "out of the secretest Records of Hell itselfe: that is, out " of the minds of Lucifer, the Pope, and Ignatius, (persons "truly equivocall) have raised to life againe the language " of the Tower of Babel, so long concealed, and brought "us againe from understanding one an other. For my " part (ô noble paire of Emperours) that I may freely con-" fesse the truth, all which I have done, wheresoever there " shall be mention made of the Jesuites, can be reputed "but childish; for this honor I hope will not be denied " me, that I brought in an Alphabet, and provided certaine "Elements, and was some kind of schoolmaister in pre-" paring them a way to higher undertakings; yet it grieves "me, and makes me ashamed, that I should be ranked "with this idle and Chymaericall Copernicus, or this

"cadaverous vulture, Paracelsus, I scorne that those gates, "into which such men could conceive any hope of en-"trance, should not voluntarily flie open to mee: yet I " can better endure the rashnesse and fellowship of Para-"celsus, than the other: because hee having beene con-"veniently practised in the butcheries, and mangling of "men, hee had the reason to hope for favour of the " Jesuites: For I my selfe went alwaies that way of bloud, "and therefore I did ever preferre the sacrifices of the "Gentiles, and of the Jewes, which were performed with "effusion of bloud (whereby not only the people, but the "Priests also were animated to bold enterprises) before "the soft and wanton sacrifices of Christians. If I might "have had my choyce, I should rather have wished, that "the Romane Church had taken the Bread, than the Wine, "from the people, since in the wine there is some colour, "to imagine and represent blood. Neither did you, (most "Reverend Bishop of this Dioces, Ignatius) abhorre from "this way of blood. For having consecrated your first "age to the wars, and growne somewhat unable to follow "that course, by reason of a wound; you did presently "begin to thinke seriously of a spirituall warre, against "the Church, and found meanes to open waies, even into "Kings chambers, for your executioners. Which dig-"nitie, you did not reserve onely to your own Order, but "(though I must confesse, that the foundation, and the "nourishment of this Doctrine remaines with you, and is "peculiar to you,) out of your infinite liberalitie you have "vouchsafed sometime, to use the hands of other men in "these imploiments. And therefore as well as they, who "have so often in vaine attempted it in England, as they "which have brought their great purposes to effect in "Fraunce, are indebted only to you for their courage and "resolution. But yet although the entrance into this place "may be decreed to none, but the Innovators, and onely "such of them as have dealt in Christian businesse; and "of them also, to those only which have had the fortune

" to doe much harme, I cannot see but that next to the "Jesuites, I must bee invited to enter, since I did not " onely teach those wayes, by which, thorough perfidious-"nesse and dissembling of Religion, a man might possesse, "and usurpe upon the liberty of free Commonwealths; " but also did arme and furnish the people with my in-" structions, how when they were under this oppression, "they might safeliest conspire, and remove a tyrant, or " revenge themselves of their Prince, and redeeme their "former losses; so that from both sides, both from " Prince and People, I brought an aboundant harvest, and "a noble encrease to this kingdome." By this time I perceived Lucifer to bee much moved with this Oration, and to incline much towards Machiavel. For he did acknowledge him to bee a kind of Patriarke, of those whom they call Laymen. And he had long observed, that the Clergie of Rome tumbled downe to Hell daily, easily, voluntarily, and by troupes, because they were accustomed to sinne against their conscience, and knowledge; but that the Layitie sinning out of a slouthfulnesse, and negligence of finding the truth, did rather offend by ignorance, and omission. And therefore he thought himselfe bound to reward Machiavel, which had awakened this drowsie and implicite Layitie to greater, and more bloody undertakings. Besides this, since Ignatius could not bee denied the place, whose ambitions and turbulencies Lucifer understood very wel, he thought Machiavel a fit and necessarie instrument to oppose against him; that so the skales beeing kept even by their factions, hee might governe in peace, and two poysons mingled might do no harme. But hee could not hide this intention from Ignatius, more subtil than the Devill, and the verier Lucifer of the two: Therefore Ignatius rushed out, threw himselfe downe at Lucifers feet, and groveling on the ground adored him. Yet certainly, Vasques would not cal this idolatry, because in the shape of the Devil hee worshipped him, whom hee accounted the true God. Here Ignatius cried, and thundred out,

With so great noise and horror, That had that powder taken fire, by which All the Isle of Britaine had flowne to the Moone, It had not equalled this noise and horror.

And when he was able to speak distinctly, thus hee spoke. " It cannot be said (unspeakable Emperour) how much this "obscure Florentine hath transgressed against thee, and "against the Pope thy image-bearer, (whether the word "bee accepted, as Gratian takes it, when he calles the "Scriptures, Imaginarie Bookes; or as they take it, which "give that style to them who carrie the Emperours image "in the field;) and last of all against our Order. Durst "any man before him, thinke upon this kinde of injurie "and calumnie, as to hope that he should be able to "flatter, to catch, to entrap Lucifer himselfe? Certainely "whosoever flatters any man, and presents him those " praises, which in his owne opinion are not due to him, "thinkes him inferiour to himselfe and makes account, "that he hath taken him prisoner, and triumphs over "him. Who ever flatters, either he derides, or (at the "best) instructs. For there may bee, even in flattery, an "honest kind of teaching, if Princes, by being told that "they are already indued with all vertues necessary for "their functions, be thereby taught what those vertues "are, and by a facile exhortation excited to endeavour to "gaine them. But was it fit that this fellow, should dare "either to deride you, or (which is the greater injury) to "teach you? Can it be beleeved, that he delivers your praises from his heart, and doth not rather herein follow "Gratians levity; who saies, That you are called Prince of "the world, as a king at Chests, or as the Cardinall of "Ravenna, onely by derision? This man, whilst he lived, "attributed so much to his own wit, that hee never "thought himselfe beholden to your helps, and insinua-"tions; and was so farre from invoking you, or sacrificing "to you, that he did not so much as acknowledge your "kingdome, nor beleeve that there was any such thing in

"nature as you. I must confesse, that hee had the same " opinion of God also, and therefore deserves a place here, "and a better than any of the Pagan or Gentile idolaters: "for, in every idolatrie, and false worship, there is some "Religion, and some perverse simplicitie, which tastes of "humilitie; from all which, this man was very free, when " in his heart he utterly denyed that there was any God. "Yet since he thoght so in earnest, and beleeved that "those things which hee affirmed were true, hee must not "be rancked with them, which having beene sufficiently "instructed of the true God, and beleeving him to be so, "doe yet fight against him in his enemies armie. Neither "ought it to be imputed to us as a fault, that sometimes "in our exorcismes wee speake ill of you, and call you "Hereticke, and Drunkard, and Whisperer, and scabbed "Beast, and Conjure the elements that they should not " receive you, and threaten you with Indissoluble Damna-"tion, and torments a thousand thousand times worse than "you suffer yet. For these things, you know, are done out " of a secret covenant and contract betweene us, and out " of Mysteries, which must not bee opened to this Neo-"phite, who in our Synagogue is yet but amongst the "Cathecumeni. Which also we acknowledge of Holy "Water, and our Agnus Dei, of which you doe so wisely "dissemble a feare, when they are presented to you: "For certainly, if there were any true force in them, to " deliver Bodies from Diseases, soules from sinnes, and the " Elements from Spirits, and malignant impressions, (as in "the verses which Urban the fift sent with his Agnus Dei "to the Emperour it is pretended); it had beene reason, "that they should first have exercised their force upon "those verses, and so have purged and delivered them, if "not from Heresie, yet from Barbarousnesse, and solae-" cismes; that Heretiques might not justly say, there was " no truth in any of them, but onely the last; which is,

[&]quot; That the least peece which thence doth fall,

[&]quot; Will doe one as much good as all.

"And though our Order have adventured further in " Exorcismes than the rest, yet that must be attributed to " a speciall priviledge, by which wee have leave to ques-"tion any possessed person, of what matters we will; "whereas all other Orders are miserably bound to the "present matter, and the businesse then in hand. For, "though I do not beleeve, that either from your selfe, or " from your vicar the Pope, any such priviledge is issued; " yet our Cotton deserves to be praised, who being ques-"tioned, how he durst propose certaine seditious Inter-"rogatories to a possessed person, to deliver himselfe, "fained such a priviledge; and with an un-heard-of bold-"nesse, and a new kind of falsifying, did (in a manner) "counterfeit Lucifers hand and seale, since none but he "onely could give this priviledge; But, if you consider "us out of this liberty in Exorcismes, how humble and " servile we are towards you, the Relations of Peru testifie "inough, where it is recorded, that when one of your "angels at midnight appeared to our Barcena alone in his "chamber, hee presently rose out of his chaire, and gave "him the place, whom he professed to bee farre worthier. "thereof, than he was. But to proceed now to the in-"juries, which this fellow hath done to the Bishop of "Rome, although very much might be spoken, yet by this "alone, his disposition may bee sufficiently discerned, "that he imputes to the Pope, vulgar and popular sinnes, "farre unworthy of his greatnesse. Weake praising, is a "kind of Accusing, and wee detract from a mans honour, if when wee praise him for small things, and would " seeme to have said all, we conceale greater. Perchance "this man had seen some of the Catalogues of Reserv'd "Cases, which every yeare the Popes encrease, and he " might thinke, that the Popes did therefore reserve these " sinnes to themselves, that they only might commit them. "But either hee is ignorant, or injurious to them. For, " can they bee thought to have taken away the libertie of " sinning from the people, who do not onely suffer men

"to keepe Concubines, but sometimes doe commaund "them? who make S. Peter beholden to the stewes, for "part of his revenue: and who excuse women from the " infamous name of whore, till they have delivered them-"selves over to 23000 men? The Professors of which "Religion teach, that Universitie men, which keep whores " in their chambers, may not be expeld for that, because it " ought to be presumed before hand, that schollers will not " live without them. Shal he be thought to have a purpose " of deterring others from sinne, which provides so well " for their security, that he teaches, that he may dispense " in all the commaundements of the second Table, and in all "moral law, and that those commandements of the second "table can neither be called Principles, nor Conclusions, "necessarily deduced from Principles? And therefore, (as "they ever love that manner of teaching) hee did illustrate "his Rule with an Example, and dispensed in a mariage "between Brother and Sister, and hath hoorded up so "many Indulgencies in one barne, the citie of Rome, that "it is easie for any man in an houre, or two, to draw out "Pardons inough for 100000 yeares. How cleare a wit-" nesse of this liberality is Leo 10, who only for rehearsing "once the Lords praier, and thrise repeating the name of "Jesu (bee it spoken heere without horrour) hath given "3000 yeares indulgence! How profuse a Steward or "Auditor was Boniface, who acknowledges so many In-" dulgences to be in that one Church of Lateran, that none "but God can number them! Besides these, plenary In-"dulgences are given, not only to the Franciscans them-"selves, but to their Parents also: and to any which dies "in their habit; and to any which desire that they may "do so; and to those who are wrapped in it after death, "though they did not desire it; and five yeares Indulgence "to those who doe but kisse it. And at last, Glement 7. "by a priviledge first given to one Order, (which since is "communicated to our Order, as the priviledge of all "other Orders are) gave to any who should but visite a

" place belonging to them, or any other place, if hee could "not come thither: or if he could come to no such place, "yet if he had but a desire to it, All indulgences which had "beene graunted, or heereafter should be graunted in the "universal world. And though it be true, that if in any "of these Indulgences a certaine sum of money were "limited to bee given (as for the most part it is;) a poore "man, which could not give that money, though he were "never so contrite for his sins, could have no benefit "thereby: and though Gerson durst call those Indul-"gences foolish, and superstitious, which gave 20000 "yeares pardon for rehearsing one praier, yet they do "aboundantly testifie the Popes liberall disposition, and "that he is not so covetous in reserving sinnes to him-" selfe; But if perchance once in an hundred yeares, some "one of the scumme of the people be put to death for " Sodomy; and that, not so much for the offence, as for "usurping the right of the Ecclesiastique Princes, wee "must not much lament nor grudge at that, since it is "onely done to discontinue, and interrupt a praescription, "to gaine which Title, the Layety hath ever beene very "forward against the Clergie: for even in this kinde of "his delicacies, the Pope is not so reserved and covetous, "but that he allowes a taste thereof to his Cardinals, whom "you once called Carpidineros, (by an elegancy proper "onely to your Secritaries, the Monkes) in an Epistle "which you writ to one of that Colledge: For since, the "Cardinals are so compacted into the Pope, and so made "his owne body: That it is not lawfull for them, without " licence first obtained from him, to be let bloud in a Fever, "what may be denied unto them? Or what kind of sin "is likely to be left out of their glorious priviledges, "which are at least 200? Which Order the Pope can no "more remove out of the Ecclesiastique Hierarchy, than "hee can Bishops; both because Cardinals were instituted " by God, and because the Apostles themselves were Cardinals "before they were Bishops. Whom also in their creation "he stiles his brothers, and Princes of the world, and Co-"judges of the whole earth: and to perfect all: That there " are so many Kings as there are Cardinals. O fearefull "body; and as in many other things, so in this especialy "monstrous, that they are not able to propagate their "species: For all the Cardinals in a vacancy are not able " to make one Cardinal more. To these men certainly the " Pope doth no more grudge the plurality of sins, than he "doth of Benefices. And he hath beene content, that " even Borgia shoud enjoy this dignity, if hee hath heaped "up, by his ingenious wickednesse, more sorts of sins in "one Act, than (as far as I know) as any the Popes them-"selves have attempted: For he did not only give the "full reine to his licentiousnesse, but raging with a second " ambition, hee would also change the Sex. Therein also "his stomacke was not towardes young beardlesse boyes, " nor such greene fruit: for hee did not thinke, that hee "went farre inough from the right Sex, except hee had a "manly, a reverend and a bearded Venus. Neither staied "he there; but his witty lust proceeded further: yet he " sollicited not the Minions of the Popes; but striving to " equall the licentiousnesse of Sodomits, which would have "had the Angels; to come as neare them as hee could, "hee tooke a Cleargy-man, one of the portion and lot of "the. Lord: and so made the maker of God, a Priest " subject to his lust; nor did hee seeke him out in a Cloy-"ster, or Quire; but that his Venus might bee the more "monstrous, hee would have her in a Mitre. And yet his " prodigious lust was not at the height; as much as hee " could he added: and having found a Man a Cleargy-man, " a Bishop, he did not sollicite him with entreaties, and "rewards, but ravished him by force. Since then the " Popes doe, out of the fulnesse of their power, come to "those kindes of sinne, which have neither Example nor " Name, insomuch that Pope Paulus Venetus, which used "to paint himselfe, and desired to seeme a woman, was "called the Goddesse Cibele (which was not without

"mysterie, since, prostitute boyes are sacred to that God-"desse,) and since they do not graunt ordinarily that "liberty of practising sinnes, till they have used their "owne right and priviledge of Prevention and Anticipa-"tion, This pratling fellow Machiavell doth but trea-"cherously, and dishonestly prevaricate, and betraie the "cause, if hee thinke hee hath done inough for the dignity "of the Popes, when he hath affoorded to them sins "common to all the world. The transferring of Empires, "the ruine of Kingdomes, the Excommunications, and "depositions of Kings, and devastations by fire and sword, "should have bene produced as their marks and charac-"ters: for though the examples of the Popes transferring "the Empire, which our men so much stand upon, bee "not indeede true, nor that the ancient Popes practised "any such thing; yet since the states-men of our Order, "wiser than the rest, have found how much this Temporal "jurisdiction over Princes, conduces to the growth of the "Church, they have perswaded the Popes, that this is not "only lawfull for them, but often practised heeretofore: "And therefore they provide, that the Canons and His-"tories bee detorted to that opinion: for though one of "our Order doe weaken that famous Canon, Nos sanc-"torum, which was used still to bee produced for this "doctrine, yet hee did it then, when the King of Great "Britaine was to bee mollified and sweetned towardes us, "and the lawes to bee mitigated, and when himselfe had "put on the name Eudaemon. But let him returne to his "true state, and professe himselfe a Cacodaemon, and he "will bee of our opinion. In which respect also wee may "pardon our Cudsemius his rashnesse, when he denies the "English nation to be heretiques, because they remaine in a "perpetuall succession of Bishops: For herein these men "have thought it fit, to follow, in their practise, that "Translation, which reades the words of Paul: Serve the "time, and not that which saies: Serve the Lord. As for "the injury which this petty companion hath offered to "our Order, since in our wrongs, both yours, and the "Popes Majesty is wounded; since to us, as to your "Dictators, both you have given that large and auncient "Commission: That wee should take care that the state " take no harme, we cannot doubt of our revenge: yet "this above all the rest, doth especially vexe me, that "when he calls me Prelate, and Bishop, (names which "wee so much abhorre and detest) I know well, that out "of his inward malignity, hee hath a relation to Bellar-"mines, and Tolets sacrilegious Vow-breaking ambitions, "by which they imbraced the Cardinalship, and other "Church-dignities: but herein this poore fellow, un-" acquainted with our affaires, is deceived, being ignorant, "that these men, by this act of beeing thus incorporated " into the Pope are so much the neerer to their Center and "finall happinesse, this chamber of Lucifer, and that by "the breach of a vow, which themselves thought just, "they have got a new title therunto: For the Cardinalship " is our Martyrdome: and though not many of our Order, "have had that strength, that they have beene such " Martyrs, and that the Popes themselves have beene "pleased to transferre this persecution into the other "Orders, who have had more Cardinals than wee; yet "without doubt, for such of ours which have had so much " courage, new Crownes, and new Garlands, appropriate "to our Martyrs, are prepared for them in this their "Heaven; because, being inabled by greater meanes, they "are fitter for greater mischiefes. Wee therefore lament "the weaknesse of our Laynez, and our Borgia, who " refused the Cardinalship offered by Paulus 4. and Julius "3; (for in this place and this meeting it is not unfit to "say they did so) even amongst the auncient Romans, "when they sacrificed to you those sacrifices, which "offered any resistance, were ever reputed unaccepted: "And therefore our Bellarmine deserves much praise, "who finding a new Genius and courage in his new Car-"dinalship, set out his Retractations, and corrected all

"those places in his workes, which might any way bee "interpreted in the favour of Princes. But let us pass "over all these things: for wee understand one another "well inough; and let us more particularly consider those "things, which this man, who pretends to exceed all "Auncient and Moderne States-men, boasts to have beene "done by him. Though truly no man will easily beleeve, "that hee hath gone farre in any thing, which did so tire "at the beginning, or mid-way, that having seene the "Pope, and knowne him, yet could never come to the "knowledge of the Devill. I know what his excuse and "escape wil be: that things must not be extended in-"finitly; that wee must consist and arrest somewhere, "and that more meanes and instruments ought not to be "admitted, where the matter may be dispatched by "fewer. When therefore he was sure that the Bishop of "Rome was the cause of all mischiefe, and the first mover "therof, he chose rather to settle and determine in him, "than by acknowledging a Divel, to induce a new tyrany, "and to be driven to confesse, that the Pope had usurped "upon the divels right, which opinion, if any man bee "pleased to maintaine, we do not forbid him: but yet it "must be an argument to us of no very nimble wit, if a "man do so admire the Pope, that he leave out the Divell, "and so worship the Image, without relation to the pro-"totype and first patterne. But besides this, how idle, "and how very nothings they are, which he hath shoveld "together in his bookes, this makes it manifest, that some "of every Religion, and of every profession, have risen up "against him, and no man attempted to defend him: "neither doe I say this, because I think his doctrine the "worse for that, but it is therefore the lesse artificially "caried, and the lesse able to worke those endes to which "it is directed. For our parts wee have not proceeded so: "For wee have dished and dressed our precepts in these "affaires, with such cunning, that when our owne men "produce them to ensnare and establish our puples, then

"we put upon them the majesty and reverence of the "Doctrine of the Church, and of the common opinion: "But when our adversaries alleadge then, either to cast "envy upon us, or to deterre the weaker sort, then they " are content with a lower roome, and vouchsafe to step " aside into the ranck of private opinions. And the Canons "themselves are with us sometimes glorious, in their "mitres and pontificall habits, and sound nothing but "meere Divine resolutions out of the Chaire it selfe, and " so have the force of Oracles; somtimes we say they are "ragged and lame, and do but whisper with a doubtfull "and uncertaine murmure, a hollow cloistral, or an "eremitical voice, and so have no more authority, than "those poore men which writ them: sometimes we say "they were but rashly thrown into the peoples ears out " of pulpits, in the Homilies of fathers; sometimes that "they were derived out of such Councels as suffered " abortion, and were delivered of their children, which are "their Canons, before inanimation, which is the Popes " assent, or out of such Councels, as are now discontinued "and dead, (howsoever they remained, long time in use "and lively and in good state of health) and therefore " cannot be thought fit to be used now, or applyed in civil "businesses; sometimes wee say the Popes voyce is in "them by this approbation; sometimes that onely the "voyce of those authors, from whom they are taken, "speakes in them. And accordingly we deliver divers "and various Phylosophy upon our Gratian, who com-" piled them; sometimes we allow him the honour and " dignity of Diamonds and the nobler sort of stones, which "have both their cleerenesse, and their firmenesse from "this, that they are compacted of lesse parts, and atomes, "than others are: and so is Gratian; whom for the same "cause, sometimes we account but a hil of many sands " cast together, and very unfit to receive any foundation. "I must confesse, that the fathers of our Order, out of a " youthfull fiercenesse, which made them dare and under-

"take any thing (for our order was scarce at yeares at that "time) did amisse in inducing the Councell of Trent to "establish certaine Rules and Definitions, from which it "might not be lawfull to depart: for indeed there is no " remedy, but that sometimes wee must depart from them: "nor can it be dissembled, that both the writers of our "Order, and the Dominicans have departed from them in "that great war and Tragedy lately raised at Rome, about "Grace and Free-wil. For it is not our purpose, that the "writings of our men should be so ratified, that they may "not be changed, so that they bee of our Order which "change them: so by the same liberty, which Dæmon-"Joannes hath taken in delivering the King of Britaine "from the danger of Deposition; (because as yet no sen-"tence is given against him) and also from many other "Canons, which others thinke may justly bee discharged "against him, it will be as lawfull for us, when that "kingdome shal be inough stupified with this our Opium, "to restore those Canons to their former vigor, and to "awake that state out of her Lethargy, either with her " owne heat, intestine warre, or by some Medicine drawne "from other places: for Princes have all their securities "from our indulgence, and from the slacke and gentle "interpretation of the Canons: they are but privileges, "which since they are derived, and receive life from us, "they may be by us diminished, revoked, and anulled: "for as it was lawfull for Mariana to depart from the "doctrine of the Councel of Constance, so it was lawfull "for Cotton to depart from Mariana: which, notwith-"standing, wee would have onely lawfull for our Order, "to whom it is given to know times, and secrets of state: " for we see the Sorbonists themselves, (which may seeme "to have an Aristocratical Papacie amongst themselves) "though they laboured to destroy the doctrine of Mariana, "did yet wisely forbeare to name him, or any other Jesuit, "which was a modesty that I did not hope for at their "hands; since, before I dyed, they made one Decree

"against me: but yet therein, I thinke somewhat may "bee attributed to my patience, and providence; who "knowing their strength, and our owne infancy, forbad " all of my Order to make any answere to that Decree of "theirs: neither were we so Herculean as to offer to " strangle Serpents in our cradle. But yet since after that "time, they have beene often provoked by our men: " (for I gave not so iron a Rule and Precepts to my Dis-" ciples, as Francis did to his who would have not his Rule "applyed to times and to new occasions) certainly they "might have bin excused, if they had beene at this time "sharper against us. And if the Parliament of Paris "thought it not fit to carry the matter so modestly in their " Arrest against Mariana, but made both the Booke, and "the Doctrine, and the Man, infamous: What should "wee say more of it, but that it is a Gyant, and a wilde "beast, which our men could never tame: for still it " cryes and howles, The Pope is bound to proceede lawfully " and Canonically; and this they malitiously interprete of "their owne lawes, and of auncient Canons, which they "hope to bring into use againe, by an insensible way of "Arrest, and Sentences in that Court. This then is the "point of which wee accuse Machiavell, that he carried "not his Mine so safely, but that the enemy perceived it "still. But wee, who have received the Church to be as "a ship, do freely saile in the deep sea; we have an " anchor, but wee have not cast it yet, but keepe it ever "in our power, to cast it, and weigh it at our pleasure. " And we know well enough, that as to sailing shippes, so "to our sailing Church, all rocks, all promontories, all " firme and fast places are dangerous, and threaten ship-"wracke, and therefore to be avoyded, and liberty and " sea-roome to bee affected; yet I doe not obstinatly say, "that there is nothing in Machiavels commentary, which "may be of use to this Church. Certainely there is very "much; but wee are not men of that poverty, that wee "neede begge from others, nor dignify those things with "our prayses, which proceede not from our selves. The "Senate of Rome gave us heeretofore a noble example of "this temperance and abstinence, which therefore refused "to place Christ amongst their gods, because the matter "was proposed by the Emperour, and begunne not in "themselves. As for that particular, wherein Machiavel "useth especially to glory; which is, that he brought in "the liberty of dissembling, and lying, it hath neither "foundation nor colour: For not onely Plato, and other "fashioners of Common-wealths, allowed the libertie of "lying, to Magistrates, and to Physicians; but we also "considering the fathers of the Church, Origen, Chrysos-"tome, Hierome, have not onely found that doctrine in "them, but wee have also delivered them from all impu-"tation, and reprehension by this evasion: That it was " lawfull for them to maintaine that opinion, till some defini-"tion of the Church had established the contrarie. Which "certainely, (though this should not be openly spoken of) "as yet was never done. But yet wee have departed from "this doctrine of free lying, though it were received in "practise, excused by the Fathers, strengthened by "examples of Prophets and Angels, in the Scriptures, "and so almost established by the law of Nations, and " Nature; onely for this reason, because we were not the "first Authors of it. But wee have supplied this losse with "another doctrine, lesse suspitious; and yet of as much "use for our Church; which is Mentall Reservation, and "Mixt propositions. The libertie therefore of lying, is "neither new, nor safe, as almost all Machiavells precepts " are so stale and obsolete, that our Serarius using, I must " confesse, his Jesuiticall liberty of wilde anticipation, did "not doubt to call Herod, who lived so long before "Machiavell, a Machiavellian. But that at one blow wee "may cut off all his reasons, and all his hopes, this I "affirme, this I pronounce; that all his bookes, and all "his deedes, tend onely to this, that thereby a way may "be prepared to the ruine and destruction of that part of

"this Kingdome, which is established at Rome: for what " else doth hee endeavour or go about, but to change the " forme of common-wealth, and so to deprive the people " (who are a soft, a liquid and ductile mettall, and apter " for our impressions) of all their liberty: and having so "destroyed all civility and re-publique, to reduce all "states to Monarchies; a name which in secular states, "wee doe so much abhor, (I cannot say it without teares,) "but I must say it, that not any one Monarch is to be " found, which either hath not withdrawne himselfe wholy "from our kingdome, or wounded and endamadged in "some weighty point: hereupon our Cotton confesses, "that the authority of the Pope is incomparably lesse than "it was, and that now the Christian Church, (which can "agree to none but the Romanes,) is but a diminutive. "And hereupon also it is, that the Cardinals, who were "wont to meete oftner, meete now but once in a weeke, " because the businesses of the Court of Rome growe fewer. "To forbeare therefore mentioning of the Kings of " Britaine, and Denmarke, and the other Monarkes of the "first sort, which have utterly cast off Rome; even in "France, our enemies are so much encreased, that they " equal us almost in number: and for their strength, they "have this advantage above us, that they agree within "themselves, and are at unity with their neighbour "Refourmed Churches; whereas our men, which call "themselves Catholick there, doe so much differ from the "Romane Catholick, that they do not onely preferre "Councels, but even the king, before the Pope, and ever-"more oppose those their two great Gyants, Gog and " Magog, their Parliament of Paris, and their Colledge of " Sorbon, against all our endeavours. Besides all this, we " languish also miserably in Spaine, where Cleargy men, if "they breake their fealty to their Lord, are accused of "treason; where Ecclesiasticall persons are subject to " secular judgement, and, if they be sacreligious, are burnt " by the Ordinarie Magistrate: which are doctrines and

"practises, contrary, and dangerous to us. And though "they will seeme to have given almost halfe the kingdome " to the church, and so to have divided equally; yet those "Graunts are so infected, with pensions, and other bur-"dens, by which the kings servants, and the yonger sons " of great persons are maintained, that this greatnesse of "the Church there is rather a dropsie, than a sound state " of health, established by wel-concocted nourishment, "and is rather done, to cast an Envy upon the Church, "than to give any true Majestie to it. And even in usurp-"ing Ecclesiasticall Jurisdiction, the kings of Spaine have "not onely exceeded the kings of Fraunce, but also of "Britany. For (says Baronius of that king) there is now risen "up a new Head, a monster, and a wonder. He Excommuni-" cates, and he Absolves: And he practiseth this power even " against Bishops, and Cardinals: He stops Appeales, and "he acknowledges no superiority in the sea of Rome, but "onely in case of Prevention: And therefore, the name "Monarch, is a hatefull and execrable name to us. "Against which, Baronius hath thundred with such "violence, such fiercenesse, and such bitternesse, that I "could hardly adde any thing thereunto, if I should " speake (unspeakable Emperour) with thine owne tongue: "for he cals it an Adulterine name, and a Tower of Babel, " and threatens destruction to that king (though himselfe "were his subject) except he forbeare the name. In the "meane time, he resolves him to be a Tyrant, and pro-"nounces him to stand yearely Excommunicate by the "Bulla Cænae. Neither doth he offer to defend himselfe "with any other excuse, when a Cardinall reprehended "his fiercenes towards the king, than this; An Imperious "zeale, hath no power to spare God himselfe. And yet he "confesseth, that this zeale was kindled by the Popes " speciall command, and by his Oath taken, as Cardinall. "Neither hath our Bellarmine almost any other cause of "advauncing Monarchicall government so much as he "doth, than thereby to remove all secular men from so "great a dignitie, and to reserve it only to the Church. "It was therfore well done of that Rebullus (who now "begins to bee knowne in this state) when having sur-"feited with Calumnies against the French Church, and "her Ministers, he hath dared of late to draw his pen, "and to joyne battell against a most puissant forraine " Prince: hee did well (I say) and fitly, when hee called " Bellarmine and Baronius, The sword and buckler of the "Romane Church. And I cannot choose but thanke him " for affeording the Title of Sword to our Order: as well, "because after so many expositions of those words, " (Behold, here are two swords) which our side hath "gathered, to establish a temporall Jurisdiction in the " Pope, and which our Adversaries have removed, worne "out, or scorned, this man hath relieved us with a new, "and may seeme to intend by the two swords, the Popes " Excommunications, and the Jesuites Assassinates, and " King-killings; as also because he hath reserved to our " Order that soveraigne dignity, that as God himselfe was " pleased to defend his Paradice with fire and sword, so "we stand watchfull upon the borders of our Church, not "onely provided, as that Cherubin was with fire and "sword, but with the later invention of Gun-powder; " about the first inventour whereof I wonder, why Anti-" quaries should contend, whether it were the Divell or a " Frier, since that may be all one. But as (O unspeakable " Emperour) you have almost in all things endevoured to " imitate God: so have you most throughly performed it "in us: For when God attempted the Reformation of "his Church, it became you also to reforme yours. And "accordingly by your Capuchins, you did reforme your " Franciscans; which, before we arose, were your chiefest "labourers, and workemen: and after, you Reformed "your Capuchins, by your Recolets. And when you per-"ceived that in the Church of God, some men proceeded "so farre in that Reformation, that they endevoured to "draw out, not onely all the peccant and dangerous

"humours, but all her beautie, and exteriour grace and "Ornament, and even her vitall spirits, with her corrupt "bloud, and so induce a leannesse, and il-favourednes "upon her, and thought to cure a rigid coldnesse with a "fever, you also were pleased to follow that Example, and "so, in us, did Reforme, and awaken to higher enter-" prises, the dispositions as well of the Circumcellions, as " of the Assassins: for we do not limit our selves in that "lowe degree of the Circumcellions, when we urge and "provoke others to put us to death; nor of the Assassins "which were hired to kill some Kings, which passed "through their quarter: for we exceed them both, "because wee doe these things voluntarily, for nothing, "and every where. And as wee will bee exceeded by "none, in the thinge itselfe: so to such things as may "seeme mysticall and significant, wee oppose mysticall "things. And so, lest that Canon; That no Cleargy-man " should weare a knife with a point, might seeme to con-" cerne us, by some prophetical relation, we in our Rules "have opposed this precept: That our knife be often "whetted, and so kept in an apt readines for all uses: " for our divination lies in the contemplation of entrails; " in which art we are thus much more subtile than those "amongst the old Romans, that wee consider not the " entrails of Beasts, but the entrails of souls, in confessions, "and the entrails of Princes, in treasons; whose hearts "wee do not beleeve to be with us, till we see them: let "therefore this pratling Secretary hold his tongue, and "be content that his booke be had in such reputation, "as the world affoords to an Ephemerides, or yearely " Almanack, which being accommodated to certaine places, "and certaine times, may be of some short use in some "certaine place: and let the Rules and precepts of his "disciples, like the Canons of provincial Councels bee of "force there, where they were made, but onely ours "which pierce, and passe through all the world, retaine "the strength and vigour of Universall Councels. Let him

"enjoy some honourable place amongst the Gentiles; but "abstaine from all of our sides: neither when I say, Our "side, doe I only meane Moderne man: for in all times "in the Romane Church, there have bene Friers which "have farr exceeded Machiavel." Truely I thought this Oration of Ignatius very long: and I began to thinke of my body which I had so long abandoned, least it should putrifie, or grow mouldy, or bee buried; yet I was loath to leave the stage, till I saw the play ended: And I was in hope, that if any such thing should befall my body, the Jesuits, who work Miracles so familiarly, and whose reputation I was so careful of in this matter, would take compassion upon me, and restore me againe. But as I had sometimes observed

Feathers or strawes swimme on the waters face,
Brought to the bridge, where through a narrow place
The water passes, throwne backe, and delai'd;
And having daunced a while, and nimbly plai'd
Upon the watry circles, Then have bin
By the streames liquid snares, and jawes suck'd in
And suncke into the wombe of that swolne bourne,
Leave the beholder desperate of returne:

So I saw Machiavel often put forward, and often thrust back, and at last vanish. And looking earnestly upon Lucifers countenance, I perceived him to bee affected towardes Ignatius, as Princes, who though they envy and grudge, that their great Officers should have such immoderate meanes to get wealth; yet they dare not complaine of it, lest thereby they should make them odious and contemptible to the people; so that Lucifer now suffered a new Hell: that is, the danger of a Popular Divell, vaine-glorious, and inclined to innovations there. Therefore he determined to withdraw himselfe into his inward chamber, and to admit none but Ignatius: for he could not exclude him, who had deserved so well; neither did hee thinke it safe to stay without, and give him more

occasions to amplifie his owne worth, and undervalue all them there in publique, and before so many vulgar Divels. But as hee rose, a whole army of soules besieged him. And all which had invented any new thing, even in the smallest matters, thronged about him, and importuned an admission. Even those which had but invented new attire for woemen, and those whom Pancirollo hath recorded in his Commentaries for invention of Porcellan dishes, of Spectacles, of Quintans, of stirrups, and of Caviari, thrust themselves into the troupe. And of those, which pretended that they had squared the circle, the number was infinite. But Ignatius scattered all this cloud quickly, by commaunding, by chiding, by deriding, and by force and violence. Amongst the rest, I was sory to see him use Peter Aretine so ill as he did: For though Ignatius told him true when he boasted of his licentious pictures, that because he was not much learned, hee had left out many things of that kind, with which the ancient histories and poëmes abound; and that therefore Aretine had not onely not added any new invention, but had also taken away all courage and spurres from youth, which would rashly trust, and relie upon his diligence, and seeke no further, and so lose that infinite and precious treasure of Antiquitie. He added moreover, that though Raderus, and others of his Order, did use to gelde Poets, and other Authors: (and heere I could not choose but wonder, why they have not gelded their Vulgar Edition, which in some places hath such obscene words as the Hebrew tongue, which is therefore called Holy, doth so much abhorre, that no obscene things can be uttered in it) insomuch, that (as one of them very subtilly notes) the starre of Venus is very seldome called by that name in the Scripture: for how could it be, the word being not Hebrew? yet (said hee) our men doe not geld them to that purpose, that the memory thereof should bee abolished; but that when themselves had first tried, whether Tiberius his Spintria and Martialis symplegma, and others of that kinde,

were not rather Chimeraes, and speculations of luxuriant wits, than things certaine and constant, and such as might bee reduced to an Art and methode in licentiousnes (for Jesuits never content themselves with the Theory in anything, but straight proceed to practise) they might after communicate them to their owne Disciples and Novitiates: for this Church is fruitfull in producing Sacraments; and being now loaded with Divine sacraments, it produces Morall sacraments. In which, as in the divine, it bindes the Layety to one species; but they reserve to themselves the divers formes, and the secrets and mysteries in this matter, which they finde in the Authors whom they geld. Of which kind I thinke they give a little glimmering and intimation, when in the life of their last made Goddesse Francisca Romana, they say: that the bed where shee lay with her husband, was a perpetuall Martyrdome to her, and a shop of miracles. But for all this, since Aretine was one, who by a long custome of libellous and contumelious speaking against Princes, had got such a habit, that at last he came to diminish and dis-esteeme God himselfe, I wonder truly, that this Arch-Jesuite, though hee would not admit him to any eminent place in his Triumphant Church, should deny him an office of lower estimation: For truly to my thinking, he might have beene fit, either to serve Ignatius, as maister of his pleasures, or Lucifer as his Crier: for whatsoever Lucifer durst think, this man durst speake. But Ignatius, who thought himselfe sufficient for all uses, thrust him away, and when he offered upward, offered his staffe at him: Nor did he use Christopher Columbus with any better respect; who having found all waies in the earth, and sea open to him, did not feare any difficulty in Hell, but when hee offered to enter, Ignatius staid him, and said: "You must remember, sir, that if this kingdome " have got any thing by the discovery of the West Indies, "al that must be attributed to our Order: for if the "opinion of the Dominicans had prevailed, That the in-" habitants should be reduced, onely by preaching and with"out violence, certainely their 200000 of men would "scarce in so many ages have beene brought to a 150 "which by our meanes was so soone performed. And if "the law, made by Ferdinando, onely against Canibals: " That all which would not bee Christians should bee bond-"slaves, had not beene extended into other Provinces, "wee should have lacked men, to digg us out that benefite, "which their countries affoord. Except we when wee "tooke away their old Idolatrie, had recompenced them "with a new one of ours; expect we had obtruded to "those ignorant and barbarous people sometimes naturall "things, sometimes artificiall, and counterfeit, in steed of " Miracles; and except we had been alwaies ready to con-"vey, and to apply this medicine made of this pretious "American dung, unto the Princes of Europe, and their "Lords, and Counsellours, the profite by the onely dis-"covery of these places (which must of necessity bee "referred to fortune) would have beene very little; yet "I praise your perseverance, and your patience; which "since that seemes to be your principall vertue, you "shall have good occasion to exercise heere, when you "remaine in a lower and remoter place, than you thinke "belongs to your merits." But although Lucifer being put into a heate, and almost smothered with this troupe and deluge of pretenders, seemed to have admitted Ignatius, as his Lieutenant, or Legat a latere, and trusted him with an absolute power of doing what hee would, yet he quickly spied his owne errour, and danger thereby. He began to remember how forcibly they use to urge the Canon Alius; by which the king of Fraunce is sayd to have beene deposed, not for his wickednesse, but for his infirmity, and unfitnesse to governe: And that kings do forfeit their dignity, if they give themselves to other matters, and leave the government of the State to their officers. Therefore Lucifer thought it time for him to enter into the businesse, least at last Ignatius should prescribe therein; by which title of prescription he well knew,

how much the Church of Rome doth advaunce and defend it selfe against other *Princes*. And though he seemed very thankfull to Ignatius, for his delivery from this importunate company, yet when he perceived, that his scope and purpose was, to keepe all others out, he thought the case needed greater consideration; For though he had a confidence in his owne Patriarkes, which had long before possest that place, and in whose company (as an Abbot said to the Divell, who after long intermission now tempted him) hee was growne old, and doubted not but that they would defend their right, and oppose themselves against any innovation, which Ignatius should practise, yet if none but hee in a whole age should bee brought in, hee was afraid, that this singularity would both increase his courage and spirit, and their reverence, and respect towards him. Casting therefore his eyes into every corner, at last a great way off, hee spied Philip Nerius: who acknowledging in his owne particular no especiall merit towardes this kingdome, forbore to presse neere the gate; But Lucifer called to his remembrance, that Nerius and all that Order, of which hee was the Author, which is called congregatio Oratorii, were erected, advaunced, and dignifyed by the Pope, principally to this end, that, by their incessant Sermons to the people, of the lives of Saints and other Ecclesiatique Antiquities, they might get a new reputation, and so the torrent, and generall superstition towards the Jesuits, might grow a little remisser, and luke-warme: for at that time the Pope himselfe beganne to bee afraid of the Jesuites, for they beganne to publish their Paradox of Confession and absolution to bee given by letters, and Messengers, and by that meanes to draw the secrets of all Princes onely to themselves; And they had tried and sollicited a great Monarch, who hath manie designes upon Italy, against the Pope, and delivered to that prince diverse articles, for the reforming of him. Now the Pope and Lucifer love ever to follow one anothers example: And therefore that which

the one had done in the middle world, the other attempted in the lower. Hereupon he called for Philip Nerius, and gave him many evidences of a good inclination towards him. But Nerius was too stupid, to interprete them aright. Yet Ignatius spied them, and before Lucifer should declare himselfe any further, or proceed too farre herein, lest after he were farre engaged, there should be no way, to avert or withdraw him from his owne propositions (for he saw there must be respect had of his honour and constancy) hee thought it fittest to oppose now at the beginning. He sayd therfore, "that he now perceived, that "Lucifer had not bene altogether so much conversant "with Philip as with the Jesuits, since he knew not, how "much Philip had ever professed himselfe an enemy to "him. For he did not onely deny all visions, and appari-"tions, And commaunded one to spit in Maries face, when "she appeared againe, because he thought it was the " Divell; And drove away an other that came to tempt "a sicke man, in the shape of a Phisition: And was "hardly drawne to beleeve any possessings: but when "three Divels did meete him in the way, to afright him, "he neither thought them worthy of any Exorcisme, nor " so much as the signe of the Crosse, but meerely went by "them, as though he scorned to look at them, and so "despighted them with that negligence. It may be that "hee hath drawne others into Religion, but himselfe " remained then in the Layety: in so much as I remember, "that I used to call him, The Saints Bell, that hangs "without, and cals others into the Church. Neither doe "they which follow this Order, bind themselves with any "vow or oath; Neither do I know any thing for which "this kingdome is beholding to him, but that he moved "Baronius to write his Annals."

To all this Nerius sayde nothing, as though it had beene spoken of some body else. Without doubt, either he never knew, or had forgot that he had done those things which they write of him. But Lucifer himselfe tooke the

boldnesse (having with some difficultie got Ignatius leave) to take Nerius his part: and proceeded so farre, that he "adventured to say, that Baronius, Bozius, and others, "which proceeded out of the Hyve of Nerius, had used a "more free, open, and hard fashion against Princes, and "better provided for the Popes Direct Jurisdiction upon " all Kingdomes, and more stoutly defended it, than they; "which undertaking the cause more tremblingly, than "becomes the Majestie of so great a businesse, adhered "to Bellarmines sect, and devised such crooked wayes, "and such perplexed intanglings, as by reason of the "various, and uncertaine circumstances, were of no use: "And that whatsoever Nerius his schollers had performed, "must be attributed to him, as the fruit to the roote." Ignatius perceiving that Lucifer undertooke all offices for Nerius, and became Judge, Advocate, and witnesse, pursuing his former resolution, determined to interrupt him, lest when hee had enlarged himselfe in Nerius commendation, hee should thereby bee bound to a reward. He therefore cried out, "What hath Nerius done? what hath "he, or his followers put in execution? have they not "ever bene onely exercised in speculations, and in pre-" paratory doctrines? Are these bookes which are written " of the Jurisdiction of the Pope, to any better use than "Phisitians Lectures of diseases, and of Medicines? "whilest these Receits lie hid in Phisitians bookes, and " no body goes to the Patient: no body applies the medi-"cine to the disease, what good, what profit comes by "all this? what part; what member of this languishing "body have they undertaken? In what Kingdome have "they corrected these humours, which offend the Pope, "either by their Incision or cauterising? what state have "they cut up into an Anatomy? what Sceleton have they " provided for the instruction of Posterity? Do they hope "to cure their diseases, by talking and preaching, as it "were with charmes and enchantments? If Nerius shall "bee thought worthy of this Honour, and this place,

"because out of his schollers writings something may be "gleaned, which may be applied to this purpose, why "should we not have Beza and Calvin, and the rest of "that sort here in Hell, since in their bookes there may "be some things found, which may be wrested to this "purpose? But, since their scope was not to extirpate "Monarchies, since they published no such Canons and "Aphorismes as might be applied to all cases, and so "brought into certaine use and consequence, but limited "theirs to circumstances which seldome fall out, since "they delivered nothing dangerous to Princes, but where, "in their opinion, the Sovereignty resided in the People, "or in certaine Ephori, since they never said, that this " power to violate the person of a prince, might either be "taken by any private man, or committed to him, and "that, therefore, none of their disciples hath ever boasted "of having done any thing upon the person of his "soveraigne: we see that this place hath ever bene shut "against them: there have bene some few of them "(though I can scarce affoord those men the honour to "number them with Knox, and Goodman, and Buchanan) "which following our examples have troubled the peace "of some states, and beene injurious to some princes, "and have beene admitted to some place in this King-"dome; but since they have performed nothing with "their hands, nor can excuse themselves by saying, they "were not able: (for wherein was Clement, or Ravillac "more able than they: or what is not he able to doe in "the middest of an Army, who despiseth his owne life?) "they scarce ever aspire, or offer at this secret and sacred "Chamber." Lucifer had a purpose to have replied to this: "that perchaunce all their hands which had bin imbrued " in the bowels of Princes, were not so immediatly armed " by the Jesuits, as that they were ever present at all con-" sultations and resolutions: (and yet he meant to say this, " not as sworne witnesse, but as Lucifer himselfe, and the " father of lies, in which capacitie he might say any thing)

"But that it was inough that Confessours do so possesse "them with that doctrine, that it is not now proposed to "them as Phisicke, but as naturall food, and ordinarie "diet: and that therefore for the performance of these "things a Jesuits person is no more requisite, than the "heart of a man, because it sends forth spirits into every "limbe, should therefore bee present in every limbe: "that when it was in use for the Consuls of Rome for the "safety of their country and army, to devote themselves "over to the infernall god, it was lawfull for themselves to "absteine and forbeare the act, and they might appoint "any Souldier for that Sacrifice: and that so the Jesuites " for the performance of their resolutions, might stirre up "any amongst the people: (for now they enjoy all the " priviledges, of the Franciscans, who say: That the name " of people comprehends all which are not of their Order:) "And that if this be granted, Nerius his scollers are in-"feriour to none; with those bookes (if all the Jesuites "should perish) the Church might content herselfe, and "never feare dearth or leanesse." This Lucifer would have spoken; but hee thought it better and easier to forbeare: for hee observed, that Ignatius had given a signe, and that all his troupes which were many, subtile, and busie, set up their bristles, grumbled, and compacted themselves into one body, gathered, produced and urged all their evidence, whatsoever they had done, or suffered. There the English Legion, which was called Capistrata, which Campian led, and (as I thinke) Garnet concluded, was fiercer than all the rest. And as though there had beene such a second martyrdome to have beene suffered or as though they might have put off their Immortalitie, they offered themselves to any imploiment. Therefore Lucifer gave Nerius a secret warning to withdraw himselfe, and spoke no more of him; and despairing of bringing in an other, began earnestly to thinke, how he might leave Ignatius out. This therefore he said to him: "I am sorry "my Ignatius, that I can neither find in others, deserts

" worthy of this place, nor any roome in this place worthy "of your deserts. If I might die, I see there would be "no longe strife for a successour: For if you have not "yet done that act which I did at first in Heaven, and "thereby got this Empire, this may excuse you, that no "man hath beene able to tell you what it was: For if "any of the Auncients say true, when they call it Pride, "or Licentiousnesse, or Lying: or if it be in any of the "Casuists which professe the Art of sinning, you cannot " be accused of having omitted it. But since I may neither "forsake this kingdome, nor divide it, this onely remedy "is left: I will write to the Bishop of Rome: he shall "call Galilæo the Florentine to him; who by this time " hath throughly instructed himselfe of all the hills, woods, "and Cities in the new world, the Moone. And since he "effected so much with his first Glasses, that he saw the "Moone, in so neere a distance that hee gave himselfe " satisfaction of all, and the least parts in her, when now " being growne to more perfection in his Art, he shall have "made new Glasses, and they received a hallowing from "the Pope, he may draw the Moone, like a boate floating "upon the water, as neere the earth as he will. And " thither (because they ever claime that those imployments " of discovery belong to them) shall all the Jesuites bee " transferred, and easily unite and reconcile the Lunatique " Church to the Romane Church; without doubt, after the "Jesuites have been there a little while, there will soone "grow naturally a Hell in that world also: over which, "you Ignatius shall have dominion, and establish your "kingdome and dwelling there. And with the same ease " as you passe from the earth to the Moone, you may passe "from the Moone to the other starrs, which are also "thought to be worlds, and so you may beget and propa-"gate many Hells, and enlarge your Empire, and come "nearer unto that high seate which I left at first." Ignatius had not the patience to stay till Lucifer had made an end; but as soone as hee saw him pause, and take breath, and looke, first upon 'his face, to observe what changes were there, and after to cast his eye to an other place in Hell where a great noyse was suddenly raysed: hee apprehended this intermission, and as though Lucifer had ended, he said: "That of Lucifers affection to the " Romane Church, and to their Order, every day produced "new Testimonies: and that this last was to bee accounted "as one of the greatest. That he knew well with how " great devotion the Bishop of Rome did ever embrace and "execute all counsels proceeding from him: And that "therefore he hoped, that hee would reserve that imploy-"ment for the Jesuits, and that Empire for him their "founder: and that he beleeved the Pope had thought of "this before; and at that time when he put Parsons the " English Jesuite in hope of a Cardinalship, hee had cer-"tainly a reference to this place, and to this Church: "That it would fall out shortly, that all the damages, "which the Romane Church hath lately suffered upon the "earth, shall bee recompenced onely there. And that, " now this refuge was opened, if she should be reduced "into greater streights, or if she should be utterly exter-" minated, the world would not much lament and mourne " for it. And for the entertainment of the Jesuites there, " there can be no doubt made at this time, when, (although "their profession bee to enter whether Princes will or no) "all the Princes of the world will not onely graciously "affoord them leave to goe, but willingly and cheerfully "accompany them with Certificates, and Dimissory " letters. Nor would they much resist it, if the Pope him-" selfe would vouchsafe to go with them, and so fulfill in " some small measure, that prophecy of his Gerson, De " Auferibilitate Papae. Besides this a woman governes "there; of which Sex they have ever made their profite, "which have attempted any Innovation in religion; with "how much diligence were the two Empresses Pulcheria " and Eudoxia sollicited by the Pope for the establishing " of Easter? how earnestly did both Pelagius and the Pope

" strive by their letters to draw the Empresse to their side? "For since Julia had that honour given to her in publique " coines, that she was called the mother of the Armie, the " Mother of the Gods, and of the Senate, and the Mother of "her Countrie; Why may not woemen instructed by us, "be called Mothers of the Church? Why may not wee " relie upon the wit of woemen, when, once, the Church "delivered over her selfe to a woman-Bishop? And since "wee are reputed so fortunate in obtaining the favour of "woemen, that woemen are forbid to come into our houses; "and we are forbid, to take the charge of any Nunnes; since "we have had so good experience of their favour in all the " Indies, or at least have thought it fit, that they which have "the charge to write our anniversary letters from thence "should make that boast, and adde something to the "Truth, both because the Auncient Heretiques helde that "course in insinuating their opinions, and because they "which are acquainted with our practises will think any "thing credible, which is written of us in that behalfe, "why should wee doubt of our fortune in this Queene, "which is so much subject to alterations, and passions? "She languishes often in the absence of the Sunne, and " often in Ecclipses falles into swounes, and is at the point " of death. In these advantages we must play our parts, "and put our devises in practise: for at these times any "thing may be drawne from her. Nor must we forbeare " to try, what verses, and incantations may worke upon "her: For in those things which the Poets writ, though "they themselves did not beleeve them, we have since " found many truths, and many deep mysteries: nor can " I call to minde any woman, which either deceived our "hope, or scaped our cunning, but Elizabeth of England; " who might the rather be pardoned that, because she had " put off all affections of woemen. The Principall Dignity " of which sex, (which is, to be a Mother) what reason had "she to wish, or affect, since without those womanish "titles, unworthy of her, of wife, and mother, such an "heire was otherwise provided for her, as was not fit to "be kept any longer from the inheritance. But when I, "who hate them, speake thus much in the honour of "these two Princes, I finde myselfe caried with the same "fury, as those Beasts were, which our men say, did some-"times adore the Host in the Masse. For it is against my "will, that I pay thus much to the Manes of Elizabeth; "from scorning of which word Manes, when the king of "great Brittaine writ it, I would our Parsons had forborne, " since one of our owne Jesuits useth the same word, when "reprehending our Adversaries, he says, That they do " insult upon Garnets Manes. And yet this Elizabeth was "not free from all Innovation: For the ancient Religion " was so much worne out, that to reduce that to the former "dignity, and so to renew it, was a kinde of Innovation: " and by this way of innovating shee satisfied the infirmity " of her Sex, if shee suffered any: for a little Innovation "might serve her, who was but a little a woman. Neither "dare I say, that this was properly an Innovation, lest "thereby I should confesse that Luther and many others "which live in banishment in Heaven farre from us, might "have a title to this place, as such Innovators. But we " cannot doubt, but that this lunatique Queen will be more "inclinable to our Innovations: for our Clavius hath "beene long familiarly conversant with her, what she " hath done from the beginning, what she wil do here-"after, how she behaves herselfe towardes her neighbour 'kingdoms, the rest of the starrs, and all the planetary, "and firmamentary worlds; with whom she is in league, " and amity, and with whom at difference, he is perfectly "instructed, so he have his Ephemerides about him. But "Clavius is too great a personage to be bestowed upon "this Lunatique Queene, either as her Counsellour, or " (which were more to our profit) as her Confessor. So "great a man must not bee cast away upon so small a "matter. Nor have we any other besides, whom upon "any occasion we may send to the Sunne, or to the other

"worlds, beyond the world. Therefore wee must reserve "Clavius for greater uses. Our Herbestus, or Busaeus, or " Voellus (and these bee all which have given any proofe " of their knowledge in Mathematiques) although they bee "but tastelesse, and childish, may serve to observe her "aspects, and motions, and to make Catechismes fit for "this Lunatique Church; for though Garnet had Clavius "for his Maister, yet he profited little in the Arts, but " being filled with Bellarmines Dictates, (who was also his " Maister) his minde was all upon Politiques. When wee " are established there, this will adde much to our dignity, "that in our letters which wee send downe to the earth, " (except perchaunce the whole Romane Church come up "to us into the Moone) we may write of what miracles wee "list: which we offered to doe out of the Indies, and with "good successe, till one of our Order, in a simplicity, and "ingenuity fitter for a Christian, than a Jesuite, acknow-"ledged and lamented that there were no miracles done "there. Truly it had bin better for us to have spit all "those five Brothers, Acostas, out of our Order, than that "any one of them should have vomited this reproach "against us. It is of such men as these in our Order, that "our Gretzer saies: There is no body without his Excrements, "because though they speake truth, yet they speake it too "rawly. But as for this contemplation, and the establish-"ing of that government, (though it be a pleasant con-"sideration) we may neither pamper our selves longer "with it now, nor detaine you longer therein. Let your "Greatnesse write; let the Pope execute your counsell; let "the Moone approach when you two think fit. In the "meane time let me use this Chamber, as a resting place: "For though Pope Gregory were strucken by the Angell "with a perpetuall paine in his stomach and feet, because "hee compelled God by his praiers, to deliver Trajan out "of Hell, and transferre him to Heaven; and therefore "God, by the mouth of Gregorie, tooke an assurance for s all his Successours, that they should never dare to request

"the like againe: yet when the Pope shall call mee backe "from hence, hee can be in no danger, both because in "this contract, God cannot bee presumed to have thought " of me, since I never thought of him, and so the contract "therein void; and because the Condition is not broken, " if I bee not removed into Heaven, but transferred from "an Earthly Hell, to a Lunatique Hell." More than this he could not be heard to speake: For that noise, of which I spoke before, increased exceedingly, and when Lucifer asked the cause, it was told him, that there was a soule newly arrived in Hell, which said that the Pope was at last entreated to make Ignatius a Saint, and that hee hastened his Canonization, as thinking it an unjust thing, that when all artificers, and prophane Butchers had particular Saints to invocate, only these spirituall Butchers, and King-killers, should have none: for when the Jesuite Cotton in those questions which by vertue of his invisible priviledge he had provided for a possest person, amongst others, dangerous both to England and France, had inserted this question: What shall I do for Ignatius his Canonizing? and found out at last, that Philip, King of Spaine, and Henry, King of Fraunce, contended by their Ambassadors at Rome, which of them should have the honour of obtaining his Canonizing (for both pretending to be King of Navarre, both pretended that this right and honour belonged to him: and so both deluded the Jesuits:) For D'Alcala a Franciscan, and Penafort a Jacobite, were by Philips meanes canonized, and the Jesuite left out. At last hee despaired of having any assistance from these Princes: nor did he thinke it convenient, that a Jesuite should be so much beholden to a King, since Baronius was already come to that heighth and constancy, that being accused of some wronges done to his King, hee did not vouchsafe to write in his owne excuse to the King, till the Conclave which was then held, was fully ended, lest (as himselfe gives the reason) if hee had then beene chosen Pope, it should bee thought hee had

beene beholden to the King therein. For these reasons therefore they labour the Pope themselves. They confesse, that if they might choose, they had rather hee should restore them into all which they had lost in Fraunce, and Venice, than that Ignatius should be sent up into Heaven; and that the Pope was rather bound to do so, by the Order which God himselfe seemes to have observed in the Creation, where he first furnished the Earth, and then the Heavens, and confirmed himselfe to be the Israelites God by the Argument, that he had given them the land of Canaan, and other temporall blessings. But since this exceeded the Popes omnipotence in Earth, it was fit he should try, what he could do in Heaven. Now the Pope would faine have satisfied them with the title of Beatus, which formerly upon the intreaty of the Princes of that Family, he had affoorded to Aloisius Gonzaga of that Order. He would also have given this title of Saint rather to Xaverius, who had the reputation of having done Miracles. Indeed he would have done anything, so hee might have slipped over Ignatius. But at last hee is overcome; and so against the will of Heaven, and of the Pope, Lucifer himselfe being not very forward in it, Ignatius must bee thrust in amongst the Saints. All this discourse, I, beeing growne cunninger than that Doctor, Gabriell Nele (of whom Bartolus speaketh) that by the onely motion of his lippes, without any utterance, understood all men, perceived and read in every mans countenance there. These things, as soone as Lucifer apprehended them, gave an end to the contention; for now hee thought he might no longer doubt nor dispute of Ignatius his admission, who, besides his former pretences, had now gotten a new right and title to the place, by his Canonization; and he feared that the Pope would take all delay ill at his handes, because Canonization is now growne a kinde of Declaration, by which all men may take knowledge, that such a one, to whom the Church of Rome is much beholden, is now made partaker of the principall dignities, and places in Hell:

For these men ever make as though they would follow Augustine in all things, and therefore they provide that that also shall bee true which he said in this point: That the Reliques of many are honoured upon earth whose soules are tormented in Hell. Therefore he took Ignatius by the hand, and led him to the gate. In the meane time, I, which doubted of the truth of this report of his Canonizing, went a little out for further instruction: for I thought it scarce credible, that Paulus 5. who had but lately burdened both the Citie of Rome, and the Church, with so great expences, when he canonized Francisca Romana, would so easily proceed to canonize Ignatius now, when neither any Prince offered to beare the charge, nor so much as sollicited it: for so he must bee forced to waste both the Treasures of the Church at once. And from Leo 3. who 800 yeares after Christ, is the first Pope which Canonized any, I had not observed that this had ever beene done: Neither do I think that Paulus 5. was drawne to the Canonizing of this woman by any other respect, than because that Rule which shee appointed to her Order, was Dictated and written by Saint Paul: For though Peter, and Magdalene, and others, were present at the writing thereof, as witnesses, yet Paul was the Author thereof. And since Saint Pauls old Epistles trouble and dis-advantage this Church, they were glad to apprehend any thing of his new writing, which might be for them, that so this new worke of his might beare witnesse of his second conversion to Papistry, since by his first conversion to Christianity, they got nothing: for to say, that in this business Paulus 5. could not choose but be God, God himselfe, to say, that hee must needes have lived familiarly with the God-head: and must have heard Predestination it selfe whispering to him: And must have had a place to sit in Councell with the most Divine Trinitie, (all which Valladerius sayes of him) is not necessary in this matter, wherein the Popes, for the most part, proceed as humane affections leade them. But at last, after some

enquiry, I found that a certaine idle Gazettier, which used to scrape up Newes, and Rumours at Rome, and so to make up sale letters, vainer, and falser, than the Jesuites Letters of Japan, and the Indies, had brought this newes to Hell, and a little Jesuiticall Novice, a credulous soule, received it by his implicit faith, and published it. I laughed at Lucifers easinesse to beleeve, and I saw no reason ever after, to accuse him of infidelity. Upon this I came backe againe, to spie (if the gates were stil open) with what affection Ignatius, and they who were in auncient possession of that place, behaved themselves towardes one an other. And I found him yet in the porch, and there beginning a new contention: for having presently cast his eyes to the principall place, next to Lucifers owne Throne, and finding it possest, he stopt Lucifer, and asked him, who it was that sate there. It was answered, that it was Pope Boniface; to whome, as to a principall Innovator, for having first chalenged the name of Universall Bishop, that honour was affoorded. Is he an Innovator thundred Ignatius? Shall I suffer this, when all my Disciples have laboured all this while to prove to the world, that all the Popes before his time did use that name? And that Gregory did not reprehend the Patriarch John for taking to himselfe an Antichristian name, but for usurping a name which was due to none but the Pope. And could it be fit for you, Lucifer, (who in this were either unmindfull of the Romane Church, or else too weake and incapable of her secrets and mysteries) to give way to any sentence in Hell, which (though it were according to truth,) yet differed from the Jesuites Oracles? With this Ignatius flyes upwardes, and rushes upon Boniface, and throwes him out of his Seate: And Lucifer went up with him as fast, and gave him assistance, lest, if hee should forsake him, his owne seate might bee endangered. And I returned to my body; which

As a flower wet with last nights dew, and then Warm'd with the new Sunne, doth shake off agen

All drowsinesse and raise his trembling Crowne, Which crookedly did languish, and stoope downe To kisse the earth, and panted now to finde Those beames return'd, which had not long time shin'd,

was with this returne of my soule sufficiently refreshed. And when I had seene all this, and considered how fitly and proportionally Rome and Hell answered one another, after I had seene a Jesuit turne the Pope out of his Chaire in Hell, I suspected that that Order would attempt as much at Rome.

AN APOLOGY FOR JESUITES

NOW is it time to come to the Apology for Jesuites: that is, it is time to leave speaking of them, for hee favours them most, which saies least of them; Nor can any man, though hee had declaimed against them till all the sand of the sea were run through his houre-glasse, lacke matter to adde of their practises. If any man have a mind to adde any thing to this Apology, hee hath my leave; and I have therefore left roome for three or foure lines: which is enough for such a paradox: and more than Jungius, Scribanius, Gretzerus, Richeonius, Cydonius, and all the rest which are used to Apologies, and almost tyred with a defensive warre, are able to employ, if they will write onely good things, and true, of the Jesuites. Neither can they comfort themselves with this, That Cato was called to his answere foure and forty times: for hee was so many times acquitted, which both the Parliaments of England, and France deny of the Jesuites. But if any man thinke this Apology too short, he may thinke the whole booke an Apology, by this rule of their owne. That it is their greatest argument of innocency to be accused by us. At this time, whilst they are yet somewhat able to do some harme, in some places, let them make much of this Apology. It will come to passe shortly, when as they have bene dispoyled

and expelled at Venice, and shaked and fanned in France, so they will bee forsaken of other Princes, and then their owne weakenesse will bee their Apology, and they will grow harmelesse out of necessity, and that which Vegetius sayd of chariots armed with sithes and hookes, will be applied to the Jesuites, at first they were a terror, and after a scorne.

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MISCELLANEOUS PROSE

Nation Express 20 for the control of the con-

pages: "Newes from the very Countrey," "The Character of a Scot at the first sight," "The True Character of a Dunce," "An Essay of Valour," the Preface and one extract from "Biathanatos," and five Prayers from "Essays in Divinity."

The first four of these pieces are examples of Donne's earliest essays in prose, contemporary in date with the " Paradoxes and Problemes." In an article in "The Modern Language Review" (Vol. XVIII. 4. Oct. 1923), Mrs. Evelyn Simpson suggested that "Newes from the very Countrey" was a collection of remarks actually made by Donne in conversation with Sir Henry Wotton and others of his friends. Mr. John Sparrow, working independently of Mrs. Simpson, published a similar, but somewhat amplified, account in the "London Mercury" (Vol. XVIII. 103). "The True Character of a Dunce" and "The Essay of Valour," are Donne's contribution to that popular anthology, entitled Overbury's "Wife," which contained a large number of character sketches of varying interest and merit by Donne's contemporaries. We may assume that "The Character of a Scot," although not printed until 1652, was written for this collection.

For a fuller discussion of these four pieces, the extracts from "Biathanatos," and prayers from "Essays in Divinity," the reader is referred to the notes, where the source of each text will be found.

NOTE.—In 1930 Mrs. Simpson printed for the first time an accurate text, with a translation (by P. Simpson) of a curious piece, first printed in Poems, 1650, and since overlooked by Donne's editors: "The Courtier's Library, or Catalogus Librorum Aulicorum incomparabilium et non vendibilium." (London, The Nonesuch Press.)



NEWES FROM THE VERY COUNTREY

THAT it is a fripery of Courtiers, Merchants and others, which have been in fashion, and are very neere worne out. That Justices of peace have the felling of underwoods, but the Lords have the great falls.

That Jesuits are like Apricocks, heretofore here and there one succour'd in a great man's house, and cost deare, now you may have them for nothing in every cottage.

That every great vice is a Pike in a pond, that devoures vertues and lesse vices.

That it is wholsomest getting a stomacke, by walking on your own ground: and the thriftiest laying of it at another's table.

That debtors are in London close prisoners, and here have the libertie of the house.

That Atheists in affliction, like blind beggers, are forced to aske though they know not of whom.

That there are (God be thanked) not two such acres in all the country, as the Exchange and Westminster-hall.

That only Christmas Lords know their ends.

That weomen are not so tender fruit, but that they doe as well and beare as well upon beds, as plashed against walls.

That our carts are never worse employed, than when they are wayted on by coaches.

That sentences in Authors, like haires in an horse-taile, concurre in one roote of beauty and strength, but being pluckt out one by one, serve onely for springes and snares. That both want and abundance equally advance a rectified man from the world, as cotton and stones are both good casting for an hawke.

That I am sure there is none of the forbidden fruit left, because we doe not all eat thereof.

That our best three pilde mischiefe comes from beyond the sea, and rides post through the country, but his errand is to Court.

That next to no wife and children, your owne wife and children are best pastime, anothers wife and your children worse, your wife and anothers children worst.

That Statesmen hunt their fortunes, and are often at default: Favorites course her and are ever in view.

That intemperance is not so unwholesome heere, for none ever saw Sparrow sicke of the pox.

That here is no trechery nor fidelity, but it is because here are no secrets.

That Court motions are up and down, ours circular; theirs like squibs cannot stay at the highest, nor return to the place which they rose from, but vanish and weare out in the way, Ours are like mill-wheels busie without changing place; they have peremptorie fortunes, we vicissitudes.

THE CHARACTER OF A SCOT AT THE FIRST SIGHT

AT his first appearing in the Charterhouse, an Olive coloured Velvet suit owned him, which since became mous-colour, A pair of unskour'd stockings-gules, One indifferent shooe, his band of Edenburgh, and cuffs of London, both strangers to his shirt, a white feather in a hat that had bin sod, one onely cloak for the rain, which yet he made serve him for all weathers: A Barren-half-

himself, like the new Mount at Wansted, over-looking his Beard, and all the wilde Countrey thereabouts; He was tended enough, but not well; for they were certain dumb creeping Followers, yet they made way for their Master, the Laird. At the first presentment his Breeches were his Sumpter, and his Packets, Trunks, Cloak-bags, Portmanteaus and all; He then grew a Knight-wright, and there is extant of his ware at 100 l. 150 l. and 200 l. price. Immediately after this, he shifteth his suit, so did his Whore, and to a Bear-baiting they went, whither I followed them not, but Tom. Thorney did.

THE TRUE CHARACTER OF A DUNCE

HE hath a soule drownd in a lumpe of flesh, or is a peece of earth that Prometheus put not halfe his proportion of fire into. A thing that hath neither edge of desire, nor feeling of affection in it; the most dangerous creature for confirming an Atheist, who would sweare his soule were nothing but the bare temperature of his body. He sleepes as hee goes, and his thoughts seldome reach an inch further than his eies. The most part of the faculties of his soule lie fallow, or are like the restive Jades, that no spur can drive forwards towards the pursuit of any worthy designes. One of the most unprofitable of Gods creatures being as he is, a thing put cleane besides the right use, made fit for the cart and the flayle; and by mischance intangled amongst books and papers. A man cannot tell possibly what hee is now good for, save to move up and downe and fill roome, or to serve as animatum instrumentum for others to worke withall in base imployments, or to be foile for better wits, or to serve (as they say Monsters doe) to set out the varietie of nature, and ornament of the universe. Hee is meere nothing of himselfe, neither eats, nor drinkes, nor goes, nor spits, but by Imitation, for all which he hath set-formes and fashions, which he

never varies, but stickes to with the like plodding constancie, that a mill-horse followes his trace. But the Muses and the Graces are his hard Mistresses, though he daily invocate them, though he sacrifice Hecatombs, they still look asquint. You shall note him oft (besides his dull eye, and lowring head, and a certain clammy benummed pace) by a faire displaied beard, a night cap, and a gowne, whose very wrinckles proclaime him the true Genius of formalitie. But of all others, his discourse, and compositions best speake him, both of them are much of one stuffe and fashion. He speakes just what his bookes or last company said unto him, without varying one whit, and very seldome understands himselfe. You may know by his discourse where he was last: for what he heard or read yesterday, hee now dischargeth his memory or Note-booke of, not his understanding, for it never came there. What hee hath, he flings abroad at all adventures without accomodating it to time, place, persons, or occasions. He commonly loseth himselfe in his tale, and flutters up and downe windlesse without recovery, and whatsoever next presents it selfe, his heavy conceit seizeth upon, and goeth along with, how ever Heterogeneall to his matter in hand. His Jests are either old flead Proverbs, or leane-sterv'd-hackney-Apophthegmes, or poore verball quips, outworne by Servingmen, Tapsters, and Milkemaids, even laid aside by Balladers. He assents to all men that bring any shadow of reason, and you may make him when he speakes most Dogmatically, even with one breath, to averre poore contradictions. His compositions differ onely terminorum positione, from dreames; nothing but rude heaps of immaterial, incoherent, drossie, rubbish stuffe, promiscuously thrust up together. Enough to infuse dulnesse and barrennesse of conceit into him that is so prodigall of his eares as to give the hearing. Enough to make a mans memory ake with suffering such durty stuffe cast into it. As unwelcome to any true conceit, as sluttish morsels, or wallowish potions to a nice

stomacke, which whiles he empties himselfe of, it stickes in his teeth, nor can hee bee delivered without sweat, and sighes, and hems, and coughs, enough to shake his Grandams teeth out of her head. He spits, and scratches, and spawles, and turnes like sick men from one elbow to another, and deserves as much pitty during his torture, as men in fits of *Tertian fevers* or selfe-lashing Penitentiaries. In a word, rippe him quite asunder, and examine every shred of him, you shall find him to bee just nothing, but the subject of nothing; the object of contempt; yet such as hee is you must take him, for there is no hope he should ever become better.

AN ESSAY OF VALOUR

I AM of opinion, that nothing is so potent either to procure, or merit Love, as Valour, and I am glad I am so, for thereby I shall doe my selfe much ease. Because valour never needs much wit to maintain it. To speak of it in it selfe, It is a quality which he that hath, shall have least need of: so the best league betweene Princes, is a mutuall feare of each other. It teacheth a man to value his reputation as his life, and chiefely to hold the lie insufferable, though being alone hee findes no hurt it doth him. It leaves it selfe to others censures. For he that brags of his owne, disswades others from beleeving it. It feareth a Sword no more than an Ague, It alwaies makes good the owner, for though he be generally held a foole, hee shall seldome heare so much by word of mouth; and that inlargeth him more than any spectacles, for it maketh a little fellow be called a Tall-man. It yeelds the wall to none but a woman, whose weaknesse is her prerogative; or a man seconded with a woman, as an Usher which alwaies goes before his betters. It makes a man become the witnesse of his owne wordes, and stand to what ever he hath said, and thinketh it a reproach to commit his reviling unto the Law. It furnisheth youth with action,

and age with discourse, and both by futures; for a man must ever boast himself in the present tense. And to come neerer home, nothing drawes a woman like to it, for valour towards men, is an Embleme of an Ability towards women, a good quality signifies a better: Nothing is more behoovefull for that Sexe; for from it they receive protection, and we free from the danger of it: Nothing makes a shorter cut to obteyning, for a man of armes is alwaies void of ceremonie, which is the wall that stands betwixt Piramus and Thisbe, that is, Man and Woman, for there is no pride in women but that which rebounds from our owne basenesse (as cowards grow valiant upon those that are more cowards) so that onely by our pale asking, we teach them to deny. And by our shamefac'tnesse, wee put them in minde to bee modest: whereas indeed it is cunning Rhetoricke to perswade the hearers that they are that already, which he would have them to be. This kinde of bashfulnesse is far from men of valour, and especially from souldiers, for such are ever men (without doubt) forward, and confident, losing no time lest they should lose opportunity, which is the best Factor for a Lover. And because they know women are given to dissemble; they will never believe them when they deny. Whilome before this age of wit, and wearing black broke in upon us, there was no way knowne to win a Lady, but by Tilting, Tournying, and Riding through Forrests, in which time these slender striplings with little legs, were held but of strength enough to marie their widowes. And even in our daies there can be given no reason of the inundation of servingmen upon their mistresses, but onely that usually they carry their Masters weapons, and his valour. To bee counted handsome, just, learned, or well favoured; all this carries no danger with it, but it is to bee admitted to the title of valiant Acts, at least the venturing of his mortality, and al women take delight to hold him safe in their armes, who hath escaped thither through many dangers. To speak at once, man hath a priviledge in

valour; In clothes and good faces we but imitate women, and many of that sexe will not thinke much (as far as an answer goes) to dissemble wit too. So then these neat youths, these women in mens apparell, are too neere a woman to bee beloved of her, they bee both of a Trade, but be of grim aspect, and such a one a Glass dares take, and she will desire him for newnesse and variety. A skar in a mans face is the same that a mole in a womans, and a mole in a womans, is a Jewell set in white to make it seeme more white; For a skar in a man is a marke of honour, and no blemish; for 'tis a skarre and a blemish in a Souldier to be without one. Now as for all things else, which are to procure Love, as a good face, wit, cloathes, or a good body; each of them I confesse may worke somewhat for want of a better, that is, if valour be not their Ryvall. A good face availes nothing if it be in a coward that is bashfull, the utmost of it is to be kissed, which rather increaseth than quencheth Appetite. Hee that sendes her guifts, sends her word also that he is a man of small guifts otherwise: for wooing by signes and tokens, implies the author dumbe. And if Ovid who writ the Law of Love, were alive (as hee is extant) would allow it as good a diversitie, that gifts should bee sent as gratuities, not as bribes. Wit getteth rather promise than Love. Wit is not to bee seene: and no woman takes advice of any in her loving; but of her own eies, and her wayting womans: Nay which is worse, wit is not to be felt, and so no good Bed fellow: Wit applied to a woman makes her dissolve her sympering, and discover her teeth with laughter, and this is surely a purge for love; for the beginning of love is a kind of foolish melancholly. As for the man that makes his Taylor his Bawd, and hopes to inveagle his love with such a coloured suite, surely the same deepely hazards the losse of her favour upon every change of his cloathes. So likewise for the other that courts her silently with a good Body, let me certifie him that his cloathes depend upon the comlinesse of his body, and so both upon opinion. Shee that hath beene seduced by apparell, let me give her to wit, that men alwaies put off their cloathes before they goe to bed. And let her that hath beene enamoured of her servants body, understand, that if she saw him in a skinne of cloath, that is, in a Suit made to the patterne of his body, she would see slender cause to love him ever after. There is no cloathes sit so well in a womans eye, as a Suit of steele, though not of the fashion, and no man so soone surpriseth a womans affections, as he that is the subject of all whispering, and hath alwaies twenty stories of his owne deedes depending upon him. Mistake me not, I understand not by valour, one that never fights, but when he is backed with drinke or anger, or hissed on with beholders, nor one that is desperate, nor one that takes away a Servingmans weapons, when perchance it cost him his Quarters wages, nor yet one that weares a privie coat of defence and therein is confident for then such as made Bucklers would bee counted the Catalines of the Commonwealth. I intend one of an even Resolution grounded upon reason: which is alwaies even, having his power restrained by the Law of not doing wrong. But now I remember I am for valour, and therefore must bee a man of few words.

PREFACE TO ΒΙΑΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

Declaring the Reasons, the Purpose, the way, and the end of the author.

BEZA, a man as eminent and illustrious, in the full glory and Noone of Learning, as others were in the dawning, and Morning, when any, the least sparkle was notorious, confesseth of himself, that only for the anguish of a Scurffe, which over-ranne his head, he had once drown'd himselfe from the Miller's bridge in Paris, if his Uncle by chance had not then come that way; I have often such a sickly inclination. And, whether it be, because I had my first breeding and conversation with men of supressed

and afflicted Religion, accustomed to the despite of death, and hungry of an imagin'd Martyrdome; Or that the common Enemie find that doore worst locked against him in mee; Or that there bee a perplexitie and flexibility in the doctrine it selfe; Or because my Conscience ever assures me, that no rebellious grudging at Gods gifts, nor other sinfull concurrence accompanies these thoughts in me, or that a brave scorn, or that a faint cowardlinesse beget it, whensoever any affliction assails me, mee thinks I have the keyes of my prison in mine owne hand, and no remedy presents it selfe so soone to my heart, as mine own sword. Often Meditation of this hath wonne me to a charitable interpretation of their action, who dy so: and provoked me a little to watch and exagitate their reasons, which pronounce so peremptory judgements upon them.

A devout and godly man, hath guided us well, and rectified our uncharitablenesse in such cases, by this remembrance, [Scis lapsum etc. Thou knowest this mans fall, but thou knowest not his wrastling; which perchance was such, that almost his very fall is justified and accepted of God.] For, to this end, saith one, [God hath appointed us tentations, that we might have some excuse for our sinnes, when he calls us to account.]

An uncharitable mis-interpreter unthriftily demolishes his own house, and repaires not another. He loseth without any gaine or profit to any. And, as Tertullian comparing and making equall, him which provokes another, and him who will be provoked by another, sayes, [There is no difference, but that the provoker offended first, And that is nothing, because in evill there is no respect of Order or Prioritie.] So wee may soone become as ill as any offendor, if we offend in a severe increpation of the fact. For, Climachus in his Ladder of Paradise, places these two steps very neere one another, when hee sayes, [Though in the world it were possible for thee, to escape all defiling by actuall sinne, yet by judging and condemning those who are defiled, thou art defiled.] In this thou art defiled, as

Basil notes, [That in comparing others sinnes, thou canst not avoid excusing thine owne] Especially this is done, if thy zeale be too fervent in the reprehension of others: For, as in most other Accidents, so in this also, Sinne hath the nature of Poyson, that [It enters easiest, and works fastest upon cholerique constitutions.] It is good counsell of the Pharises stiled, [Ne judices proximum, donec ad ejus locum pertingas.] Feele and wrastle with such tentations as he hath done, and thy zeale will be tamer. For, [Therefore (saith the Apostle) it became Christ to be like us, that he might be mercifull.] If therefore after a Christian protestation of an innocent purpose herein, And after a submission of all which is said, not only to every Christian Church, but to every Christian man, and after an entreaty, that the Reader will follow this advice of Tabaeus, [Qui litigant, sint ambo in conspectu tuo mali et rei,] and trust neither me, nor the adverse part, but the Reasons, there be any scandall in this enterprise of mine, it is Taken, not Given. And though I know, that the malitious prejudged man, and the lazy affectors of ignorance, will use the same calumnies and obtrectations toward me, (for the voyce and sound of the Snake and Goose is all one) yet because I thought, that as in the poole of Bethsaida, there was no health till the water was troubled, so the best way to finde the truth in this matter, was to debate and vexe it, (for [We must as well dispute de veritate, as pro veritate,]) I abstained not for feare of mis-interpretation from this undertaking. Our stomachs are not now so tender, and queasie, after so long feeding upon solid Divinity, nor we so umbragious and startling, having been so long enlightened in Gods pathes, that wee should thinke any truth strange to us, or relapse into that childish age, in which a Councell in France forbad Aristotles Metaphysiques, and punished with Excommunication the excribing, reading, or having that booke.

Contemplative and bookish men, must of necessitie be more quarrelsome than others, because they contend not about matter of fact, nor can determine their controversies by any certaine witnesses, nor judges. But as long as they goe towards peace, that is Truth, it is no matter which way. The tutelare Angels resisted one another in Persia, but neither resisted Gods revealed purpose. Hierome and Gregorie seem to be of opinion, that Solomon is damned; Ambrose and Augustine, that he is saved: All Fathers, all zealous of Gods glory. At the same time when the Romane Church canonized Becket, the Schooles of Paris disputed whether hee could be saved; both Catholique Judges, and of reverend authoritie. And after so many Ages of a devout and religious celebrating the memory of Saint Hierome, Causaeus hath spoken so dangerously, that Campian saies, hee pronounceth him to be as deepe in hell as the Devill. But in all such intricacies, where both opinions seem equally to conduce to the honor of God, his Justice being as much advanced in the one, as his Mercie in the other, it seemes reasonable to me, that this turne the scales, if on either side there appeare charity towards the poore soul departed. The Church in her Hymnes and Antiphones, doth often salute the Nayles and the Crosse, with Epithets of sweetnesse, and thanks; But the Speare which pierced Christ when he was dead, it ever calles dirum Mucronem.

This pietie, I protest againe, urges me in this discourse; and what infirmity soever my reasons may have, yet I have comfort in Trismegistus Axiome, [Qui pius est, summè Philosophatur.] And therefore without any disguising, or curious and libellous concealing, I present and object it, to all of candour, and indifferencie, to escape that just taxation, [Novum malitiae genus est, et intemperantis, scribere quod occultes.] For as, when Ladislaus tooke occasion of the great schisme, to corrupt the nobility in Rome, and hoped thereby to possesse the towne, to their seven Governours whom they called Sapientes they added three more, whom they called Bonos, and confided in them; So doe I wish, and as much as I can, effect, that to those

many learned and subtile men which have travelled in this point, some charitable and compassionate men might be added.

If therefore, of Readers, which Gorionides observes to be of foure sorts, [Spunges which attract all without distinguishing; Howre-glasses, which receive and powre out as fast; Bagges which retaine onely the dregges of the Spices, and let the Wine escape; And Sives, which retaine the best onely], I finde some of the last sort, I doubt not but they may bee hereby enlightened. And as the eyes of Eve, were opened by the taste of the Apple, though it bee said before that shee saw the beauty of the tree, So the digesting of this may, though not present faire objects, yet bring them to see the nakednesse and deformity of their owne reasons, founded upon a rigorous suspition, and winne them to be of that temper, which Chrisostome commends, [He which suspects benignly would faine be deceived, and bee overcome, and is prously glad, when he findes it to be false, which he did uncharitably suspect.] And it may have as much vigour (as one observes of another Author) as the Sunne in March; it may stirre and dissolve humors, though not expell them; for that must bee the worke of a stronger power.

Every branch which is excerpted from other authors, and engrafted here, is not written for the readers faith, but for illustration and comparison. Because I undertooke the declaration of such a proposition as was controverted by many, and therefore was drawne to the citation of many authorities, I was willing to goe all the way with company, and to take light from others, as well in the journey as at the journeys end. If therefore in multiplicity of not necessary citations there appeare vanity, or ostentation, or digression my honesty must make my excuse and compensation, who acknowledge as Pliny doth [That to chuse rather to be taken in a theft, than to give every man due, is obnoxii animi, et infelicis ingenii.] I did it the rather because scholastique and artificiall men

use this way of instructing; and I made account that I was to deal with such, because I presume that naturall men are at least enough inclinable of themselves to this doctrine.

This my way; and my end is to remove scandall. For certainly God often punisheth a sinner much more severely, because others have taken occasion of sinning by his fact. If therefore wee did correct in our selves this easines of being scandalized, how much easier and lighter might we make the punishment of many transgressors! for God in his judgement hath almost made us his assistants, and counsellers, how far he shall punish; and our interpretation of anothers sinne doth often give the measure to Gods Justice or Mercy.

If therefore, since [disorderly long haire which was pride and wantonnesse in Absolon, and squallor and horridnes in Nebuchodonozor was vertue and strength in Samson, and sanctification in Samuel,] these severe men will not allow to indifferent things the best construction they are capable of, nor pardon my inclination to do so, they shall pardon me this opinion, that their severity proceeds from a self-guiltines, and give me leave to apply that of Ennodius, [That it is the nature of stiffe wickednesse, to think that of others, which themselves deserve and it is all the comfort the guilty have, not to find any innocent.]

Of the

LAW OF GOD.

Distinction 1. Sect. 1.

That light which issues from the Moone, doth best represent and expresse that which in our selves we call the light of Nature; for as that in the Moone is permanent and ever there, and yet it is unequall, various, pale, and languishing, So is our light of Nature changeable. For being at the first kindling at full, it wayned presently, and by

departing farther and farther from God, declined by generall sinne, to almost a totall Eclipse: till God-comming neerer to us, first by the Law, and then by Grace, enlightned and repayred it againe, conveniently to his ends, and further exercise of his Mercy and Justice. And then those Artificiall Lights, which our selves make for our use and service here, as Fires, Tapers, and such, resemble the light of Reason, as wee have in our Second part accepted that Word. For though the light of these Fires and Tapers be not so naturall, as the Moone, yet because they are more domestique, and obedient to us, wee distinguish particular objects better by them, than by the Moone; So by the Arguments, and Deductions, and Conclusions, which our selves beget and produce, as being more serviceable and under us, because they are our creatures, particular cases are made more cleare and evident to us; for these we can behold withall, and put them to any office, and examine, and prove their truth, or likelihood, and make them answere as long as wee will aske; whereas the light of Nature, with a solemne and supercilious Majestie, will speake but once, and give no Reason, nor endure Examination.

But because of these two kindes of light, the first is too weake, and the other false, (for onely colour is the object of sight, and we not trust candlelight to discerne Colours) we have therefore the Sunne, which is the Fountaine and Treasure of all created light, for an Embleme of that third best light of our understanding, which is the Word of God. [Mandatum lucerna, et Lex Lux] sayes Solomon. But yet as weake credulous men thinke sometimes they see two or three Sunnes, when they see none but Meteors, or other apparances; so are many transported with like facilitie or dazeling, that for some opinions which they maintaine, they think they have the light and authority of Scripture, when, God knowes, truth, which is the light of Scriptures, is Diametrally under them, and removed in the farthest distance that

can bee. If any small place of Scripture mis-appeare to them to bee of use for justifying any opinion of theirs; then (as the Word of God hath that precious nature of gold, that a little quantity thereof, by reason of a faithfull tenacity and ductilenesse, will be brought to cover 10000 times as much of any other metall,) they extend it so farre, and labour, and beat it, to such a thinnesse, as it is scarce any longer the Word of God, only to give their other reasons a little tincture and colour of gold, though they have lost all their waight and estimation.

But since the Scripture it self teaches, [That no Prophecie in the Scripture, is of private interpretation,] the whole Church may not be bound and concluded by the fancie of one, or of a few, who being content to enslumber themselves in an opinion, and lazy prejudice, dreame arguments to establish, and authorize that.

A professed interpreter of Dreames, tells us, [That no Dreame of a private man may be interpreted to signifie a publique businesse.] This I say because of those places of Scriptures, which are aledged for the Doctrine which we now examine, scarce any one, (except the Precept, Thou shalt not kill) is offered by any two Authors. But to one, one place, to another, another seemes directly to governe in the point, and to me, (to allow Truth her naturall and comely boldnesse) no place, but that seemes to looke towards it.

And therefore in going over all those sentences, which I have gathered from many Authors, and presenting convenient answers and interpretations thereof, I will forbeare the names of those Authors, who produced them so impertinently, least I should seeme to discover their nakednesse, or insimulate them even of prevarication.

If any Divine shall thinke the cause, or persons injured herein, and esteeme me so much worth reducing to the other opinion, as to apply an answer hereunto, with the same Charitie which provoked me, and which, I thanke God hath accompanied me from the beginning, I beseech

him, to take thus much advantage from me and my instruction, that he will doe it without bitternesse. He shall see the way the better, and shew it the better and saile through it the better, if he raise no stormes.

Such men, as they are [Fishers of men], so may they also hunt us into their nets, for our good. But there is perchance, some mystique interpretation belonging to that Canon which allowes Clergy men to hunt; for they may doe it by Nets and Snares, but not by Dogges; for clamour and biting are forbidden them.

And I have been sorry to see, that even Beza himselfe, writing against an Adversary, and a cause equally and extreamly obnoxious, onely by allowing too much fuell to his zeale, enraged against the man, and neglecting, or but prescribing in the cause, hath with lesse thoroughnesse and satisfaction, than either became his learning and watchfulnesse, or answered his use and custome, given an answer to Ochius booke of Polygamy.

FIVE PRAYERS FROM ESSAYS IN DIVINITY

I

O ETERNALL and Almighty power, which being infinite, hast enabled a limited creature, Faith, to comprehend thee; And being, even to Angels but a passive Mirror and looking-glasse, art to us an Active guest and domestick, (for thou hast said, I stand at the door and knock, if any man hear me, and open the doore, I will come in unto him, and sup with him, and he with me), and so thou dwellst in our hearts; And not there only, but even in our mouths; for though thou beest greater and more remov'd, yet humbler and more communicable than the Kings of Egypt, or Roman Emperours, which disdain'd their particular distinguishing Names, for Pharaoh and Caesar,

names of confusion; hast contracted thine immensity, and shut thy selfe within Syllables, and accepted a Name from us; O keep and defend my tongue from misusing that Name in lightnesse, passion, or falshood; and my heart, from mistaking thy Nature, by an inordinate preferring thy Justice before thy Mercy, or advancing this before that. And as, though thy self hadst no beginning thou gavest a beginning to all things in which thou wouldst be served and glorified; so, though this soul of mine, by which I partake thee, begin not now, yet let this minute, O God, this happy minute of thy visitation, be the beginning of her conversion, and shaking away confusion, darknesse, and barrennesse; and let her now produce Creatures, thoughts, words, and deeds agreeable to thee. And let her not produce them, O God, out of any contemplation, or (I cannot say, Idæa), but Chimera of my worthinesse, either because I am a man and no worme, and within the pale of thy Church, and not in the wild forrest, and enlightned with some glimmerings of Naturall knowledge; but meerely out of Nothing: Nothing preexistent in her selfe, but by power of thy Divine will and word. By which, as thou didst so make Heaven, as thou didst not neglect Earth, and madest them answerable and agreeable to one another, so let my Soul's Creatures have that temper and Harmony, that they be not by a misdevout consideration of the next life, stupidly and trecherously negligent of the offices and duties which thou enjoynest amongst us in this life; nor so anxious in these, that the other (which is our better business, though this also must be attended) be the less endeavoured. Thou hast, O God, denyed even to Angells, the ability of arriving from one Extreme to another, without passing the mean way between. Nor can we pass from the prison of our Mothers womb, to thy palace, but we must walk (in that pace whereto thou hast enabled us) through the street of this life, and not sleep at the first corner, nor in the midst. Yet since my soul is sent immediately from thee,

let me (for her return) rely, not principally, but wholly upon thee and thy word: and for this body, made of preordained matter, and instruments, let me so use the materiall means of her sustaining, that I neither neglect the seeking, nor grudge the missing of the Conveniences of this life: And that for fame, which is a mean Nature between them, I so esteem opinion, that I despise not others thoughts of me, since most men are such, as most men think they be: nor so reverence it, that I make it alwayes the rule of my Actions. And because in this world my Body was first made, and then my Soul, but in the next my soul shall be first, and then my body, In my Exterior and morall conversation let my first and presentest care be to give them satisfaction with whom I am mingled, because they may be scandaliz'd, but thou, which seest hearts, canst not: But for my faith, let my first relation be to thee, because of that thou art justly jealous, which they cannot be. Grant these requests, O God, if I have asked fit things fitly, and as many more, under the same limitations, as are within that prayer which (as thy Manna, which was meat for all tasts, and served to the appetite of him which took it, and was that which every man would) includes all which all can aske, Our Father which art, etc.

II

O ETERNALL God, as thou didst admit thy faithfull servant Abraham, to make the granting of one petition an incouragement and rise to another, and gavest him leave to gather upon thee from fifty to ten; so I beseech thee, that since by thy grace, I have thus long meditated upon thee, and spoken of thee, I may now speak to thee. As thou hast enlightened and enlarged me to contemplate thy greatness, so, O God, descend thou and stoop down to see my infirmities and the Egypt in which I live; and (If thy good pleasure be such) hasten mine Exodus and deliverance, for I desire to be disolved, and be with thee.

O Lord, I most humbly acknowledge and confess thine infinite Mercy, that when thou hadst almost broke the staff of bread, and called a famine of thy word almost upon all the world, then thou broughtest me into this Egypt, where thou hadst appointed thy stewards to husband thy blessings, and to feed thy flock. Here also, O God, thou hast multiplied thy children in me, by begetting and cherishing in me reverent devotions, and pious affections towards thee, but that mine own corruption, mine own Pharaoh hath ever smothered and strangled them. And thou hast put me in my way towards thy land of promise, thy Heavenly Canaan, by removing me from the Egypt of frequented and populous, glorious places, to a more solitary and desart retiredness, where I may more safely feed upon both thy Mannaes, thy self in thy Sacrament, and that other, which is true Angells food, contemplation of thee. O Lord, I most humbly acknowledge and confess, that I feel in me so many strong effects of thy Power, as only for the Ordinariness and frequency thereof, they are not Miracles. For hourly thou rectifiest my lameness, hourly thou restorest my sight, and hourly not only deliverest me from the Egypt, but raisest me from the death of sin. My sin, O God, hath not only caused thy descent hither, and passion here; but by it I am become that hell into which thou descendedst after thy Passion; yea, after thy glorification: for hourly thou in thy Spirit descendest into my heart, to overthrow there Legions of spirits of Disobedience, and Incredulity, and Murmuring. O Lord, I most humbly acknowledge and confesse, that by thy Mercy I have a sense of thy Justice; for not onely those afflictions with which it pleaseth thee to exercise mee, awaken me to consider how terrible thy severe justice is; but even the rest and security which thou affordest mee, puts me often into fear, that thou reservest and sparest me for a greater measure of punishment. O Lord, I most humbly acknowledge and confesse, that I have understood sin, by understanding thy laws

and judgments; but have done against thy known and revealed will. Thou hast set up many candlesticks, and kindled many lamps in mee; but I have either blown them out, or carried them to guide me in by and forbidden ways. Thou hast given mee a desire of knowledge, and some meanes to it, and some possession of it; and I have armed my self with thy weapons against thee: Yet, O God, have mercy upon me, for thine own sake have mercy upon me. Let not sin and me be able to exceed thee, nor to defraud thee, nor to frustrate thy purposes: But let me, in despite of Me, be of so much use to thy glory, that by thy mercy to my sin, other sinners may see how much sin thou canst pardon. Thus show mercy to many in one: And shew thy power and al-mightinesse upon thy self, by casting manacles upon thine own hands, and calling back those Thunder-bolts which thou hadst thrown against me. Show thy Justice upon the common Seducer and Devourer of us all: and show us so much of thy Judgments, as may instruct, not condemn us. Hear us, O God, hear us, for this contrition which thou hast put into us, who come to thee with that watch-word, by which thy Son hath assured us of access. Our Father which art in Heaven, &c.

III

o BTERNALL God, who art not only first and last, but in whom, first and last is all one, who art not only all Mercy, and all Justice, but in whom Mercy and Justice is all one; who in the height of thy Justice, wouldst not spare thine own, and only most innocent Son; and yet in the depth of thy mercy, would'st not have the wretched'st liver come to destruction; Behold us, O God, here gathered together in thy fear, according to thine ordinance, and in confidence of thy promise, that when two or three are gathered together in thy name, thou wilt be in the midst of them, and grant them their petitions. We confess O God, that we are not worthy so much as to confess: less to be heard,

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least of all to be pardoned our manifold sins and transgressions against thee. We have betrayed thy Temples to prophaness, our bodies to sensuality, thy fortresses to thine enemy, our soules to Satan. We have armed him with thy munition to fight against thee, by surrendring our eyes, and eares, all our senses, all our faculties to be exercised and wrought upon, and tyrannized by him. Vanities and disguises have covered us, and thereby we are naked; licenciousness hath inflam'd us, and thereby we are frozen; voluptuousness hath fed us, and thereby we are sterved, the fancies and traditions of men have taught and instructed us, and thereby we are ignorant. These distempers, thou only, O God, who art true, and perfect harmonie, canst tune, and rectify, and set in order again. Doe so then, O most Merciful Father, for thy most innocent Sons sake: and since he hath spread his armes upon the cross, to receive the whole world, O Lord, shut out none of us (who are now fallen before the throne of thy Majesty and thy Mercy) from the benefit of his merits; but with as many of us, as begin their conversion and newness of life, this minute, this minute, O God, begin thou thy account with them, and put all that is past out of thy remembrance. Accept our humble thanks for all thy Mercies; and, continue and enlarge them upon the whole Church, etc.

IV

O MOST glorious and most gracious God, into whose presence our own consciences make us afraid to come, and from whose presence we cannot hide our selves, hide us in the wounds of thy Son, our Saviour Christ Jesus; And though our sins be as red as scarlet, give them there another redness, which may be acceptable in thy sight. We renounce, O Lord, all our confidence in this world; for this world passeth away, and the lusts thereof: Wee renounce all our confidence in our own merits for we have done nothing in respect of that which we might have

done; neither could we ever have done any such thing, but that still we must have remained unprofitable servants? to thee: we renounce all confidence, even in our own confessions, and accusations of our self; for our sins are above number, if we would reckon them; above weight and measure, if we would weigh and measure them; and past finding out, if we would seek them in those dark corners, in which we have multiplied them against thee: yea we renounce all confidence even in our repentances; for we have found by many lamentable experiences that we never perform our promises to thee, never perfect our purposes in our selves, but relapse again and again into those sins which again and again we have repented. We have no confidence in this world, but in him who hath taken possession of the next world for us, by sitting down at thy right hand. We have no confidence in our merits, but in him, whose merits thou hast been pleased to accept for us, and to apply to us, we have: no confidence in our own confessions and repentances, but in that blessed Spirit, who is the Author of them, and loves to perfect his own works and build upon his own foundations, we have: Accept them therefore, O Lord, for their sakes whose they are; our poor endeavours, for thy glorious Sons sake, who gives them their root, and so they are his; our poor beginnings of sanctification, for thy blessed Spirits sake, who gives their growth, and so they are his: and for thy Sons sake, in whom only our prayers are acceptable to thee: and for thy Spirits sake which is now in us, and must be so whensoever we do pray acceptably to thee; accept our humble prayers for, etc.

V

O ETERNAL and most merciful God, against whom, as we know and acknowledge that we have multiplied contemptuous and rebellious sins, so we know and acknowledge too, that it were a more sinfull contempt and rebellion,

than all those, to doubt of thy mercy for them; have mercy upon us: In the merits and mediation of thy Son, our Saviour Christ Jesus, be mercifull unto us. Suffer not, O Lord, so great a waste, as the effusion of his blood, without any return to thee; suffer not the expence of so rich a treasure, as the spending of his life, without any purchace to thee; but as thou didst empty and evacuate his glory here upon earth, glorify us with that glory which his humiliation purchased for us in the kingdom of Heaven. And as thou didst empty that Kingdome of thine, in a great part, by the banishment of those Angels, whose pride threw them into everlasting ruine, be pleased to repair that Kingdom, which their fall did so far depopulate, by assuming us into their places, and making us rich with their confiscations. And to that purpose, O Lord, make us capable of that succession to thine Angels there; begin in us here in this life an angelicall purity, an angelicall chastity, an angelicall integrity to thy service, an Angelical acknowledgment that we alwaies stand in thy presence, and should direct all our actions to thy glory. Rebuke us not, O Lord, in thine anger, that we have not done so till now; but enable us now to begin that great work; and imprint in us an assurance that thou receivest us now graciously, as reconciled, though enemies; and fatherly, as children, though prodigals; and powerfully, as the God of our Salvation, though our own consciences testifie against us. Continue and enlarge thy blessings upon the whole Church, etc.

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LETTERS

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than of any other Elizabethan writer's of importance, and it is a wonder, even when his fame as poet and Dean and his spectacular decease are discounted, that his letters have survived, whilst those of his contemporaries seem lost irrecoverably. That they have survived is due in large measure to Donne's son, who printed more than a hundred of them in 1651, and to him, whatever his faults in other directions,

posterity is deeply indebted. The letters reveal Donne in an entirely new light, the light of domestic affairs. There is little of the Dean in them, less of the poet, much of the friend. As the letters of a great poet, and of a great divine, they are disappointing, since they preserve an almost complete silence upon those aspects of Donne's genius. Nor indeed are they valuable as news-letters, for they reveal few facts that the historian would deem important, and withhold all but a few of the details sought for by the biographer. They are concerned, as we have said, with details, money, ill-health, and the trials of a family; with friendship and the advising of friends. Sometimes these discursive homilies cover several pages, through which the slow but massive movement of Donne's mind turns and returns, before it draws towards a difficult conclusion. At other times the pen alone seems to wander on, isolated from the writer's mind, forming words into sentences that leave no impression upon the reader.

Yet all these letters add something to our knowledge of Donne, even when they have nothing to reveal but the fact that he nodded sometimes, and, since they extend over the whole period of his life, they are an invaluable commentary upon it.

The texts of the letters are discussed in the notes.

NOTE.—An unrecorded letter from Donne to Sir Nicholas Carey, at Beddington, was sold at Sotheby's in May 1929, and is now in the Norton collection, Harvard College Library. This letter is in Donne's autograph, and bears his seal of a sheaf of snakes. It is dated 'At Pauls House. 21. June. 1625,' and confirms the fact that Donne had not yet removed to Chelsea to avoid the plague, which had been raging in London since the Spring.



I [YO ---- ?]

[August 1597]

The first act of that play which I sayd I would go over the water to see is done and yet the people hisse. How it will end I know not ast ego vicissim (Cicero). It is true that Jonas was in a whales belly three dayes but hee came not voluntary as I did nor was troubled with the stinke of 150 land soldiers as wee; and I was there 20 dayes of so very very bad wether that even some of the marriners have beene drawen to thinke it were not altogether amisse to pray, and my self heard one of them say god help us. For all our paynes wee have seene the land of promise Spaine; whether wee shall enter or no I guess not; I think there is a blott in their tables but perchaunce tis not on our dice to hitt it. Wee are now againe at Plymouth quasi ply-mouth; for wee do nothing but eate and scarce that: I think when wee came in the burghers tooke us for the spanish fleet for they have either hid or convayd all there mony. Never was extreame beggery so extreamely brave except when a company of mummers had lost theire box. I do not think that 77 Kelleys could distill 10 l. out of all the towne. He that hath supt and hath 2 or 3s is a king; for none hath a crowne fayth; lands, jerkins, knighthoods, are reprobate pawnes and but for the much gay cloathes (which yet are much melted) I should thinke wee

were in utopia: all are so utterly coyneles. In one bad bare word the want is so generall that the lord generall wants, and till this day wee wanted the lord generall: you will pardone me if I write nothing ernest. Salute all whome thou lovest in my name and love me as I would deserve.

Written from Plymouth.

II

[TO SIR HENRY WOTTON?]

SIR, [1600 ?]

Only in obedience I send you some of my paradoxes: I love you and myself and them too well to send them willingly for they carry with them a confession of there lightnes, and your trouble and my shame. But indeed they were made rather to deceave tyme than her daughther truth: although they have beene written in an age when any thing is strong enough to overthrow her. If they make you to find better reasons against them they do there office: for they are but swaggerers: quiet enough if you resist them. If perchaunce they be pretyly guilt, that is there best for they are not hatcht: they are rather alarums to truth to arme her than enemies: and they have only this advantadge to scape from being caled ill things that they are nothings. Therefore take heed of allowing any of them least you make another. Yet Sir though I know there low price, except I receive by your next letter an assurance upon the religion of your friendship that no coppy shall bee taken for any respect of these or any other my compositions sent to you, I shall sinn against my conscience if I send you any more. I speake that in playnes which becomes (methinkes) our honestyes; and therefore call not this a distrustfull but a free spirit: I meane to aquaint you with all mine: and to my satyrs there belongs some feare and to some elegies and these perhaps, shame. Against both which affections although

I be tough enough, yet I have a ridling disposition to bee ashamed of feare and afrayd of shame. Therefore I am desirous to hyde them with out any over reconing of them or there maker. But they are not worth thus much words in theyre disprayse. I will step to a better subject, your last letter, to which I need not sell I made no answere but I had need excuse it. All your letter I embrace and beleeve it when it speakes of your self and when of me too, if the good words which you speake of me bee ment of my intentions to goodnes: for else alas! no man is more beggerly in actuall vertue than I. I am sory you should (with any great earnestnes) desyre any thing of P. Aretinus, not that he could infect; but that it seemes you are alredy infected with the common opinion of him: beleeve me he is much lesse than his fame and was too well payd by the Roman church in that coyne which he coveted most where his bookes were by the counsell of Trent forbidden which if they had beene permitted to have beene worne by all long ere this had beene worne out: his divinyty was but a sirrope to enwrapp his prophane bookes to get them passage, yet in these bookes which have devine titles there is least harme as in his letters most good: his others have no other singularyty in them but that they are forbidden. The psalmes (which you aske) If I cannot shortly procure you one to poses I can and will at any tyme borrow for you: In the meane tyme Sir have the honor of forgiving two faults togeather: my not writing last tyme and my abrupt ending now.

III

[TO SIR HENRY WOTTON?]

SIR, [c. 1600?]

I am no great voyager in other mens works: no swallower nor devourer of volumes nor pursuant of authors. Perchaunce it is because I find borne in my self knowledge or apprehension enough, for (without forfeiture

or impeachment of modesty) I think I am bond to God thankfully to acknowledge it) to consyder him and my self: as when I have at home a convenient garden I covet not to walk in others broad medows or woods, especially because it falls not within that short reach which my foresight embraceth, to see how I should employ that which I already know; to travayle for inquiry of more were to labor to gett a stomach and then find no meat at home. To know how to live by the booke is a pedantery, and to do it is a bondage. For both hearers and players are more delighted with voluntary than with sett musike. And he that will live by precept shall be long without the habite of honesty: as he that would every day gather one or two feathers might become brawne with hard lying before he make a feather bed of his gettings. That Erle of Arundell that last dyed (that tennis ball whome fortune after tossing and banding brikwald into the hazard) in his imprisonment used more than much reading, and to him that asked him why he did so he answerd he read so much lest he should remember something. I am as far from following his counsell as hee was from Petruccios: but I find it true that after long reading I can only tell you how many leaves I have read. I do therfore more willingly blow and keep awake that smale coale which God hath pleased to kindle in mee than farr off to gather a faggott of greene sticks which consume without flame or heat in a black smoother: yet I read something. But indeed not so much to avoyd as to enjoy idlenes. Even when I begun to write these I flung away Dant the Italian, a man pert enough to bee beloved and too much to bee beeleeved: it angred me that Celestine a pope [so] far from the manners of other popes, that he left even their seat, should by the court of Dants witt bee attacked and by him throwne into his purgatory. And it angred me as much, that in the life of a pope he should spy no greater fault, than that in the affectation of a cowardly securyty he slipt from the great burthen layd upon him. Alas! what would Dant have

him do? Thus wee find the story related: he that thought himself next in succession, by a trunke thorough a wall whispered in Celestines eare counsell to remove the papacy: why should not Dant be content to thinke that Celestine tooke this for as imediate a salutacion and discourse of the holy ghost as Abraham did the commandment of killing his sonn? If he will needs punish retyrednes thus, what hell can his witt devise for ambition? And if white integryty merit this, what shall Male or Malum which Seneca condems most, deserve? But as the chancellor Hatton being told after a decree made, that his predecessors was of another opinion, he answered hee had his genius and I had myne. So say I of authors that they thinke and I thinke both reasonably yet posibly both erroniously; that is manly: for I am so far from perswading yea conselling you to beleeve others that I care not that you beleeve not mee when I say that others are not to bee beleeved: only beleeve that I love you and I have enough.

I have studied philosophy, therefore marvayle not if I make such accompt of arguments qui trahuntur ab effectibus.

IV

TO SIR GEORGE MORE

SIR,

If a very respective feare of your displeasure, and a doubt that my Lord whom I know owt of your worthiness to love you much, would be so compassionate with you as to add his anger to yours, did not so much increase my sicknes as that I cannot stir, I had taken the boldnes to have donne the office of this letter by wayting upon you myself to have given you truthe and clearnes of this matter between your daughter and me, and to show you plainly the limits of our fault, by which I know your wisdome will proportion the punishment. So long since as her being at York House this had foundacion, and so

much then of promise and contract built upon it without violence to conscience might not be shaken. At her lyeing in town this last Parliament, I found meanes to see her twice or thrice. We both knew the obligacions that lay upon us, and we adventured equally, and about three weeks before Christmas we married. And as at the doinge, there were not usd above fyve persons, of which I protest to you by my salvation, there was not one that had any dependence or relation to you, so in all the passage of it did I forbear to use any suche person, who by furtheringe of it might violate any trust or duty towards you. The reasons why I did not foreacquaint you with it (to deale with the same plainnes that I have usd) were these. I knew my present estate lesse than fitt for her, I knew (yet I knew not why) that I stood not right in your opinion. I knew that to have given any intimacion of it had been to impossibilitate the whole matter. And then having these honest purposes in our harts, and those fetters in our consciences, me thinks we should be pardoned, if our fault be but this, that wee did not, by fore-revealinge of it, consent to our hindrance and torment. Sir, I acknowledge my fault to be so great, as I dare scarse offer any other prayer to you in mine own behalf than this, to beleeve this truthe, that I neyther had dishonest end nor meanes. But for her whom I tender much more than my fortunes or lyfe (els I woould I might neyther joy in this lyfe, nor enjoy the next), I humbly beg of you that she may not to her danger feele the terror of your sodaine anger. I know this letter shall find you full of passion; but I know no passion can alter your reason and wisdome, to which I adventure to commend these particulers; that it is irremediably donne; that if you incense my Lord you destroy her and me; that it is easye to give us happines, and that my endevors and industrie, if it please you to prosper them, may soone make me somewhat worthyer of her. If any take the advantage of your displeasure against me, and fill you with ill thoughts of me, my comfort is, that you know that fayth and thanks are due to them onely, that speak when theyr informacions might do good; which now it cannot work towards any party. For my excuse I can say nothing, except I knew what were sayd to you. Sir, I have truly told you this matter, and I humbly beseeche you so to deale in it as the persuasions of Nature, Reason, Wisdome, and Christianity shall inform you; and to accept the vowes of one whom you may now rayse or scatter, which are that as my love is directed unchangeably upon her, so all my labors shall concur to her contentment, and to show my humble obedience to your self.

Yours in all duty and humblenes,

J. DONNE.

From my lodginge by the Savoy, ² Februa: 1601[/2]. To the right wor. Sir George More, kt.

V

TO SIR GEORGE MORE

SIR,

The inward accusacions in my conscience, that I have offended you beyond any ability of redeeming it by me, and the feeling of my Lord's heavy displeasure following it, forceth me to wright, though I know my faults make my letters very ungracious to you. Allmighty God, whom I call to witnesse that all my griefe is that I have in this manner offended you and him, direct you to believe that which owt of an humble and afflicted hart I now wright to you. And since we have no meanes to move God, when he will not hear our prayers, to hear them, but by prayeng, I humbly beseech you to allow by his gracious example, my penitence so good entertainment, as it may have a beeliefe and a pittie. Of nothinge in this one fault that I hear sayd to me, can I disculpe myselfe, but of the contemptuous and despightfull purpose towards you, which

I hear is surmised against me. But for my dutifull regard to my late lady, for my religion, and for my lyfe, I refer my selfe to them that may have observed them. I humbly beseech you to take off these waytes, and to put my fault into the balance alone, as it was donne with out the addicon of these ill reports, and though then it wyll be too heavy for me, yett then it will less grieve you to pardon it. How litle and how short the comfort and pleasure of destroyeng is, I know your wisdome and religion informs you. And though perchance you intend not utter destruction, yett the way through which I fall towards it is so headlong, that beeing thus pushed, I shall soone be at bottome, for it pleaseth God, from whom I acknowledge the punishment to be just, to accompany my other ills with so much sicknes as I have no refuge but that of mercy, which I beg of him, my Lord, and you, which I hope you will not repent to have afforded me, since all my endevors, and the whole course of my lyfe shal be bent, to make my selfe worthy of your favor and her love, whose peace of conscience and quiett I know must be much wounded and violenced if your displeasure sever us. I can present nothing to your thoughts which you knew not before, but my submission, my repentance, and my harty desire to do any thing satisfactory to your just displeasure. Of which I beseech you to make a charitable use and construction. From the Fleete, 11 Febr. 1601[/2].

Yours in all faythfull duty and obedience,

J. DONNE.

To the right wor. Sir Geo. More, kt.

VI

TO SIR THOMAS EGERTON

[1601/2]

The honorable favor that your Lordship hath afforded me, in allowinge me the liberty of mine own chamber, hath given me leave so much to respect and love myself, that now I can desire to be well. And therfore for health, not pleasure (of which your Lordships displeasure hath dulld in me all tast and apprehension), I humbly beseeche your Lordship so much more to slacken my fetters, that as I ame by your Lordships favor mine own keeper, and surety, so I may be mine owne phisician and apothecary, which your Lordship shall worke, if you graunt me liberty to take the ayre about this towne. The whole world is a streight imprisonment to me, whilst I ame barrd your Lordships sight; but this favor may lengthen and better my lyfe, which I desire to preserve, onely in hope to redeeme by my sorrowe and desire to do your Lordship service, my offence past. Allmighty God dwell ever in your Lordships hart, and fill it with good desires, and graunt them.

Your Lordships poorest servant,

J. DONNE.

To the right honorable my very good Lord and Master Sir Thomas Egerton, knight, Lord Keeper of the Great Seale of England.

VII

TO SIR H[ENRY]. G[OODYER].

SIR, [c. 1604]

I live so farre removed, that even the ill news of your great losse (which is ever swiftest and loudest) found me not till now, your letter speaks it not plain enough but I am so accustomed to the worst, that I am sure it is so in this. I am almost glad that I knew her so little: for I would have no more additions to sorrow. If I should comfort you, it were an almes acceptable in no other title, than when poor give to poor; for I am more needy of it than you. And I know you well provided of Christian, and learned, and brave defences against all humane accidents. I will make my best haste after your messenger:

and if my self and the place had not been ill provided of horses, I had been the messenger, for you have taught me by granting more to deny no request.

Your honest unprofitable friend

J. DONNE.

Py[r] ford 3 a clock just as yours came.

VIII

TO SIR [HENRY GOODYER?]

[c. 1604]

If you were here, you would not think me importune, if I bid you good morrow every day; and such a patience will excuse my often Letters. No other kinde of conveyance is better for knowledge, or love: What treasures of Morall knowledge are in Senecaes Letters to onely one Lucilius? And what of Naturall in Plinies? How much of the storie of the time, is in Ciceroes Letters? And how of all these times, in the Jesuites Eastern and Western Epistles? Where can we finde so perfect a Character of Phalaris, as in his own Letters, which are almost so many writs of Execution? Or of Brutus, as in his privie seals for monie? The Evangiles and Acts, teach us what to beleeve, but the Epistles of the Apostles what to do. And those who have endevoured to dignifie Seneca above his worth, have no way fitter, than to imagine Letters between him and S. Paul. As they think also that they have expressed an excellent person, in that Letter which they obtrude, from our B. Saviour to King Agabarus. The Italians, which are most discursive, and think the world owes them all wisdome, abound so much in this kinde of expressing, that Michel Montaig[n]e saies, he hath seen, (as I remember) 400 volumes of Italian Letters. But it is the other capacity which must make mine acceptable, that they are also the best conveyers of love. But, though all knowledge be in those Authors already, yet, as some poisons, and some medicines, hurt not, nor profit, except

the creature in which they reside, contribute their lively activitie, and vigor; so, much of the knowledge buried in Books perisheth, and becomes ineffectuall, if it be not applied, and refreshed by a companion, or friend. Much of their goodnesse, hath the same period, which some Physicians of Italy have observed to be in the biting of their Tarentola, that it affects no longer, than the flie lives. For with how much desire we read the papers of any living now, (especially friends) which we would scarce allow a boxe in our cabinet, or shelf in our Library, if they were dead! And we do justly in it, for the writings and words of men present, we may examine, controll, and expostulate, and receive satisfaction from the authors; but the other we must beleeve, or discredit; they present no mean. Since then at this time, I am upon the stage, you may be content to hear me. And now that perchance I have brought you to it, (as Thom. Badger did the King) now I have nothing to say. And it is well, for the Letter is already long enough, else let this probleme supply, which was occasioned by you, of women wearing stones; which, it seems, you were afraid women should read, because you avert them at the beginning, with a protestation of cleanlinesse. Martiall found no way fitter to draw the Romane Matrons to read one of his Books, which he thinks most morall and cleanly, than to counsell them by the first Epigram to skip the Book, because it was obscene. But either you write not at all for women, or for those of sincerer palates. Though their unworthinesse, and your own ease be advocates for me with you, yet I must adde my entreaty, that you let goe no copy of my Problems, till I review them. If it be too late, at least be able to tell me who hath them.

Yours,

J. DONNE.

IX

TO SIR H[ENRY]. G[OODYER].

SIR, [Mitcham, c. 1608]

Because I am in a place and season where I see every thing bud forth, I must do so too, and vent some of my meditations to you; the rather because all other buds being yet without taste or virtue, my Letters may be like them. The pleasantnesse of the season displeases me. Every thing refreshes, and I wither, and I grow older and not better, my strength diminishes, and my load growes, and being to passe more and more stormes, I finde that I have not only cast out all my ballast which nature and time gives, Reason and discretion, and so am as empty and light as Vanity can make me; but I have over fraught my self with Vice, and so am riddingly subject to two contrary wrackes, Sinking and Oversetting, and under the iniquity of such a disease as inforces the patient when he is almost starved, not only to fast, but to purge. For I have much to take in, and much to cast out; sometimes I thinke it easier to discharge my self of vice than of vanity, as one may sooner carry the fire out of a room than the smoake: and then I see it was a new vanity to think so. And when I think sometimes that vanity, because it is thinne and airie, may be expelled with vertue or businesse, or substantiall vice; I find that I give entrance thereby to new vices. Certainly as the earth and water, one sad, the other fluid, make but one bodie: so to aire and Vanity, there is but one Centrum morbi. And that which later Physicians say of our bodies, is fitter for our mindes: for that which they call Destruction, which is a corruption and want of those fundamentall parts whereof we consist, is Vice: and that Collectio stercorum, which is but the excrement of that corruption, is our Vanity and indiscretion: both these have but one root in me, and must be pulled out at once, or never. But I am so farre from

digging to it, that I know not where it is, for it is not in mine eyes only, but in every sense, nor in my concupiscence only, but in every power and affection. Sir, I was willing to let you see how impotent a man you love, not to dishearten you from doing so still (for my vices are not infectious, nor wandring, they came not yesterday, nor mean to go away to day: they Inne not, but dwell in me, and see themselves so welcome, and find in me so good bad company of one another, that they will not change, especially to one not apprehensive, nor easily accessible) but I do it, that your counsell might cure me, and if you deny that, your example shal, for I will as much strive to be like you as I will wish you to continue good.

X

TO SIR H[ENRY]. G[OODYER].

SIR, [c. 1608]

This letter hath no more merit, than one of more diligence, for I wrote it in my bed, and with much pain. I have occasion to sit late some nights in my study, (which your books make a prety library) and now I finde that that room hath a wholesome emblematique use: for having under it a vault, I make that promise me, that I shall die reading, since my book and a grave are so near. But it hath another as unwholesome, that by raw vapors rising from thence, (for I can impute it to nothing else) I have contracted a sicknesse which I cannot name nor describe. For it hath so much of a continuall Cramp, that it wrests the sinews, so much of a Tetane, that it withdraws and puls the mouth, and so much of the Gout, (which they whose counsell I use, say it is) that it is not like to be cured, though I am too hasty in three days to pronounce it. If it be the Gout, I am miserable; for that affects dangerous parts, as my neck and brest, and (I think fearfully) my stomach, but it will not kill me yet; I shall be in this world, like a porter in a great house, ever nearest the door, but seldomest abroad: I shall have many things to make me weary, and yet not get leave to be gone. If I go, I will provide by my best means that you suffer not for me, in your bonds. The estate which I should leave behinde me of any estimation, is my poor fame, in the memory of my friends, and therefore I would be curious of it, and provide that they repent not to have loved me. Since my imprisonment in my bed, I have made a meditation in verse, which I call a Litany; the word you know imports no other than supplication, but all Churches have one forme of supplication, by that name. Amongst ancient annals I mean some 800 years, I have met two Letanies in Latin verse, which gave me not the reason of my meditations, for in good faith I thought not upon them then, but they give, me a defence, if any man; to a Lay man, and a private, impute it as a fault, to take such divine and publique names, to his own little thoughts. The first of these was made by Ratpertus, a monk of Suevia; and the other by S. Notker, of whom I will give you this note by the way, that he is a private Saint, for a few Parishes; they were both but Monks, and the Letanies poor and barbarous enough; yet Pope Nicolas the 5, valued their devotion so much, that he canonized both their Poems, and commanded them for publike service in their Churches: mine is for lesser Chappels, which are my friends, and though a copy of it were due to you, now, yet I am so unable to serve my self with writing it for you at this time, (being some 30 staves of 9 lines) that I must intreat you to take a promise that you shall have the first, for a testimony of that duty which I owe to your love, and to my self, who am bound to cherish it by my best offices. That by which it will deserve best acceptation, is, That neither the Roman Church need call it defective, because it abhors not the particular mention of the blessed Triumphers in heaven; nor the Reformed can discreetly accuse it, of attributing more than a rectified devotion ought to doe. The day before

I lay down, I was at London, where I delivered your Letter for Sir Edward Conway, and received another for you, with the copy of my Book, of which it is impossible for me to give you a copy so soon, for it is not of much lesse than 300 pages. If I die, it shall come to you in that fashion that your Letter desires it. If I warm again, (as I have often seen such beggers as my indisposition is, end themselves soon, and the patient as soon) you and I shall speak together of that, before it be too late to serve you in that commandment. At this time I onely assure you, that I have not appointed it upon any person, nor ever purposed to print it: which latter perchance you thought, and grounded your request thereupon. A Gent. that visited me yesterday told me that our Church hath lost Mr. Hugh Broughton, who is gone to the Roman side. I have known before, that Serarius the Jesuit was an instrument from Cardinall Baronius to draw him to Rome, to accept a stipend, onely to serve the Christian Churches in controversies with the Jews, without indangering himself to change of his perswasion in particular deductions between these Christian Churches, or being enquired of, or tempted thereunto. And I hope he is not otherwise departed from us. If he be, we shall not escape scandall in it; because, though he be a man of many distempers, yet when he shall come to eat assured bread, and to be removed from partialities, to which want drove him, to make himself a reputation, and raise up favourers; you shall see in that course of opposing the Jews, he will produce worthy things: and our Church will perchance blush to have lost a Souldier fit for that great battell; and to cherish onely those single Duellisms, between Rome and England, or that more single, and almost selfhomicide, between the unconformed Ministers, and Bishops. I writ to you last week that the plague increased; by which you may see that my Letters [blank space in text] opinion of the song, not that I make such trifles for praise, but because as long as you speak comparatively of it with mine own, and not absolutely, so long I am of your opinion even at this time; when I humbly thank God, I ask and have, his comfort of sadder meditations; I doe not condemn in my self, that I have given my wit such evaporations, as those, if they be free from prophaneness, or obscene provocations. Sir you would pity me if you saw me write, and therefore will pardon me if I write no more: my pain hath drawn my head so much awry, and holds it so, that mine eye cannot follow mine hand: I receive you therefore into my prayers, with mine own weary soul, and commend my self to yours. I doubt not but next week I shall be good news to you, for I have mending or dying on my side, which is two to one. If I continue thus, I shall have comfort in this, that my B. Saviour exercising his Justice upon my two worldly parts, my fortune, and body, reserves all his mercy for that which best tasts it, and most needs it, my soul. I professe to you truly, that my lothnesse to give over now, seems to my self an ill sign, that I shall write no more.

Your poor friend, and Gods poor patient,

10. DONNE.

Xl

TO SIR. H. GOODERE

SIR, [Mitcham, Sept. 1608]

Every tuesday I make account that I turn a great hourglass, and consider that a weeks life is run out since I writ. But if I ask myself what I have done in the last watch, or would do in the next, I can say nothing; if I say that I have passed it without hurting any, so may the Spider in my window. The primitive Monkes were excusable in their retirings and enclosures of themselves: for even of them every one cultivated his own garden and orchard, that is, his soul and body, by meditation, and manufactures; and they ought the world no more since they consumed none of her sweetnesse, nor begot others to

burden her. But for me, if I were able to husband all my time so thriftily, as not onely not to wound my soul in any minute by actuall sinne, but not to rob and cousen her by giving any part to pleasure or businesse, but bestow it all upon her in meditation, yet even in that I should wound her more, and contract another guiltinesse: As the Eagle were very unnaturall if because she is able to do it, she should pearch a whole day upon a tree, staring in contemplation of the majestie and glory of the Sun, and let her young Eglets starve in the nest. Two of the most precious things which God hath afforded us here, for the agony and exercise of our sense and spirit, which are a thirst and inhiation after the next life, and a frequency of prayer and meditation in this, are often envenomed, and putrefied, and stray into a corrupt disease: for as God doth thus occasion, and positively concurre to evill, that when a man is purposed to do a great sin, God infuses some good thoughts which make him choose a lesse sin, or leave out some circumstance which aggravated that; so the devill doth not only suffer but provoke us to some things naturally good, upon condition that we shall omit some other more necessary and more obligatory. And this is his greatest subtilty; because herein we have the deceitfull comfort of having done well, and can very hardly spie our errour because it is but an insensible omission, and no accusing act. With the first of these I have often suspected my self to be overtaken; which is, with a desire of the next life: which though I know it is not meerly out of a wearinesse of this, because I had the same desires when I went with the tyde, and enjoyed fairer hopes than now: yet I doubt worldly encombrances have encreased it. I would not that death should take me asleep. I would not have him meerly seise me, and onely declare me to be dead, but win me, and overcome me. When I must shipwrack, I would do it in a Sea, where mine impotencie might have some excuse; not in a sullen weedy lake, where I could not have so much as exercise for my swimming. Therefore I would fain do something; but that I cannot tell what, is no wonder. For to chuse, is to do: but to be no part of any body, is to be nothing. At most, the greatest persons, are but great wens, and excrescences; men of wit and delightfull conversation, but as moales for ornament, except they be so incorporated into the body of the world, that they contribute something to the sustentation of the whole. This I made account that I begun early, when I understood the study of our laws: but was diverted by the worst voluptuousness, which is an Hydroptique immoderate desire of humane learning and languages: beautifull ornaments to great fortunes; but mine needed an occupation, and a course which I thought I entred well into, when I submitted my self to such a service, as I thought might imploy those poor advantages, which I had. And there I stumbled too, yet I would try again: for to this hour I am nothing, or so little, that I am scarce subject and argument good enough for one of mine own letters: yet I fear, that doth not ever proceed from a good root, that I am so well content to be lesse, that is dead. You, Sir, are farre enough from these descents, your vertue keeps you secure, and your naturall disposition to mirth will preserve you; but lose none of these holds, a slip is often as dangerous as a bruise, and though you cannot fall to my lownesse, yet in a much lesse distraction you may meet my sadnesse; for he is no safer which falls from an high tower into the leads, than he which falls from thence to the ground: make therefore to your self some mark, and go towards it alegrement. Though I be in such a planetary and erratique fortune, that I can do nothing constantly, yet you may finde some constancy in my constant advising you to it.

Your hearty true friend

J. DONNE.

I came this evening from Mr. Jones his house in Essex, where Mr. Martin hath been, and left a relation of Captain

Whitcocks death, perchance it is no news to you, but it was to me; without doubt want broke him; for when Mr. Hollands company by reason of the plague broke, the Captain sought to be at Mistress Jones house, who in her husbands absence declining it, he went in the night, his boy carrying his cloakbag, on foot to the Lord of Sussex, who going next day to hunt, the Captain not then sick, told him he would see him no more. A Chaplain came up to him, to whom he delivered an account of his understanding, and I hope, of his beliefe, and soon after dyed; and my Lord hath buryed him with his own Ancestors. Perchance his life needed a longer sicknesse, but a man may go faster and safer, when he enjoyes that day light of a clear and sound understanding, than in the night or twilight of an ague or other disease. And the grace of Almighty God doth every thing suddenly and hastily, but depart from us; it inlightens us, warms us, heats us, ravishes us, at once. Such a medicin, I fear, his inconsideration needed; and I hope as confidently that he had it. As our soul is infused when it is created, and created when it is infused, so at her going out, Gods mercy is had by asking, and that is asked by having. Lest your Polesworth carrier should cousen me, I send my man with this letter early to London, whither this Tuesday all the Court come to a Christening at Arondell house, and stay in town so that I will sup with the good Lady, and write again to morrow to you, if any thing be occasioned there, which concerns you, and I will tell her so; next day they are to return to Hampton, and upon Friday the King to Royston.

$\mathbf{x}\mathbf{n}$

A V[UESTRA] MERCED

sir, [c. 1609]

I write not to you out of my poor Library, where to cast mine eye upon good Authors kindles or refreshes sometimes meditations not unfit to communicate to near friends; nor from the high way, where I am contracted,

and inverted into my self; which are my two ordinary forges of Letters to you. But I write from the fire side in my Parler, and in the noise of three gamesome children; and by the side of her, whom because I have transplanted into a wretched fortune, I must labour to disguise that from her by all such honest devices, as giving her my company, and discourse, therefore I steal from her, all the time which I give this Letter, and it is therefore that I take so short a list, and gallop so fast over it; I have not been out of my house since I received your pacquet. As I have much quenched my senses, and disused my body from pleasure, and so tried how I can indure to be mine own grave, so I try now how I can suffer a prison. And since it is but to build one wall more about our soul, she is still in her own Center, how many circumferences soever fortune or our own perversnesse cast about her. I would I could as well intreat her to go out, as she knows whither to go. But if I melt into a melancholy whilest I write, I shall be taken in the manner: and I sit by one too tender towards these impressions, and it is so much our duty, to avoid all occasions of giving them sad apprehensions, as S. Hierome accuses Adam of no other fault in eating the Apple, but that he did it Ne contristaretur delicias suas. I am not carefull what I write, because the inclosed Letters may dignifie this ill-favoured bark, and they need not grudge so coarse a countenance, because they are now to accompany themselves, my man fetched them, and therefore I can say no more of them than themselves say. Mistress Meauly intreated me by her Letter to hasten hers; as I think, for by my troth I cannot read it. My Lady was dispatching in so much haste for Twicknam, as she gave no word to a Letter which I sent with yours; of Sir Tho. Bartlet, I can say nothing, nor of the plague, though your Letter bid me: but that he diminishes, the other increases, but in what proportion I am not clear. To them at Hammersmith, and Mistress Herbert I will do your command. If I have been good in hope, or can

promise any little offices in the future probably, it is comfortable, for I am the worst present man in the world; yet the instant, though it be nothing, joynes times together, and therefore this unprofitableness, since I have been, and will still indevour to be so, shall not interrupt me now from being

Your servant and lover

J. DONNE.

$\mathbf{x}\mathbf{III}$

TO SIR H[ENRY]. G[OODYER].

sir, [c. 1609]

It should be no interruption to your pleasures, to hear me often say that I love you, and that you are as much my meditations as my self: I often compare not you and me, but the sphear in which your resolutions are, and my wheel; both I hope concentrique to God: for me thinks the new Astronomie is thus appliable well, that we which are a little earth, should rather move towards God, than that he which is fulfilling, and can come no whither, should move towards us. To your life full of variety, nothing is old, nor new to mine; and as to that life, all stickings and hesitations seem stupid and stony, so to this, all fluid slipperinesses, and transitory migrations seem giddie and featherie. In that life one is ever in the porch or postern, going in or out, never within his house himself: It is a garment made of remnants, a life raveld out into ends, a line discontinued, and a number of small wretched points, uselesse, because they concurre not: A life built of past and future, not proposing any constant present; they have more pleasures than we, but not more pleasure; they joy oftener, we longer; and no man but of so much understanding as may deliver him from being a fool, would change with a mad-man, which had a better proportion of wit in his often Lucidis. You know, they which dwell farthest from the Sun, if in any convenient distance, have longer daies, better appetites, better diges-

tion, better growth, and longer life: And all these advantages have their mindes who are well removed from the scorchings, and dazlings, and exhalings of the worlds glory: but neither of our lives are in such extremes; for you living at Court without ambition, which would burn you, or envy, which would devest others, live in the Sun, not in the fire: And I which live in the Country without stupefying, am not in darknesse, but in shadow, which is not no light, but a pallid, waterish, and diluted one. As all shadows are of one colour, if you respect the body from which they are cast, (for our shadows upon clay will be dirty, and in a garden green, and flowery) so all retirings into a shadowy life are alike from all causes, and alike subject to the barbarousnesse and insipid dulnesse of the Country: onely the emploiments, and that upon which you cast and bestow your pleasure, businesse, or books, gives it the tincture, and beauty. But truly wheresoever we are, if we can but tell our selves truly what and where we would be, we may make any state and place such; for we are so composed, that if abundance, or glory scorch and melt us, we have an earthly cave, our bodies, to go into by consideration, and cool our selves: and if we be frozen, and contracted with lower and dark fortunes, we have within us a torch, a soul, lighter and warmer than any without: we are therefore our own umbrellas, and our own suns. These, Sir, are the sallads and onions of Micham, sent to you with as wholesome affection as your other friends send Melons and Quelque-choses from Court and London. If I present you not as good diet as they, I would yet say grace to theirs, and bid much good do it you. I send you, with this, a Letter which I sent to the Countesse. It is not my use nor duty to doe so, but for your having of it, there were but two consents, and I am sure you have mine, and you are sure you have hers. I also writ to her Ladyship for the verses she shewed in the garden, which I did, not onely to extort them, nor onely to keep my promise of writing, for that I had done

in the other Letter, and perchance she hath forgotten the promise; nor onely because I think my Letters just good enough for a progresse, but because I would write apace to her, whilest it is possible to expresse that which I yet know of her, for by this growth I see how soon she will be ineffable.

XIV

[TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD?]

[1608 ?-1614 ?]

THE Tyrrany of a suddaine raging sicknes (comfortable in nothing but the violence of itt) assures that either itt or I are short lived, having found either vertue or stubbernes inough in me to disdaine all bitternes that itt can make against my body, now assayles my mind and shews me that (by imprisoning me in my chamber) itt is able to deprive me of that happines which by your grace was allowed me when you gave me the priviledge of having leave to visit you. I confesse that this is my sicknes worst fitt and as fearefully ominous as Tamerlins last dayes black ensignes whose threatnings none scaped. Let not your charity therefore desdayne to [j]oyne with me, in an honest deceit, to breake this tempest of my sicknes, and since this letter hath my name, and hand, and words, and thoughts, bee content to thinke itt me, and to give itt leave thus to speake to you, though you vouchsafe not to speake to itt againe. It shall tell you truly (for from me itt sucked no levin of flattery) with what height or rather lownes of devotion I reverence you: who besides the commandment of a noble birth, and your perswasive eloquence of beauty, have the advantage of the furniture of arts and languages, and such other vertues as might serve to justify a reprobate fortune and the lowest condition: soe that if these things whereby some few other are named are made worthy, are to you but ornaments, such might be left without leaving you unperfect. To that treasure of your vertues whereof your fayre eyes curtesy is not the least jewell I present this paper: and if itt be not too much boldnes in itt my excuse of not visiting you. And so kindly kissing your fayre hand that vouchsafes the receipt of these lines I take leave.

XV

TO THE PRINCE OF [WALES]

[1610.]

Next to that boldness of having dedicated this booke to our soveraigne lord your Highnes father, it were the greatest boldnes that I could committ not to present to your Highnes a copy thereof, who are so perfitt a copy of him. For though this booke be none of those things which devolve upon you because they are his (for by so great a title as that, onely kingdomes and vertues belong to you) yett itt belongs to your Highnes because itt endevors to prepare and dispose some irresolved and undetermined persons to an obedience of our lawes, and so it respects and relates to future tymes which are yours. Though therefore some extreme contemplative philosophers have thought itt to be the highest degree of reverence which man could use towards God to abstaine from outward sacrifices and from verball prayer, because nothinge but our purest thoughts, before they are mingled with any affections or passions, can have any proportion to God or gett within any distance of him, yett they errd, because they thought we went to God in these actions when indeed God comes to us. So also do princes descend to receive the offices of such men as cannot reach up to them; for therefore hath God allowed them so many of his own attributes, that they might not take a measure of their greatnes by the lownes of others but by their conforminge themselves to him and doinge as he doth. And therefore though I might have performed some part of my duty by continuinge in my private prayers in my study

for your Highnes and this state, yett I cannot fear but that you will also descend to this and accept the same duty as it is thus uttered and apparelled in this booke. For since as well as the whole body of this state I also felt the benefitt and sweetnes which we enjoy in this government, itt became mee to contribute some thinge in testimony of my thankfullnes and onely in wishinge your Highnes happines and in this matter of expressinge itt, am I a subsidy man.

·XVI

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND G[EORGE]. G[ERRARD]. ESQUIRE

SIR,

Neither your Letters, nor silence, needs excuse; your friendship is to me an abundant possession, though you remember me but twice in a year: He that could have two harvests in that time, might justly value his land at a high rate; but, Sir, as we doe not onely then thank our land, when we gather the fruit, but acknowledge that all the year she doth many motherly offices in preparing it: so is not friendship then onely to be esteemed, when she is delivered of a Letter, or any other reall office, but in her continuall propensnesse and inclination to do it. This hath made me easie in pardoning my long silences, and in promising my self your forgivenesse for not answering your Letter sooner. For my purpose of proceeding in the profession of the law, so farre as to a title you may be pleased to correct that imagination, wheresoever you finde it. I ever thought the study of it my best entertainment, and pastime, but I have no ambition, nor designe upon the style. Of my Anniversaries, the fault that I acknowledge in my self, is to have descended to print any thing in verse, which though it have excuse even in our times, by men who professe, and practise much gravitie; yet I confesse I wonder how I declined to it, and do not pardon my self: But for the other part of the imputation of

having said too much, my defence is, that my purpose was to say as well as I could: for since I never saw the Gentlewoman, I cannot be understood to have bound my self to have spoken just truths, but I would not be thought to have gone about to praise her, or any other in rime; except I took such a person, as might be capable of all that I could say. If any of those Ladies think that Mistris *Drewry* was not so, let that Lady make her self fit for all those praises in the book, and they shall be hers. Sir, this messenger makes so much haste that I cry you mercy for spending any time of this letter in other imployment than thanking you for yours. I hope before *Christmas* to see *England*, and kisse your hand, which shall ever, (if it disdain not that office) hold all the keyes of the libertie and affection, and all the faculties of

Your most affectionate servant,

J. D.

Paris the 14th of Aprill, here, 1612.

XVII

TO SIR ROBERT HARLEY

1613, April 7, Montgomery. I could almost be content to be desperate of seeinge you while I am in this country if I might hope well of your health. The conversation of this noble gentleman, who refuses me not in his house, recompences the want of any company; but my sensiblenes of any friend's sicknes is encreased by the healthfullnes of this place; for I thinke if Bellarmine knew what immortality dwells here, he would looke that his Enoch and Elias should come out of this castle to fight against his Antichrist. But, Sir, as I was willinge to make this paper a little bigger than a physician's receit lest that representation should take your stomake from it, so I will avoyd to make it very longe or busy, least your physician chide me as much as your patient would have done. It shall, therefore, onely say that which if I were goinge to my

grave should be the honorablest piece of my epitaph, that I am your humble and affectionate servant.

XVIII

IN KINDNESSE TO AN ABSENT FRIEND [To George Gerrard?]

SIR, [c. 1613?]

Your long silence, could never bring me to any doubt of having lost my Title to your friendship. It shall not be in your power, to be able, so to prescribe, even in your self, against me, but that still I will be making my continuall claim to your love. For Friendship hath so much of Soveraignty, yea and of Religion too, that no prescription can be admitted against it. And as for losing you by any forfeit, or demerit on my part, I have been very carefull, and shall be watchfull still, to blesse my self from such a curse, as that. And indeed, such care is all the merit, which can be hoped for, at the hands of a person, so uselesse as my self. And from this care now proceeds my haste, to thank you for your last Letter; and to begge a preservation of that love, which though, at first, it fell not directly, and immediately upon my self, but by way of reflection or Briccole, through your other Friends (to use the Metaphor of a Game, wherein I congratulate that excellencie, to which my Lord Clifford tells me, you have arrived) yet now I dare conceive, that your love belongs to me, even as a kind of due; since I see, you now discern that I am so much in earnest in loving you.

XIX

TO THE HONORABLE KT. SIR EDWARD HERBERT

SIR,

Because since I had the honor to see you, or hear from you, I have received such a change, as, if my unworthynes did not avile it, were an addition, I ame bold to present

to you the knowledge thereof: because therby your power, and jurisdiction, which is entirely over mee, is somewhat enlardged. For, as if I should put any other stampe upon a peece of your gold, the gold were not the lesse yours, so (if there be not too much taken by mee, in that comparison) by havinge, by the orders of our churche, received a new character, I ame not departed from your title, and possession of mee. But, as I was ever, by my devotion, and your acceptance, your humble servant, so I ame become, by this addition, capable of the dignity, of beeinge

Your very humble chapleyn

23 Jan. 1614[/5] which was the very day wherein I took orders.

J. DONNE

XX

WITH A KIND OF LABOUR'D COMPLEMENT TO A FRIEND OF HIS

SIR, [c. 1614?]

There is a dangerous Rule in Law, Socius socii mei, non est socius meus. If it extend to Friendship, as well as to Familiaritie, I who can pretend no other title to your friendship, than that I am allowed some little interest in them, who have more in you, may well account my self to be within the danger of it. But, as in Divine, so in Morall things, where the beginning is from others, the assistance, and co-operation, is in our selves. I therefore, who could do nothing towards the begetting, would fain do somewhat towards the breeding and cherishing of such degrees of friendship, as formerly I had the honour to hold with you. If Letters be not able to do that office, they are yet able, at least to testifie, that he, who sends them, would be glad to do more, if he could. I have a great desire, not without some hope, to see you this. Summer there; and I have more hope and more desire,

to see you this next Winter here; and I have abundantly more of both, that, at least, we shall meet in Heaven. That we differ in our wayes, I hope we pardon one another. Men go to China, both by the Straights, and by the Cape. I never mis-interpreted your way; nor suffered it to be so, wheresoever I found it in discourse. For I was sure, you took not up your Religion upon trust, but payed ready money for it, and at a high Rate. And this taste of mine towards you, makes me hope for, and claime the same disposition in you towards me. I am sure, this messenger beares so many Letters to you, as if this of mine (which is written upon the first day of my comming to Town) should offer at any thing of the Times, it might perhaps shake your beliefe from somewhat, expressed in some of your other Letters, by my relating them diverselie. For it is but earlie daies with me here; and I see not things so distinctlie yet, as to lay them under such eyes as yours. This Letter doth therefore onely aske your safe conduct, for those others of mine, which are to follow, as the most constant testimonies of my love, etc.

XXI

TO MY VERY TRUE AND VERY GOOD FRIEND SIR HENRY GOODERE

SIR, [April 1615?]

At some later reading, I was more affected with that part of your Letter, which is of the book, and the namelesse Letters, than at first. I am not sorry, for that affection were for a jealousie or suspicion of a flexibilty in you. But I am angry, that any should think, you had in your Religion peccant humours, defective, or abundant, or that such a booke, (if I mistake it not) should be able to work upon you; my comfort is, that their judgment is too weak to endanger you, since by this it confesses, that it mistakes you, in thinking you irresolved or various: yet let me be bold to fear, that that sound true opinion,

that in all Christian professions there is way to salvation (which I think you think) may have been so incommodiously or intempestively sometimes uttered by you; or else your having friends equally near you of all the impressions of Religion, may have testified such an indifferency, as hath occasioned some to further such inclinations, as they have mistaken to be in you. This I have feared, because hertofore the inobedient Puritans, and now the over-obedient Papists attempt you. It hath hurt very many, not in their conscience, nor ends, but in their reputation, and ways, that others have thought them fit to be wrought upon. As some bodies are as wholesomly nourished as ours, with Akornes, and endure nakednesse, both which would be dangerous to us, if we for them should leave our former habits, though theirs were the Primitive diet and custome: so are many souls well fed with such formes, and dressings of Religion, as would distemper and misbecome us, and make us corrupt towards God, if any humane circumstance moved it, and in the opinion of men, though none. You shall seldome see a Coyne, upon which the stamp were removed, though to imprint it better, but it looks awry and squint. And so, for the most part, do mindes which have received divers impressions. I will not, nor need to you, compare the Religions. The channels of Gods mercies run through both fields; and they are sister teats of his graces, yet both diseased and infected, but not both alike. And I think, that as Copernicisme in the Mathematiques hath carried earth farther up, from the stupid Center; and yet not honoured it, nor advantaged it, because for the necessity of appearances, it hath carried heaven so much higher from it: so the Roman profession seems to exhale, and refine our wills from earthly Dr[e]gs, and Lees, more than the Reformed, and so seems to bring us nearer heaven; but then that carries heaven farther from us, by making us pass so many Courts, and Offices of Saints in this life, in all our petitions, and lying in a painfull prison in the next,

during the pleasure not of him to whom we go, and who must be our Judge, but of them from whom we come, who know not our case. Sir, as I said last time, labour to keep your alacrity and dignity, in an even temper: for in a dark sadnesse, indifferent things seem abominable, or necessary, being neither; as trees, and sheep to melancholique night-walkers have unproper shapes. And when you descend to satisfie all men in your own religion, or to excuse others to al; you prostitute your self and your understanding, though not a prey, yet a mark, and a hope, and a subject, for every sophister in Religion to work on. For the other part of your Letter, spent in the praise of the Countesse, I am always very apt to beleeve it of her, and can never believe it so well, and so reasonably, as now, when it is averred by you; but for the expressing it to her, in that sort as you seem to counsaile, I have these two reasons to decline it. That that knowledge which she hath of me, was in the beginning of a graver course, than of a Poet, into which (that I may also keep my dignity) I would not seem to relapse. The Spanish proverb informes me, that he is a fool which cannot make one Sonnet, and he is mad which makes two. The other stronger reason, is my integrity to the other Countesse, of whose worthinesse though I swallowed your opinion at first upon your words, yet I have had since an explicit faith, and now a knowledge: and for her delight (since she descends to them) I had reserved not only all the verses, which I should make, but all the thoughts of womens worthinesse. But because I hope she will not disdain, that I should write well of her Picture, I have obeyed you thus far, as to write: but intreat you by your friendship, that by this occasion of versifying, I be not traduced, nor esteemed light in that Tribe, and that house where I have lived. If those reasons which moved you to bid me write be not constant in you still, or if you meant not that I should write verses; or if these verses be too bad, or too good, over or under her understanding, and not fit; I pray receive them, as a companion and supplement of this Letter to you; and as such a token as I use to send, which use, because I wish rather they should serve (except you wish otherwise) I send no other; but after I have told you, that here at a Christning at *Peckam*, you are remembered by divers of ours, and I commanded to tell you so, I kisse your hands, and so seal to you my pure love, which I would not refuse to do by any labour or danger.

Your very true friend and servant

J. DONNE.

XXII

TO SIR ROBERT CARRE NOW EARLE OF ANKERUM, WITH MY BOOK BIATHANATOS AT MY GOING INTO GERMANY

SIR, [April 1619]

had need do somewhat towards you above my promises; How weak are my performances, when even my promises are defective! I cannot promise, no not in mine own hopes, equally to your merit towards me. But besides the Poems, of which you took a promise, I send you another Book to which there belongs this History. It was written by me many years since; and because it is upon a misinterpretable subject, I have always gone so near suppressing it, as that it is onely not burnt: no hand hath passed upon it to copy it, nor many eyes to read it: onely to some particular friends in both Universities, then when I writ it, I did communicate it: And I remember, I had this answer, That certainly, there was a false thread in it, but not easily found: Keep it, I pray, with the same jealousie; let any that your discretion admits to the sight of it, know the date of it; and that it is a Book written by Jack Donne, and not by D. Donne: Reserve it for me, if I live, and if I die, I only forbid it the Presse, and the Fire: publish it not, but yet burn it not; and between those, do what you will with it. Love me still, thus farre, for your owne sake, that when you withdraw your love from me, you will finde so many unworthinesses in me, as you grow ashamed of having had so long, and so much, such a thing as

Your poor servant in Christ Jesus.

J. DONNE.

XXIII

TO SIR H. MARTIN

sir, 1622. May 9. At my house at St. Paul's.

I wayted upon you heretofore when a cause which concerned me was brought before you and others, in another way, as Delegates. It is for a pretended resignation of the Churche of Keiston, upon which pretence one Mr. Silliard procured a superinstitution. To my Lord Keeper I have declared the direct truth of the whole proceedinge for matter of fact; and for matter of law, I have told him, and them, That if any man learned in eyther law, of Mr, Spilliard's own counsayle would say that the church upon such a resignation was voyd, I would relinquish it. And now, I am informed that my Lord Keeper hath referrd that poynte to you. If I had not come home from Bedfordshire late and weary, I would have wayted upon you, but it had been onely to salute you, not much to solicite you (for that I know needs not) that you will be pleased to take that poynte into your good consideration; and so, Sir, I rest

Yours ever to be dispised,

J. DONNE.

XXIV

TO HIS MOTHER : COMFORTING HER AFTER THE DEATH OF HER DAUGHTER

My most dear mother, [1616]
- When I consider so much of your life, as can fall within my memorie and observation, I find it to have been

a Sea, under a continuall Tempest, where one wave hath ever overtaken another. Our most wise and blessed Saviour chuseth what way it pleaseth him, to conduct those which he loves, to his Haven, and eternall Rest. The way which he hath chosen for you, is strait, stormie, obscure, and full of sad apparitions of death, and wants, and sundry discomforts; and it hath pleased him, that one discomfort should still succeed, and touch another, that he might leave you no leasure, by anie pleasure or abundance, to stay or step out of that way, or almost to take breath in that way, by which he hath determined to bring you home, which is his glorious Kingdom. One of the most certain marks and assurances, that all these are his works, and to that good end, is your inward feeling and apprehension of them, and patience in them. As long as the Spirit of God distills and dews his cheerfulnesse upon your heart; as long as he instructs your understanding, to interpret his mercies and his judgments aright; so long your comfort must needs be as much greater than others, as your afflictions are greater than theirs. The happinesse which God afforded to your first young time, which was the love and care of my most dear and provident Father, whose soul, I hope, hath long since enjoyed the sight of our blessed Saviour, and had compassion of all our miseries in this world, God removed from you quickly. And hath since taken from you all the comfort, that that Marriage produced. All those children (for whose maintenance his industrie provided, and for whose education you were so carefullie and so chargeablie diligent) he hath now taken from you. All that worth which he left, God hath suffered to be gone from us all. So that God hath seemed to repent, that he allowed any part of your life any earthly happinesse, that he might keep your Soul in continuall exercise, and longing, and assurance, of comming immediately to him. I hope therefore, my most dear Mother, that your experience of the calamities of this life,

your continuall acquaintance with the visitations of the holy Ghost, which gives better inward comforts, than the world can outward discomforts, your wisdom, to distinguish the value of this world from the next, and your religious fear of offending our mercifull God, by repining at any thing which he doth, will preserve you from any inordinate and dangerous sorrow, for this losse of my most beloved Sister. For my part, which am onely left now, to do the office of a child; though the poornesse of my fortune, and the greatnesse of my charge, hath not suffered me to expresse my duty towards you, as became me; yet, I protest to you before Almighty God, and his Angells and Saints in Heaven, that I do, and ever shall, esteem my self, to be as stronglie bound to look to you, and provide for your relief, as for my own poor wife and children. For, whatsoever I shall be able to do, I acknowledge to be a debt to you, from whom I had that education, which must make my fortune. This I speak not, as though I feared my father Rainsford's care of you, or his means to provide for you; for he hath been with me, and, as I perceive in him, a loving and industrious care to give you contentment; so, I see in his businesse, a happie and considerable forwardnesse. In the mean time, good Mother, take heed, that no sorrow nor dejection in your heart, interrupt or disappoint God's purpose in you; his purpose is, to remove out of your heart, all such love of this world's happinesse, as might put Him out of possession of it. He will have you entirelie. And, as God is comfort enough, so Hee is inheritance enough. Joyne with God, and make his visitations and afflictions, as he intended them, mercies and comforts. And, for God's sake, pardon those negligences, which I have heretofore used towards you; and assist me, with your blessing to me, and all mine; and with your prayers to our blessed Saviour, that thereby both my mind and fortune may be apt to do all my duties, especially those that belong to you.

God, whose omnipotent strength can change the nature of any thing, by his raising-Spirit of comfort, make your Povertie Riches, your Afflictions Pleasure, and all the Gall and Wormwood of your life, Hony and Manna to your taste, which he hath wrought, whensoever you are willing to have it so. Which, because I cannot doubt in you, I will forbear more lines at this time, and most humblie deliver my self over to your devotions, and good opinion of me, which I desire no longer to live, than I may have.

XXV

TO SIR H. [GOODYER?]

Octob. the 4th 1622. almost at midnight.

SIR,

All our moralities are but our outworks, our Christianity is our Citadel; a man who considers duty but the dignity of his being a man, is not easily beat from his outworks, but from his Christianity never; and therefore I dare trust you, who contemplates them both. Every distemper of the body now, is complicated with the spleen, and when we were young men we scarce ever heard of the spleen. In our declinations now, every accident is accompanied with heavy clouds of melancholy; and in our youth we never admitted any. It is the spleen of the minde, and we are affected with vapors from thence; yet truly, even this sadnesse that overtakes us, and this yeelding to the sadnesse, is not so vehement a poison (though it be no Physick neither) as those false waies, in which we sought our comforts in our looser daies. You are able to make rules to your self, and our B. Saviour continue to you an ability to keep within those rules. And this particular occasion of your present sadnesse must be helped by the rule, for, examples you will scarce finde any, scarce any that is not encombred and distressed in his fortunes. I had locked my self, sealed and secured my self against all possibilities of falling into new debts, and

in good faith, this year hath thrown me 400 l. lower than when I entred this house. I am a Father as well as you, and of children (I humbly thank God) of as good dispositions; and in saying so, I make account that I have taken my comparison as high as I could goe; for in good faith, I beleeve yours to be so: but as those my daughters (who are capable of such considerations) cannot but see my desire to accommodate them in this world, so I think they will not murmure if heaven must be their Nunnery, and they associated to the B. virgins there: I know they would be content to passe their lives in a Prison, rather than I should macerate my self for them, much more to suffer the mediocrity of my house, and my means, though that cannot preferre them: yours are such too, and it need not that patience, for your fortune doth not so farre exercise their patience. But to leave all in Gods hands, from whose hands nothing can be wrung by whining but by praying, nor by praying without the Fiat voluntas tua. Sir, you are used to my hand, and, I think have leisure to spend some time in picking out sense, in ragges; else I had written lesse, and in longer time. Here is room for an Amen; the prayer—so I am going to my bedside to make for all you and all yours, with

Your true friend and servant in Christ Jesus
J. DONNE.

XXVI

TO THE R: HONORABLE SIR THOMAS ROE, AMBASSADOR FOR HIS MAJESTIE OF GREAT BRITAINE TO THE GRAND SEIGNOR

IF your lordships chapleine be as well shipd, as my letter is shipd in him, they come both well to your lordship: Mine is but a vessell for another weyther, for now when I begin to write, I remember a commandment which my Lord of Carlile layd upon me, to call for a letter from him, upon the first commodity of sendinge; and before this letter be seald, I hope he will returne from Court. If he

do not, I may have leave to say somethinge, both of that which he would, and that which he would not have sayd in his own letter: He would not have sayd, that which I may; That he is the directest man that ever I knew, but he would have sayd, That he is as much directed upon you, as any: for, in good fayth, he apprehends every where, any occasion of testifienge well of your Lordship: To speake in that language, which you know to be mine, that is free inough, (at least), from flattery, he provides for his ease and his thrift, in doinge so; for, truly, I have met no case anywhere where the delyveringe of a good opinion of you, or a judgement upon any of your actions, costs any man anythinge, or exercises him against an opposition . . . [Our] B: Savyor give you the comfort of it all your way, and the reward of it, at last. Many graines make up the bread that feeds us; and many thornes make up the Crown that must glorifie us; and one of those thornes is, for the most part, the stinginge calumny of others tongues. This, (for any thinge that concernd the publique) you had not in your last employment, though then you had a domestique Satan, a viper, a tonguestinger, in your own house. In this employment, you have beene every way delyverd from it; I never heard your private, nor publique actions calumniated; so you have the lesse thorns to make up that Crowne. But, Sir, since that Crown is made of thorns, be not without them when you contemplate Christ Jesus crownd with thorns, remember that those thorns, which you see stand out, hurt him not; those which wounded him, were bent inward. Outward thorns of calumny, and mis-interpretation do us least harme; Innocency despises them; or friends and just examiners of the case blunt or breake them. Finde thorns within; a woundinge sense of sin; bringe you the thorns, and Christ will make it a Crown, or do you make it a Crowne, where two ends meet, and make a Circle, (consider your selfe, from one mother to another, from the wombe to the grave) and Christ will make it a Crown

of glory. Add not you to my thorns, by givinge any ill interpretations of my silence or slacknes in writinge: you, who have so longe accustomed to assist me, with your good opinion, and testimonies, and benefits, will not easily do that; but if you have at any tyme declind towards it, I beseech you let this have some waight towards re-rectifienge you, that the assiduity of doinge the churche of God, that service, which, (in a poore measure) I ame thought to be able to do, possesses me, and fills me. You know, Sir, that the Astronomers of the world are not so much exercised, about all the Constellations, and their motions, formerly apprehended and beleeved, as when there arises a new, and irregular meteor. Many of these, this treaty of the Mariage of the prince hath produced, in our firmament, in our Divinity, and many men, measuringe publique actions, with private affections, have been scandalized and have admitted suspicions of a tepidnes in very high places. Some civill acts, in favor of the Papists, have been with some precipitation overdangerously mis-applyed too. It is true, there is a Major proposition; but the Conclusion is so soone made, if there be not a minor too. I know to be sory for some things that are donne, (that is, sorry that our tymes are overtaken with a necessity to do them) proceeds of true zeale; but to conclude the worst upon the first degree of ill, is a distillinge with too hot a fire. One of these occurrences, gave the occasion to this sermon, which by commandement I preached and which I send your Lordship. Some few weekes after that, I preachd another at the same place: upon the Gun-powder day. Therin I was left more to mine owne liberty; and therfore I would I could also send your Lordship a Copy of that; but that one, which, also by commandement I did write after the preachinge, is as yet in his Majesties hand, and, I know not whether he will in it, as he did in the other, after his readinge thereof, command it to be printed; and, whilst it is in that suspence, I know your Lordship would call

it Indiscretion, to send out any copy thereof; neither truly, ame I able to committ that fault; for I have no Copy. A few days after that, I preached, by invitation of the Virginian Company, to an honorable auditory, and they recompenced me with a new commandment, in their Service, to printe that: and that, I hope, comes with this: for, with papers of that kinde, I ame the apter to chardge your chapleyne in the Exercise of my Ministery. I have assisted in the tyme of sicknes, and now attended at the funeralls, the first night of my Lady Jacob, and the next of Sir Wm. Killegrew, against whom the B: of Exeter my predecessor here, had commende a suite in Chancery of (as he layd it in his bill) 3000 l. in value. The case grew to a strange poynte; That which was layd to him, was indirect dealinge in the execution of a commission, about the value of that land, which was taken from the Bishoprike. His sicknes made him unable to answer; without it, they could not proceed. There was propos'd a way, to appointe him a Guardian, Ad hoc; but the defect beeinge not in his understandinge, some of the Judges sayd, that if the case were Treason, and he, by the hand of God, become unable to awnswere, he could not be proceeded against. Whilst they were in farther deliberation, the good Man is dead; and the chardge beeinge personall, and of which, no other man can give an account, I hope the whole busines is dead too; though, if it be pursued, I do not discerne that they are in any danger. I recommend myselfe to your Lordships prayers; and I enwrap you, with mine own soule in mine: and our B: God enwrap in the righteousnes of his sonne, both you and

Your Lordships
humblest and thankfullest Servant in Christ Jesus
J. DONNE.

at my poore house at St. Pauls, London 1º Decemb. 1622.

XXVII

THE MARQUIS OF BUCKINGHAM

MOST HONORED LORD,

I can thus far make myselfe beleeve, that I ame where yor Lordship is, in Spaine, that in my poore Library, where indeed I ame, I can turne mine Ey towards no shelfe, in any profession, from the Mistresse of my youth, Poetry, to the wyfe of mine age, Divinity, but that I meet more Autors of that nation, than of any other. Their autors in Divinity, though they do not show us the best way to heaven, yet they thinke they doe: And so, though they say not true, yet they do not ly, because they speake their Conscience. And since in charity, I believe so of them, for their Divinity, In Civility I beleeve it too, for Civill matters, that therein also they meane as they say: and by this tyme yor Lordship knowes what they say. I take therfore this boldnes to congratulate thus with yor Lordship the great honor which you receyve, in beeinge so great an instrument of that worke, in which the peace of christendome so much consists. How to use a sword, when it is out, we know you know: Thinke you that commandement of our Savyours to be directed upon you, Put up the sword; study the ways of peace. The hardest Autors in the world, are Kings; And yor Lordship hath read over the hardest of them. Since you have passed from the Text of the King of Kings, the booke of God, by the Commentary of the wisest Kinge amongst Men, the Counsayls of our Soveraigne, the knowledge of other states, and other kings is down-hill, and obvious to yor Lordship and you finde it in postinge. And for this blessed clearnesse in yor Lordship all mighty God receyves every day, not the prayers (their tyme [is] not when the thinge is given allready) but the thanks [of]

Yor Lordships

humblest and devotedst and thankfullest Servant in Christ Jesus

[Pa]uls [1]623.

J. DONNE.

XXVIII

TO THE HONOURABLE KNIGHT, SIR ROBERT CARRE

SIR, [1624]

Though I have left my bed, I have not left my bedside; I sit there still, and as a Prisoner discharged, sits at the Prison doore, to beg Fees, so sit I here, to gather crummes. I have used this leisure, to put the meditations had in my sicknesse, into some such order, as may minister some holy delight. They arise to so many sheetes (perchance 20.) as that without staying for that furniture of an Epistle, That my Friends importun'd me to Print them, I importune my Friends to receive them Printed. That, being in hand, through this long Trunke, that reaches from Saint Pauls, to Saint James, I whisper into your eare this question, whether there be any uncomlinesse, or unseasonablenesse, in presenting matter of Devotion, or Mortification, to that Prince, whom I pray God nothing may ever Mortifie, but Holinesse. If you allow my purposes in generall, I pray cast your eye upon the Title and the Epistle, and rectifie me in them: I submit substance, and circumstance to you, and the poore Author of both,

Your very humble and very thankfull
Servant in Christ Jesus

J. DONNE.

XXIX

TO A LORD, UPON PRESENTING OF SOME OF HIS WORK TO HIM

MY LORD, [1624]

To make my self believe that our life is something, I use in my thoughts to compare it to something, if it be like any thing that is something. It is like a Sentence, so much as may be uttered in a breathing: and such a difference as is in Styles, is in our lives, contracted and dilated. And as in some Styles, there are open Parentheses, Sentences within Sentences; so there are lives, within our lives. I am in such a Parenthesis now, in a convalescence, when I thought my self verie near my period. God brought me into a low valley, and from thence shewed me high Jerusalem, upon so high a hill, as that he thought it fit to bid me stay, and gather more breath. This I do, by meditating, by expostulating, by praying; for, since I am barred of my ordinarie diet, which is Reading, I make these my exercises, which is another part of Physick. And these meditations, and expostulations, and prayers, I am bold to send to your Lordship; that as this which I live now is a kind of second life, I may deliver my self over to your Lordship in this life, with the same affection and devotion, as made me yours in all my former life; and as long as any image of this world sticks in my soul, shall ever remain your Lordships, &c.

XXX

TO SIR ROBERT CARRE KNIGHT,

When he was in SPAIN; about severall matters

SIR, [1624]

Your way into Spain was Eastward, and that is the way to the land of Perfumes and Spices; their way hither is

Westward, and that is the way to the land of Gold, and of Mynes. The Wise men, who sought Christ, laid down both their Perfumes, and their Gold, at the feet of Christ, the Prince of Peace. If All confer all to his glory, and to the peace of his Church, Amen. But now I consider in Cosmography better; they and we differ not in the East and West: we are much alike Easterlie. But yet, Oriens nomen ejus, the East is one of Christ's names, in one Prophet; and, Filius Orientis est Lucifer, the East is one of the Devill's names, in another: and these two differ diametrically. And so in things belonging to the worship of God, I think we shall, Amen. But the difference of our scituation is in North and South; and you know, that though the labour of any ordinary Artificer in that Trade, will bring East and West together, (for if a flat Map be but pasted upon a round Globe, the farthest East, and the farthest West meet, and are all one) yet all this brings not North and South a scruple of a degree the nearer. There are things in which we may, and in that wherein we should not, my hope is in God, and in Him, in whom God doth so evidently work, we shall not meet, Amen. They have hotter daies in Spain than we have here, but our daies are longer; and yet we are hotter in our businesse here, and they longer about it there. God is sometimes called a Gyant, running a race; and sometimes is so slowpaced, as that a thousand years make but a day with God; and yet still the same God. He hath his purposes upon our noble and vehement affections, and upon their warie and sober discretions; and will use both to his glory. Amen.

Sir, I took up this Paper to write a Letter; but my imaginations were full of a Sermon before, for I write but a few hours before I am to preach, and so instead of a Letter, I send you a Homily. Let it have thus much of a Letter, That I am confident in your love, and deliver my self over to your service. And thus much of a Homily, That you and I shall accompanie one another to the

possession of Heaven, in the same way wherein God put us at first, Amen.

Your very humble and very thankfull Servant in Christ, &c.

XXXI

TO THE HONORABLE LADY THE LADY KINGSMILE [upon the death of her husband]

MADAM

Those things wen God dissolves at once, as he shall do the Sunne and Moone, and those bodyes at the last conflagration, he never intends to re-unite againe, but in those things wen he takes in pieces, as he doth Man and wyfe, in these divorces by death, and [in] single persons in the dyvorce of body and Soule, God hath another purpose, to make them up againe. That piece weh he takes to himselfe, ys [presently] cast in a mold, and in an instant made fitt for hys use; for Heaven ys not a place of proficiency, but of present perfection. That piece wen he leaves behinde in thys world, by the death of a part therof, growes fitter and fitter for him, by the good use of his corrections, and the intire conformity to hys wyll. Nothinge disproportions us, nor makes us so uncapable of beinge re-united to those whom we loved here, as murmuringe, or not advauncinge the goodnes of him who hath remov'd them from hence. We would wonder, to see a Man, who in a wood, were left to hys liberty to fell what trees he would, take onely the crooked, and leave the straytest trees; but that man, hath perchance a ship to build, and not a house, and so hath use of that kinde of timber. Let not us, who know that in hys [Gods] house there are many Mansions, but yet have no Modell, no designe of [the forme of] y' buildinge, wonder at hys takinge in [of] hys Materialls, why he takes the yonge, and leaves ye old, or why the

sickly overlyve those that had better health. We are not bound to thinke, that Souls departed have devested all affections towards them whom they left here; but we are bound to thinke, that, for all theyr love, they would not be here againe. Then ys the wyll of God donne in Earth, as yt ys in Heaven, when we neyther pretermitt hys actions, nor resist them; neyther passe them over in an inconsideration, as though God had no hand in them, nor go about to take them out of hys hands, as though we could direct him to do them better. As Gods Scriptures are hys wyll, so hys Actions are hys wyll; both are Testaments, because they Testify hys Minde to us. It ys not lawfull to add a Scedule to eyther of hys wylls; As they do yll, who add to his written wyll, hys [the] Scriptures, a Scedule of Apocryphall books, so do they also, who to hys other wyll, his manifested Actions, add Apocryphall conditions, and a Scedule of such limitations [as these], If God would have stayd thus longe, or If God would have proceeded in thys, or thys Manner, I could have borne it. To say, that our afflictions are greater then we can bear, ys so near to despairinge, as that the same words expresse both; for when we consider Cains words in that Originalle tongue, in web God spoke, we cannot tell, whether the words be, My punishment ys greater then can be borne or My Sinne ys greater then can be forgiven. But, Madam, you who willingly sacrific'd yourselfe to God, in yr obedience to him, in yr own sicknes, cannot be doubted to dispute wt him, about any part of you, wen he shall be pleas'd to requier at yr hands. The difference ys great, in the losse of an arme, or a Head; of a child, or a Husband: But to them, who are incorporated into Christ, theyr Head, there can be no beheadinge; upon you, who are a Member of the spouse of Christ, the Churche, there can fall no wydowhood, nor Orphanage upon those children, to whom God I have not another office, by yr husbands death; for I was yr Chapleyne before in my dayly

prayers; but I shall enlardge that office, wto ther Collects then before, That God wyll continue to you, that peace web you have ever had in him, and send you quiet, and peacable dispositions in all them, wt whom you shall have any thinge to doe, in yr temperall estate, and matters of thys world. Amen.

Yr Laps

very humble and thankfull

At my poore house at S: Pauls Servant in Chr: Jes:

26 Octr: 1624.

. J. DONNE.

XXXII

TO THE HONOURABLE KT AND MY MOST HONOURED FRIEND SIR HENRY WOTTON, PROVOST OF ETON

SIR,

This is your quietus est from me; it is your assurance that I will never trouble you more about any place in your colledge. But this quietus est must bear date from the end of the chapter; for in the letter, I must make a suite of that kinde to you, in which I know you will give a good interpretation of mine ingenuity, that I would not forbear even in the troublinge of you, when I had a way presented to me, to do any service to your noble family, to whom I owe even my posterity. Sir, at your last election, Sir Robert More (to whom I have the honor to be brother in law) had a sonne elected into your schools, and his place is not falln, and so our hopes evacuated that way. Because it was my worke at first, I would faine perfit it, and I am in the right way of perfitinge it when I addresse myselfe to you, who have a perfit power in the business, and have multiplied demonstrations of a perfit love to me. That which was then donne, was donne by way of gratitude by Mr Woodford, one of the then opposers, to whom I had given a church belonginge to our Pauls. And for the favor which you shall be pleased to afford us herein, I offer your mother and daughters, all the service I shall be able to doe to any servant of yours in any place of any

of our churches. Our most B. Savyor blesse you with all his graces, and restore us to a confident meetinge in wholesome place, and direct us all by good ways to good ends. Amen.

Your very true frinde and humble servant in Christ Jesus

J. DONNE.

From Sir John Da[n]vers house at Chelsey (of which house and my [Lord of C]arlils at Hanworth I make up my Tusculan) 12 Julli, 1625.

XXXIII

TO [SIR THOMAS ROE]

Our blessed Savyour establish in you, and multiply to you, the seals of his eternall election, and testify his gracious purposes towards you in the next world for ever, by a continuall succession of his outward blessings here, and sweeten your age, by a rectified conscience of havinge spent your former tyme well and sweeten your transmigration by a modest but yet infallible assurance of a present union with him. Amen. Your Lordships letters of the 16 of August, were delyvered to me, 10 Novemb: in which, I ame first affected with that infection, which your Lordship told me, at that tyme, raigned in those parts. I make it another argument that our good God hath a holy and gracious purpose to enwrapp us in the same everlastinge communion of Joye, that enwrapps us now, in the same communion of Calamity: for your number of 2000 a day, was so far attempted by us, that in the city of London, and in a mile compas, I believe there dyed 1000 a day. But, by reason that these infections are not so frequent with us, the horror, I presume was greater here: for the Citezens fled away, as out of a house on fire, and stuffd theyr pockets with their best ware, and threw themselfs into the high-ways, and were

not receyvd, so much as into barnes, and perishd so, some of them with more money about them, than would have bought the villadge where they dyed: A Justice of Peace, into whose Examination it fell, told me, of one that dyed so, with 1400 l. about him. I scattered my family; and, to be near as I could, to your inspection of our churche, I removd for a tyme to Chelssey, where within a few weeks, the infection multiplyed so fast, as that it was no good Manners, to go to any other place, and so I have been in a secular monastery, and so far, in a conformity . to your Lordship too. Of those good things which God intends us in the next world, he affords us a sense, and an anticipation in this: So of those honors, and rewards, (which is a word that we may be bolder with, in matters of this nature, than when wee speake of heaven) which your noble and powerfull friends intend you here, I doubt not but you have good assurances from them. To me, it was a great comfort, both for your merit, and the states acknowledgement, (for, as S. Augustine says of Tentations, and Gods disposinge of them to our good, sometymes the Devyll is away, and sometymes the woman, so that God frustrates the tentation, so the Devyll counterfayts God so far, as that sometymes he corrupts publique instruments of state, with private vices, and then there is no merit, sometymes he corrupts great persons with a facility of admittinge Calumnityes, and so there is no acknowledgement, no reward of true meritt) but in this we had our comfort, that before the seale was removd from your B: of Lincoln, there beinge speeche of many remooves, for ten days together, they were full of assurance, that your Lordship was Secretary. My Lord, in the poore low way that I have gone, in which I have not made many, nor wide stepps, since my first leape, which was my very entrance into this callinge, I have found, that missinge and faylinge of some places, have advancd my fortune, and that, though I were no great pretender, nor thruster myselfe yet the promises in which some great persons

had enlarged themselfs towards me, and even the voyce and rumor, which sometymes had invested me, in some vacant places, conduced to my future settlinge. Your Lordship is in the hands of a person, of whose lardgeness in doinge good, we abound with examples of particular persons advance by him; but that exalts not my wonder, because he hath had it in his power to do so much: But havinge also the same power to do harme, and havinge conferd great favors upon persons that have proved very unthankfull, and practisinge to his prejudice, and so been put to a necessity of declaringe his power, by devestinge. them, yet I cannot recover any Example of any, whom in such a just displeasure, he hath left worse, than he found him, but satisfyenge himselfe in havinge withdrawen those additions, which he pinnd upon him, hath left him to enjoye his former condition. By so good a hand, hath God made up mine, and is kneadinge and moldinge your Lordships fortune, though fortunes of that great kinde, be Elephants, and ly longe in the wombe, and not made up so soone, as ours that consist of peeces, and but a few, and but smalle. In the parturition and bringinge forth, of so great issues, God is the midwyfe, for he refuses no name, nor office, to do his servants good; Amongst your Men-midwyfes, I shall allways assist it, with my humble prayers, both for the birth of your Daughter, which is Honor in this world, and of your Sonne, which is Happines in the next. I will be bold to add this circumstance of gladnes, which we had, in this approche of yours to that place, that the opinion of Sir Dud: Carletons remove at that tyme (into whose place, our worthy frinde Sir Rob: Kyllegrew is to goe) did not divert nor retard your comminge into yours. I stay thus longe from givinge your Lordship an account, of some other parts of your Lordships letter, because when I come to that, I ame swallowd, and fall into the consideration of your Lordships continuall favors to me and my obligations from your Lordship. I owe no man more, but ame happy in

my Creditor, who is content to take such payment as I can make, and to call my Gratitude the sylver, and my Devotion the gold in which he is willinge to be payd. Amongst those favors, this which your Lordship hath donne now, is a great one, to take so expressly into your consideration the recommendation of that gentleman, of whom I writt last to your Lordship. But I thinke, that by this letter, I do absolutely restore your Lordship to your liberty; for since that tyme, he hath embracd another employment, for Savoy; And though he be not yet gone, yet, (I thinke,) he hath had his privy seale some monethes. In this Generall Dispersion, I know not where to seeke him; for the infection hath made this vylladge so infamous as that I go not to Court, though it be at Hampton. But except a letter of mine within a month after this, refresh my request to yor Lordship, be pleased to take my restoringe you to your full liberty, as a part of payment of my debt, for that forward favor to me. Almighty God blesse you where you are, and where you would be, when you are there, and bringe you thether. Amen.

your Lordships humblest and thankfullest servant in Christ Jesus

At Chelsey. 25 Novemer 1625.

J. DONNE.

Your Lordship allways allowd me the freedome to communicate to you, whatsoever I writt, or meditated; therefore I continue it in tellinge your Lordship how I have spent this Summer in my close Emprisonment. I have reviewd as many of my Sermons, as I had kept any notes of; and I have written out, a great many, and hope to do more. I ame allready come to the number of 80: of which my sonne who, I hope will take the same profession, or some other in the world of middle understandinge, may hereafter make some use.

XXXIV

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR ROBERT KARRE, AT COURT

SIR, [April 1627]

I was this morning at your door, somewhat early; and I am put in to such a distaste of my last Sermon, as that I dare not practise any part of it, and therefore though I said then, that we are bound to speake aloud, though we awaken men, and make them froward, yet after two or three modest knocks at the door, I went away. Yet I understood after, the King was gone abroad, and thought you might be gone with him. I came to give you an account of that, which this does as well. I have now put into my Lord of Bath and Wells hands the Sermon faithfully exs[cr]ibed. I beseech you be pleased to hearken farther after it; I am still upon my jealousie, that the King brought thither some disaffection towards me, grounded upon some other demerit of mine, and tooke it not from the Sermon. For, as Cardinal Cusanus writ a Book Cribratio Alchorani, I have cribrated, and re-cribated and post-cribated the Sermon, and must necessarily say, the King who hath let fall his eye upon some of my Poems, never saw, of mine, a hand, or an eye, or an affection, set down with so much study, and diligence, and labour of syllables, as in this Sermon I expressed those two points, which I take so much to conduce to his service, the imprinting of persuasibility and obedience in the subject, And the breaking of the bed of whisperers, by casting in a bone, of making them suspect and distrust one another. I remember I heard the old King say of a good Sermon, that he thought the Preacher never had thought of his Sermon, till he spoke it; it seemed to him negligently and extemporally spoken. And I knew that he had weighed every syllable, for halfe a year before, which made me conclude, that the King had before, some prejudice upon

him. So, the best of my hope is, that some over bold allusions, or expressions in the way, might divert his Majesty, from vouchsafing to observe the frame, and purpose of the Sermon. When he sees the generall scope, I hope his goodnesse will pardon collaterall escapes. I intreated B. to aske his Majesty, whether his displeasure extended so farre, as that I should forbear waiting, and appearing in his presence; and I had a return, that I might come. Till I had that, I would not offer to put my self under your roof. To day I come, for that purpose, to say prayers. And if, in any degree, my health suffer it, I shall do so, to morrow. If any thing fall into your observation before that, (because the B. is likely to speake to the King of it, perchance, this night) if it amount to such an increase of displeasure, as that it might be unfit for me to appear, I beseech you afford me the knowledge. Otherwise, I am likely to inquire of you personally, to morrow before nine in the morning, and to put into your presence then

Your very humble and very true, and very honest servant to God and the King and you J. DONNE.

I writ yesterday to my Lord Duke, by my Lord Carlile, who assured me of a gracious acceptation of my putting my self in his protection.

XXXV

TO MRS. COCKAINE, OCCASIONED BY THE REPORT OF HIS DEATH

MY NOBLE SISTER,

[1628]

Though my Man, at London, might have made such a return to your Man's Letter, from himself, as might have given satisfaction enough; yet, because there were so many hours, between his receipt of that Letter, and the return of the Carrier, as might admit that delay, he

thought best to acquaint me with it. I am not sorrie he did so; for, I have found this rumour of my death to have made so deep impressions, and to have been so peremptorilie believed, that from very remote parts, I have been entreated to signifie under my hand, that I am yet alive. If you have believed the report, and mourned for me, I pray let that that is done alreadie, serve at the time that it shall be true. To mourn a second time, were to suspect, that I were fallen into the second death, from which, I have abundant assurance, in the application of the superabundant Merits of my Saviour. What gave the occasion of this rumour, I can make no conjecture. And yet the hour of my death, and the day of my buriall, were related in the highest place of this Kingdom. I had at that time no kind of sicknesse, nor was otherwise, than I had been ever since my feavour, and am yet; that is, too weak at this time of the year to go forth, especiallie to London, where the sicknesse is near my house, and where I must necessarilie open my self to more businesse, than my present state would bear. Yet, next tearm, by God's grace, I will be there: at which time, I have understood from my Lord Carlile's house, that the Dean of Exeter will be there: which hath made me forbear to write, because I know how faintlie and lamelie businesses go on by Letters, in respect of Conferences. In the mean time, my prayers for your happinesse shall fill all the time of

Your true Friend, and Brother, and Servant.

XXXVI

[TO MRS. COKAIN]

My noblest and lovingest Sister, [August 24. 1628]

Nothing returns more oftner with more comfort to my memorie, than that you nor I ever asked any thing of one another, which we might not safelie grant; and we can ask nothing safelie, that implies an offence to God, or injury to any other person. I fall upon this consideration now, upon this occasion: Your Letter, upon the two and twentieth of August, which I received this day, laies a commandment upon me, to give you an account of my state in health; you do but ask me how I do, and if your Letter had come yesterday, I could not have told you that. At my return from Kent to my gate, I found Pegge had the Pox; so I withdrew to Peckham, and spent a fortnight there. And without comming home, when I could with some justice hope that it would spread no farther amongst them, (as, I humbly thank God, it hath not, nor much disfigured her that had it) I went into Bedfordshire. There, upon my third Sunday, I was seized with a Feavour, which grew so upon me, as forced me to a resolution, of seeking my Physitian at London. Thither I came in a day, and a little piece; and within four miles of home, I was surprised with an accident in the Coach, which never befell me before, nor had been much in my contemplation, and therefore affected me much. It was a violent falling of the Uvula. Which when Doctor Fox (whom I found at London, and who had not been there in ten daies before) considered well, and perceived the feavour complicated with a Squinancie; by way of prevention of both, he presentlie took blood; and so with ten-daies starving in a close prison, that is, my bed, I am (blessed be God) returned to a convenient temper, and pulse, and appetite, and learn to eat, and this day met the acceptablest guest in the acceptablest manner, your Letter walking in my chamber. All which I tell you with these particularities, lest my sicknesse might be presented by rumour worse, than God hath been pleased to make it: For I humbly thank him, now I feel no present ill, nor have reason to fear worse. If I understand your Letter aright, much of your familie is together; if it be so, entreat them, for your sake, to receive my service, which, by your hand, I present to them all. If they be otherwise



severed, yet, in the ears of Almighty God, to whom, I know, they all daily pray; my daily Praiers for them all, shall also meet them all. And that's the onely service which I can promise my self an ability to do to God's Church now, since this infirmity in my mouth and voice, is likelie to take me from any frequent exercise of my other duty of Preaching. But, God will either enable me, or pardon me. His will be done upon us all, as his goodnesse hath been overflowingly poured out upon

Your poor Friend, and lovingest Brother and Servant.

XXXVII

[TO MRS. COKAIN]

My noble and vertuous Sister,

[1629]

If I had had such an occasion as this to have written to you, in the first year of our acquaintance, I had been likelie to have presented you with an Essay of Morall Comfort. Now my Letter may well be excused, if it amount to an Homilie. My profession and my willingnesse, to stay long upon so good an office, as to assist you, will bear it. Our Souls are trulie said to be in everie part of our bodies; but yet, if any part of the bodie be cut off, no part of the soul perishes, but is suckt in to that soul that remains, in that that remains of the body. When any limb or branch of a family is taken away, the vertue, the love, and (for the most part) the patrimonie and fortune of him that is gone, remaines with the Family. family would not think it self the lesse, if any little quillet of ground had been evicted from it; nor must it, because a clod of earth, one person of the family, is removed. In these cases, there is nothing lost; one part, the soul, enjoyes a present gain; and the other, the body, expects a future. We think it good husbandry to place our childrens portions so, as that in so many years it may multiply to so much: Shall we not be as glad to lay their

bodies there, where onely they can be mellowed and ripened for glorification. The perversnesse of the father put you to such a necessity of hiding your sons, as that this son is scarce more out of your sight, by being laid under ground, than he was before. And perchance you have been longer time, at some times, from meeting and seeing one another in this world, than you shall be now from meeting in the glory of the Resurrection. That may come sooner, than you looked he should come from the Bath. A man truly liberall, or truly charitable, will borrow monie to lend: For, if I be bound to assist another with my meat, or with my mony, I may be as much bound to assist him with my credit, and borrow to lend. We do but borrow Children of God, to lend them to the world. And when I lend the world a daughter in marriage, or lend the world a son in a profession, the world does not alwaies pay me well again; my hopes are not alwaies answered in that daughter or that son. But, of all that I lend to, the Grave is my best pay-Master. The Grave shall restore me my child, where he and I shall have but one Father; and pay me my Earth, when that Earth shall be Amber, a sweet Perfume, in the nostrills of his and my Saviour. Since I am well content to send one sonne to the Church, the other to the Warrs; Why should I be loth to send one part of either sonne to Heaven, and the other to the Earth. Comfort your self in this, my noble Sister, that for those years he lived, you were answerable to God for him; for yet, he was so young, as a Mother's power might govern him; and so long he was under your charge, and you accountable for him. Now, when he was growing into those years, as needed a stronger hand, a Father's care, and had not that; God hath cancelled your Bonds, discharged you, and undertakes the office of a Father himself. But, above all, comfort your self in this, That it is the declared will of God. In sicknesses, and other worldlie crosses, there are anxieties, and perplexities; we wish one thing to day, in the behalf of a dis-

tressed child or friend, and another to morrow; because God hath not yet declared his will. But when he hath done that, in death, there is no room for anie anxietie, for anie perplexitie, no, not for a wish; for we may not so much as pray for the dead. You know, David made his child's Sicknesse his Lent, but his Death his Easter: he fasted till the Child's death, but then he returned to his repast, because then he had a declaration of God's will. I am farre from quenching in you, or discharging naturall affections; but, I know your easie apprehensions, and over-tendernesse in this kind. And, I know some persons in the world, that I wish may live, especially for this respect, because I know their death would over-affect you. In so noble and numerous a family as yours is, every year must necessarily present you some such occasion of sorrow, in the losse of some near friend, And therefore I, in the office of a Friend, and a Brother, and Priest of God, do not onelie look that you should take this patientlie, as a declaration of God's present will; but that you take it catechistically, as an instruction for the future; and that God, in this, tells you, That he will do so again, in some other your friends. For, to take any one crosse patiently, is but to forgive God for once; but to surrender one's self entirely to God, is to be ready for all that he shall be pleased to do. And, that his pleasure may be either to lessen your crosses, or multiply your strength, shall be the prayer of

Your Brother, and Friend, and Servant, and Chaplain,

JOHN DONNE.

XXXVIII

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND G[EORGE]. G[ERRARD]. ESQUIRE

SIR, [Dec. 1630?]

I should not only send you an account by my servant, but bring you an account often my self, (for our Letters are our selves, and in them absent friends meet) how I

do, but that two things make me forbear that writing: first, because it is not for my gravity, to write of feathers, and strawes, and in good faith, I am no more, considered in my body, or fortune. And then because whensoever I tell you how I doe, by a Letter, before that Letter comes to you, I shall be otherwise, than when it left me. At this time, I humbly thank God, I am only not worse; for, I should as soon look for Roses at this time of the year, as look for increase of strength. And if I be no worse all spring, than now, I am much better, for, I make account that those Church services, which I would be very loth to decline, will spend somewhat; and, if I can gather so much as will bear my charges, recover so much strength at London, as I shall spend at London, I shall not be loth to be left in that state wherein I am now, after that's done; But I do but discourse, I do not wish; life, or health, or strength, (I thank God) enter not into my prayers for my self: for others they do; and amongst others, for your sick servant, for such a servant taken so young, and healed so long, is half a child to a master, and so truly I have observed that you have bred him, with the care of a father. Our blessed Saviour look graciously upon him, and glorifie himself in him, by his way of restitution to health; And by his way of peace of conscience in

Your very true friend and servant in Christ Jesus,

J. DONNE.

XXXIX

[TO GEORGE GERRARD]

SIR, [January 7. 1630/1]

This advantage you, and my other friends have, by my frequent Fevers, that I am so much the oftener at the gates of heaven, and this advantage by the solitude and close imprisonment that they reduce me to after, that I am thereby the oftener at my prayers; in which, I shall never leave out your happinesse; and, I doubt not, but amongst his many other blessings, God will adde to you

some one for my prayers. A man would almost be content to dye, (if there were no other benefit in death) to hear of so much sorrow, and so much good testimony from good men, as I, (God be blessed for it) did upon the report of my death. Yet, I perceive it went not through all; for, one writ unto me, that some (and he said of my friends) conceived, that I was not so ill, as I pretended, but withdrew my self, to save charges, and to live at ease, discharged of preaching. It is an unfriendly, and God knows, an ill grounded interpretation: for in these times of necessity, and multitudes of poor there is no possibility of saving to him that hath any tendernesse in him; and for affecting my ease, I have been always more sorry when I could not preach, than any could be, that they could not hear me. It hath been my desire, (and God may be pleased to grant it me) that I might die in the Pulpit; if not that, yet that I might take my death in the Pulpit, that is, die, the sooner by occasion of my former labours. I thanke you, for keeping our George in your memory, I hope God reserves it for so good a friend as you are, to send me the first good newes of him. For the Diamond Lady, you may safely deliver Roper, whatsoever belongs to me, and he will give you a discharge for the money. For my Lord Percy, we shall speake of it, when we meet at London; which, as I do not much hope before Christmas, so I do not much fear at beginning of Tearm; for I have intreated one of my fellowes to preach to my Lord Maior, at Pauls upon Christmas day, and reserved Candlemas day to my self for that service, about which time also, will fall my Lent Sermon, except my Lord Chamberlaine beleeve me to be dead, and leave me out; for as long as I live, and am not speechlesse, I would not decline that service. I have better leasure to write, than you to read, yet I will not oppresse you with too much letter. God blesse you, and your sonne, as

Your poor friend and humble servant in Christ Jesus

J. DONNE.

XL

TO MY NOBLE FRIEND MISTRESS COKAIN AT ASHBURNE

My noblest sister,

But that it is sweetned by your command, nothing could trouble me more, than to write of my self. Yet, if I would have it known, I must write it my self; for, I neither tell children, nor servants, my state. I have never good temper, nor good pulse, nor good appetite, nor good sleep. Yet, I have so much leasure to recollect my self, as that I can thinke I have been long thus, or often thus. I am not alive, because I have not had enough upon me to kill me, but because it pleases God to passe me through many infirmities before he take me either by those particular remembrances, to bring me to particular repentances, or by them to give me hope of his particular mercies in heaven. Therefore have I been more affected with Coughs in vehemence, more with deafenesse, more with toothach, more with the [uvula], than heretofore. All this mellows me for heaven, and so ferments me in this world, as I shall need no long concoction in the grave, but hasten to the resurrection. Not onely to be nearer that grave, but to be nearer to the service of the Church, as long as I shall be able to do any, I purpose, God willing, to be at London, within a fortnight after your receit of this, as well because I am under the obligation of preaching at Pauls upon Candlemas day, as because I know nothing to the contrary, but that I may be called to Court, for Lent service; and my witnesse is in heaven, that I never left out S. Dunstans, when I was able to do them that service; nor will now; though they that know the state of that Church well, know that I am not so bound, as the world thinks, to preach there; for, I make not a shilling profit of S. Dunstans as a Church man, but as my Lord of Dorset gave me the lease of the Impropriation, for a

certain rent, and a higher rent, than my predecessor had it at. This I am fain to say often, because they that know it not, have defamed me, of a defectiveness towards that Church; and even that mistaking of theirs I ever have, and ever shall endevour to rectifie, by as often preaching there, as my condition of body will admit. All our company here is well, but not at home now, when I write; for, lest I should not have another return to London, before the day of your Carrier, I write this, and rest

Your very affectionate servant, and friend, and brother

J. DONNE.

15 Jan. 1630[/1] Abrey-hatch

XLI

[TO MRS. COKAIN]

My noble dear Sister,

[Jan. 1630/1]

I am come now, not onely to pay a Feavour every half year, as a Rent for my life; but I am called upon before the day, and they come sooner in the year than heretofore. This Feavour that I had now, I hoped, for divers daies, to have been but an exaltation of my damps and flashings, such as exercise me sometimes four or five daies, and passe away, without whining or complaint. But, I neglected this somewhat too long, which makes me (though, after I took it into consideration, the Feavour it self declined quickly) much weaker, than, perchance, otherwise I should have been. I had Doctor Fox and Doctor Clement with me, but, I thank God, was not much trouble to them. Ordinary means set me soon upon my leggs. And I have broke my close prison, and walk'd into the Garden; and (but that the weather hath continued so spitefully foul) make no doubt, but I might safely have done more. I eat, and digest well enough. And it is no strange thing, that I do not sleep well; for, in my best health, I am not much used to do so. At the same time,

little Betty had a Feavour too; and, for her, we used Doctor Wright, who, by occasion, lies within two miles of us; and he was able to ease my sicknesse, with his report of your good health, which, he told us, he had received from you. But I found it not seconded in your own Letters, which I had the honour to receive by Mr. Hazard. My noble sister, I am afraid that Death will play with me so long, as he will forget to kill me; and suffer me to live in a languishing and uselesse age, A life, that is rather a forgetting that I am dead, than of living. We dispute whether the dead shall pray for the living: and because my life may be short, I pray with the most earnestnesse for you now. By the advantage of sicknesse, I return the oftner to that holy exercise, and in it joyn yours with mine own Soul. I would not have diginified my self, or my sicknesse with saying so much of either, but that it is in obedience to your Command, that I should do so. And though there lye upon me no Command, yet there lies a necessitie growing out of my respect, and a nobler root, than that my love to you, to enlarge my self, as farre as I have gone alreadie, in Mr. Hazard's businesse. My noble Sister, when you carrie me up to the beginning, which it pleases you to call a promise to your self, and your noble Sister; I never slackned my purpose of performing that promise. But if my promise, which was, that I should be readie to assist him in any thing I could, were translated by you, or your noble Sister, or him, that I would give him the next Living in my gift, certainlie we speak not one language, or understand not one another, and I had thought we had; This which he imagined to be vacant, (for it is not yet, nor any way likely) is the first that fell to me, since I made that promise. And, my noble Sister, if a person of my place, from whom, one Scholler in each Universitie sucks something, and must be weaned by me, and who hath otherwise a latitude of importunate friends and verie many obligations, have a Living once in five or six yeares fall

in his gift, (for it is so long since I gave any) and may not make a good choice with freedome then, it is hard; yet it is not my fortune to doe so now: for, now there is a living fallen (though not that); I am not left to my choice. For my Lords Carlile, and Percy have chosen for me; but trulie such a man as I would have chosen; and for him, they laid an obligation upon me three yeares since, for the next that should fall : yet Mr. Hazard presses you to write for that, because he to whom my promise belongs, hath another before, but doth he or his Lord owe me any thing for that? yet Mr. Hazard importunes me, to presse that Chaplain of my Lord, that when he takes mine, he shall resign the other to him, which, as it is an ignorant request, (for if it be resign'd, it is not in his power to place it upon Mr. Hazard) so it is an unjust request, that I that gave him fiftie pounds a year, should take from him fortie. But amongst Mr. Hazards manifold importunities, that that I took worst, was, that he should write of domestique things, and what I said of my Son, to you; and arme you with that plea, that my Son was not in Orders. But, my noble Sister, though I am far from drawing my Son immaturelie into Orders, or putting into his hands any Church with cure; yet there are many Prebends and other helps in the Church, which a man without taking Orders, may be capable of, and for some such I might change a Living with cure, and so begin to accomodate a Son in some Preparation. But Mr. Hazard is too piercing. It is good counsell, (and as I remember I gave it him) that if a man deny him any thing, and accompany his deniall with a reason, he be not too searching, whether that be the true reason or no, but rest in the deniall: for many times it may be out of my power to doe a man a courtesie which he desires, and yet I not tied to tell him the true reason; Therefore out of his Letter to you, I continue my opinion, that he medled too far herein. I cannot shut my Letter, till (whilst we are upon this consideration or reasons of denialls) I tell you one Answer of his, which perchance

may weaken your so great assurance of his modestie. I told him that my often sicknesses, had brought me to an inability of Preaching, and that I was under a necessitie of Preaching twelve or fourteen solemn Sermons every year, to great Auditories, at Paules, and to the Judges, and at Court; and that therefore I must think of conferring something upon such a man as may supplie my place in these Solemnities: And surely, said I, I will offer them no man in those cases which shall not be at least equall to my selfe; and, Mr. Hazard, I do not know your faculties. He gave me this answer, I will not make comparisons, but I do not doubt but I should give them satisfaction in that kind. Now, my noble Sister, whereas you repeat often, that you and your sister rested upon my word, and my worth; and, but for my word and my worth, you would not have proceeded so far: I must necessarily make my protestation, that my word and my worth is, herein, as chast, and untouch'd as the best Maiden-head in the world. For, my noble sister, Goes there no more to the giving of a Scholler a Church in London, but that he was a young Gentleman's School-master? You know the ticklishnesse of London-Pulpits, and how ill it would become me, to place a man in a London-Church that were not both a strong and a sound man. And therefore, those things must come into consideration before he can have a Living from me; though there was no need of reflecting upon those things, when I made that generall promise, that I would assist his fortune in any thing. You end in a phrase of indignation and displeasure, rare in you towards me, therefore it affects me; which is, that he may part from me, as I received him at first, as though I were likely to hinder him. The heat that produced that word I know is past, and therefore, my most beloved Sister, give me leave to say to you, that he shall not part from me, but I shall keep him still in my care, and make you alwaies my judge of all omissions

Your faithfull Friend and Servant.

Author Accession No. Call No.							
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DEVOTIONS UPON EMERGENT OCCASIONS

"DEVOTIONS UPON EMERGENT OCCASIONS" were written by Donne during the serious illness that befell him in the winter of 1623, and were published early in the new year. While his body was consumed with pain, Donne's mind, in a state of feverish activity, analysed the "severall steps" of the disease into "Meditations upon our humane condition; Expostulations, and debatements with God; and Prayers, upon severall occasions to him." Thus each stage of his sickness became the subject of a meditation, an expostulation and a prayer. The "Meditations" alone are reprinted in this edition. form a complete sequence, from the onset of the attack, through its nearly fatal climax, per fretum febris, to a happy recovery, illustrating even more clearly than the sermons the intense interest Donne took in the spectacle of mortality under the shadow of death, a vision that haunted him perpetually, and inspired the highest flights of his eloquence.

The "Devotions" were printed twice in 1624 (three issues), and again in 1626 and 1627. The present text of the "Meditations" is from the first of the two editions of 1624. The best edition of the "Devotions" is that edited by Mr. John Sparrow (Cambridge, 1923); it has been of great service in the

preparation of this text.



Insultus Morbi
Primus;

The first alteration, The first grudging of the sicknesse.

I

VARIABLE, and therfore miserable condition of Man; this minute I was well, and am ill, this minute. I am surpriz'd with a sodaine change, and alteration to worse, and can impute it to no cause, nor call it by any name. We study Health, and we deliberate upon our meats, and drink, and ayre, and exercises, and we hew, and wee polish every stone, that goes to that building; and so our Health is a long and a regular work; But in a minute a Canon batters all, overthrowes all, demolishes all; a Sicknes unprevented for all our diligence, unsuspected for all our curiositie; nay, undeserved, if we consider only disorder, summons us, seizes us, possesses us, destroyes us in an instant. miserable condition of Man, which was not imprinted by God, who as hee is immortall himselfe, had put a coale, a beame of Immortalitie into us, which we might have blowen into a flame, but blew it out, by our first sinne; wee beggard our selves by hearkning after false riches, and infatuated our selves by hearkning after false knowledge. So that now, we doe not onely die, but die upon the Rack, die by the torment of sicknesse; nor that onely, but are preafflicted, super-afflicted with these jelousies suspitions, and apprehensions of Sicknes, before we can cal it a sicknes; we are not sure we are ill; one hand askes the other by the pulse, and our eye asks our urine, how we do.

O multiplied misery! we die, and cannot enjoy death, because wee die in this torment of sicknes; we are tormented with sicknes, and cannot stay till the torment come, but preapprehensions and presages, prophecy those torments, which induce that death before either come; and our dissolution is conceived in these first changes, quickned in the sicknes it selfe, and borne in death, which beares date from these first changes. Is this the honour which Man hath by being a litle world, That he hath these earthquakes in him selfe, sodaine shakings; these lightnings, sodaine flashes; these thunders, sodaine noises; these Eclypses, sodain offuscations, and darknings of his senses; these Blazing stars, sodaine fiery exhalations; these Rivers of blood, sodaine red waters? Is he a world to himselfe onely therefore, that he hath inough in himself, not only to destroy, and execute himselfe, but to presage that execution upon himselfe; to assist the sicknes, to antidate the sicknes, to make the sicknes the more irremediable, by sad apprehensions, and as if he would make a fire the more vehement, by sprinkling water upon the coales, so to wrap a hote fever in cold Melancholy, least the fever alone should not destroy fast enough, without this contribution, nor perfit the work (which is destruction) except we joynd an artificiall sicknes, of our owne melancholy, to our natural, our unnaturall fever. O perplex'd discomposition, O ridling distemper, O miserable condition of Man !

Actio Laesa.

The strength, and the function of the Senses, and other faculties change and faile.

11

THE Heavens are not the less constant, because they move continually, because they move continually one and the same way. The Earth is not the more constant, because it lyes stil continually, because continually it changes, and melts in all parts thereof. Man, who is the noblest part of

the Earth, melts so away, as if he were a statue, not of Earth, but of Snowe. We see his owne Envie melts him, he growes leane with that; he will say, anothers beautie melts him; but he feeles that a Fever doth not melt him like snow, but powr him out like lead, like iron, like brasse melted in a furnace: It doth not only melt him, but calcine him, reduce him to Atomes, and to ashes; not to water, but to lime. And how quickly? Sooner than thou canst receive an answer, sooner than thou canst conceive the question; Earth is the center of my Bodie, Heaven is the center of my Soule; these two are the naturall places of those two; but those goe not to these two in an equall pace: My body falls downe without pushing, my Soule does not go up without pulling: Ascension is my Soules pace and measure, but precipitation my bodies: And, even Angells, whose home is Heaven, and who are winged too, yet had a Ladder to goe to Heaven, by steps. The Sunne who goes so many miles in a minut, the Starres of the Firmament, which go so very many more, goe not so fast, as my body to the earth. the same instant that I feele the first attempt of the disease, I feele the victory; In the twinckling of an eye, I can scarse see, instantly the tast is insipid, and fatuous; instantly the appetite is dull and desirelesse: instantly the knees are sinking and strengthlesse; and in an instant, sleepe, which is the picture, the copie of death, is taken away, that the Originall, Death it selfe may succeed, and that so I might have death to the life. It was part of Adams punishment, In the sweat of thy browes thou shalt eate thy bread: it is multiplied to me, I have earned bread in the sweat of my browes, in the labor of my calling, and I have it; and I sweat againe, and againe, from the brow, to the sole of the foot, but I eat no bread, I tast no sustenance: Miserable distribution of Mankind, where one halfe lackes meat, and the other stomacke.

Decubitus sequitur tandem.

The Patient takes his bed,

III

WEE attribute but one priviledge and advantage to Mans body, above other moving creatures, that he is not as others, groveling, but of an erect, of an upright form, naturally built, and disposed to the contemplation of Heaven. Indeed it is a thankfull forme, and recompences that soule, which gives it, with carrying that soule so many foot higher, towards heaven. Other creatures look to the earth; and even that is no unfit object, no unfit contemplation for Man; for thither hee must come; but because, Man is not to stay there, as other creatures are, Man in his naturall forme, is carried to the contemplation of that place, which is his home, Heaven. This is Mans prerogative; but what state hath he in this dignitie? A fever can fillip him downe, a fever can depose him; a fever can bring that head, which yesterday caried a crown of gold, five foot towards a crown of glory, as low as his own foot, today. When God came to breath into Man the breath of life, he found him flat upon the ground; when he comes to withdraw that breath from him againe, hee prepares him to it, by laying him flat upon his bed. Scarse any prison so close, that affords not the prisoner two, or three steps. The Anchorites that barqu'd themselves up in hollowe trees, and immur'd themselves in hollow walls; that perverse man, that barrell'd himselfe in a Tubb, all could stand, or sit, and enjoy some change of posture. A sicke bed, is a grave; and all that the patient saies there, is but a varying of his owne Epitaph. Every nights bed is a Type of the grave: At night wee tell our servants at what houre wee will rise; here we cannot tell our selves, at what day, what week, what moneth. Here the head lies as low as the foot; the Head of the people, as lowe as they, whome those feete trod upon; And that hande that signed Pardons, is too weake to begge his owne, if he might have it for lifting

up that hand: Strange fetters to the feete, strange Manacles to the hands, when the feete, and handes are bound so much the faster, by how much the coards are slacker; So much the lesse able to doe their Offices, by how much more the Sinewes and Ligaments are the looser. In the Grave I may speak through the stones, in the voice of my friends, and in the accents of those wordes, which their love may afford my memory; Here I am mine owne Ghost, and rather affright my beholders, than instruct them; they conceive the worst of me now, and yet feare worse; they give me for dead now, and yet wonder how I doe, when they wake at midnight, and aske how I doe to morrow. Miserable and, (though common to all) inhuman posture, where I must practise my lying in the grave, by lying still, and not practise my Resurrection, by rising any more.

Medicusque vocatur.

The Phisician is sent for.

IV

IT is too little to call Man a little World; Except God, Man is a diminutive to nothing. Man consistes of more pieces, more parts, than the world; than the world doeth, nay than the world is. And if those pieces were extended, and stretched out in Man, as they are in the world, Man would bee the Gyant, and the Worlde the Dwarfe, the World but the Map, and the Man the World. If all the Veines in our bodies, were extended to Rivers, and all the Sinewes, to Vaines of Mines, and all the Muscles, that lye upon one another, to Hilles, and all the Bones to Quarries of stones, and all the other pieces, to the proportion of those which correspond to them in the world, the Aire would be too litle for this Orbe of Man to move in, the firmament would bee but enough for this Starre; for, as the whole world hath nothing, to which something in man doth not answere, so hath man many pieces, of which the whole world hath no representation. Inlarge this

Meditation upon this great world, Man, so farr, as to consider the immensitie of the creatures this world produces; our creatures are our thoughts, creatures that are borne Gyants; that reach from East to West, from Earth to Heaven, that doe not onely bestride all the Sea, and Land, but span the Sunn and Firmament at once; My thoughts reach all, comprehend all. Inexplicable mistery; I their Creator am in a close prison, in a sicke bed, any where, and any one of my Creatures, my thoughts, is with the Sunne, and beyond the Sunne, overtakes the Sunne, and overgoes the Sunne in one pace, one steppe, everywhere. And then as the other world produces Serpents, and Vipers, malignant, and venimous creatures, and Wormes, and Caterpillars, that endeavour to devoure that world which produces them, and Monsters compiled and complicated of divers parents, and kinds, so this world, our selves, produces all these in us, in producing diseases, and sicknesses, of all those sorts; venimous, and infectious diseases, feeding and consuming diseases, and manifold and entangled diseases, made up of many several ones. And can the other world name so many venimous, so many consuming, so many monstrous creatures, as we can diseases, of all these kindes? O miserable abundance, O beggarly riches! how much doe wee lacke of having remedies for everie disease, when as yet we have not names for them? But wee have a Hercules against these Gyants, these Monsters; that is, the Phisician; hee musters up al the forces of the other world, to succour this; all Nature to relieve Man. We have the Phisician, but we are not the Phisician. Heere we shrinke in our proportion, sink in our dignitie, in respect of verie meane creatures, who are Phisicians to themselves. The Hart that is pursued and wounded, they say, knowes an Herbe, which being eaten, throwes off the arrow: A strange kind of vomit. The dog that pursues it, though hee bee subject to sicknes, even proverbially, knowes his grasse that recovers him. And it may be true, that the Drugger is as neere to Man, as to

other creatures, it may be that obvious and present Simples, easie to bee had, would cure him; but the Apothecary is not so neere him, nor the Phisician so neere him, as they two are to other creatures; Man hath not that innate instinct, to apply these naturall medicines to his present danger, as those inferiour creatures have; he is not his owne Apothecary, his owne Phisician, as they are. Call back therefore thy Meditation again, and bring it downe; whats become of mans great extent and proportion, when himselfe shrinkes himselfe, and consumes himselfe to a handfull of dust? whats become of his soaring thoughts, his compassing thoughts, when himselfe brings himselfe to the ignorance, to the thoughtlessnesse of the Grave? His diseases are his owne, but the Phisician is not; hee hath them at home, but hee must send for the Phisician.

Solus adest.

The Phisician comes.

V

As Sicknes is the greatest misery, so the greatest misery of sicknes, is solitude; when the infectiousnes of the disease deterrs them who should assist, from comming; even the Phisician dares scarse come. Solitude is a torment which is not threatned in hell it selfe. Meere vacuitie, the first Agent, God, the first instrument of God, Nature, will not admit; Nothing can be utterly emptie, but so neere a degree towards Vacuitie, as Solitude, to bee but one, they love not. When I am dead, and my body might infect, they have a remedy, they may bury me; but when I am but sick, and might infect, they have no remedy, but their absence, and my solitude. It is an excuse to them that are great, and pretend, and yet are loth to come; it is an inhibition to those who would truly come, because they may be made instruments, and pestiducts, to the infection of others, by their comming. And it is an Outlawry, an Excommunication upon the Patient, and seperats him from all offices not onely of Civilitie, but of working Charitie.

A long sicknesse will weary friends at last, but a pestilentiall sicknes averts them from the beginning. God himself would admit a figure of Society, as there is a plurality of persons in God, though there bee but one God; and all his externall actions testifie a love of Societie, and communion. In Heaven there are Orders of Angels, and Armies of Martyrs, and in that house, many mansions; in Earth, Families, Cities, Churches, Colleges, all plurall things; and lest either of these should not be company enough alone, there is an association of both, a Communion of Saints, which makes the Militant, and Triumphant Church, one Parish; So that Christ, was not out of his Dioces, when hee was upon the Earth, nor out of his Temple, when he was in our flesh. God, who sawe that all that hee made, was good, came not so neer seeing a defect in any of his works, as when he saw that it was not good, for man to bee alone, therefore hee made him a helper; and one that should helpe him so, as to increase the number, and give him her owne, and more societie. Angels, who do not propagate, nor multiply, were made at the first in an abundant number; and so were starres: But for the things of this world, their blessing was, Encrease; for I think, I need not aske leave to think, that there is no Phenix; nothing singular, nothing alone: Men that inhere upon Nature only, are so far from thinking, that there is anything singular in this world, as that they will scarce thinke, that this world it selfe is singular, but that every Planet, and every Starre, is another world like this; They finde reason to conceive, not onely a pluralitie in every Species in the world, but a pluralitie of worlds; so that the abhorrers of Solitude, are not solitary; for God, and Nature, and Reason concurre against it. Now a man may counterfeyt the Plague in a vowe, and mistake a Disease for Religion; by such a retiring, and recluding of himselfe from all men, as to doe good to no man, to converse with no man. God hath two Testaments, two Wils; but this is a Scedule, and not of his, a Codicill, and not of his, not in the body of his

Testaments, but interlin'd, and postscrib'd by others, that the way to the Communion of Saints, should be by such a solitude, as excludes all doing of good here. That is a disease of the mind; as the height of an infectious disease of the body, is solitude, to be left alone: for this makes an infectious bed, equall, nay worse than a grave, that thogh in both I be equally alone, in my bed I know it, and feele it, and shall not in my grave: and this too, that in my bedd, my soule is still in an infectious body, and shall not in my grave bee so.

Metuit.

The Phisician is afraid.

VI

I OBSERVE the Phisician, with the same diligence, as hee the disease; I see hee feares, and I feare with him: I overtake him, I overrun him in his feare, and I go the faster, because he makes his pace slow; I feare the more, because he disguises his fear, and I see it with the more sharpnesse, because hee would not have me see it. He knowes that his feare shall not disorder the practise, and exercise of his Art, but he knows that my fear may disorder the effect, and working of his practise. As the ill affections of the spleene, complicate, and mingle themselves with every infirmitie of the body, so doth feare insinuat it self in every action, or passion of the mind; and as the wind in the body will counterfet any disease, and seem the stone, and seem the Gout, so feare will counterfet any disease of the Mind; It shall seeme love, a love of having, and it is but a fear, a jealous, and suspitious feare of loosing; It shall seem valor in despising, and undervaluing danger, and it is but feare, in an overvaluing of opinion, and estimation, and a feare of loosing that. A man that is not afraid of a Lion is afraid of a Cat; not afraid of starving, and yet is afraid of some joynt of meat at the table, presented to feed him; not afraid of the sound of Drummes, and Trumpets, and Shot, and those, which they seeke to

drowne, the last cries of men, and is afraid of some particular harmonious instrument; so much afraid, as that with any of these the enemy might drive this man, otherwise valiant enough, out of the field. I know not, what fear is, nor I know not what it is that I fear now; I feare not the hastening of my death, and yet I do fear the increase of the disease; I should belie Nature, if I should deny that I feared this, and if I should say that I feared death, I should belye God; My weaknesse is from Nature, who hath but her Measure, my strength is from God, who possesses, and distributes infinitely. As then every cold ayre, is not a dampe, every shivering is not a stupefaction, so every feare, is not a fearefulnes, every declination is not a running away, every debating is not a resolving, every wish, that it were not thus, is not a murmuring, nor a dejection though it bee thus; but as my Phisicians fear puts not him from his practise, neither doth mine put me, from receiving from God, and Man, and my selfe, spirituall, and civill, and morall assistances, and consolations.

Socios sibi jungier instat.

The Phisician desires to have others joyned with him.

VII

THERE is more feare, therefore more cause. If the Phisician desire help, the burden grows great: There is a growth of the Disease then; But there must bee an Autumne to; But whether an Autumne of the disease or mee, it is not my part to choose: but if it bee of mee, it is of both; My disease cannot survive mee, I may overlive it. Howsoever, his desiring of others, argues his candor, and his ingenuitie; if the danger be great, he justifies his proceedings, and he disguises nothing, that calls in witnesses; And if the danger bee not great, hee is not ambitious, that is so readie to divide the thankes, and the honour of that work, which he begun alone, with others. It diminishes not the dignitie of a Monarch, that hee derive part of his

care upon others; God hath not made many Suns, but he hath made many bodies, that receive, and give light. The Romanes began with one King; they came to two Consuls; they returned in extremities, to one Dictator: whether in one, or many, the Soveraigntie is the same, in all States, and the danger is not the more, and the providence is the more, where there are more Phisicians; as the State is the happier, where businesses are carried by more counsels, than can bee in one breast, how large soever. Diseases themselves hold Consultations, and conspire how they may multiply, and joyn with one another, and exalt one anothers force, so; and shal we not call Phisicians, to consultations? Death is in an olde mans dore, he appeares, and tels him so, and death is at a young mans backe, and saies nothing; Age is a sicknesse, and Youth is an ambush; and we need so many Phisicians, as may make up a Watch, and spie every inconvenience. There is scarce any thing, that hath not killed some body; a haire, a feather hath done it; Nay, that which is our best Antidote against it, hath donn it; the best Cordiall hath bene deadly poyson; Men have dyed of Joy, and allmost forbidden their friends to weepe for them, when they have seen them dye laughing. Even that Tiran Dyonisius (I thinke the same, that suffered so much after) who could not die of that sorrow, of that high fal, from a King to a wretched private man, dyed of so poore a Joy, as to be declard by the people at a Theater, that hee was a good Poet. We say often that a Man may live of a litle; but, alas, of how much lesse may a Man dye! And therfore the more assistants, the better; who comes to a day of hearing, in a cause of any importance, with one Advocate? In our Funerals, we our selves have no interest; there wee cannot advise, we cannot direct: And though some Nations, (the Egiptians in particular) built themselves better tombs, than houses, because they were to dwell longer in them; yet, amongst our selves, the greatest Man of Stile, whom we have had, The Conqueror, was left, as soone as his soule left him, not only without

persons to assist at his grave, but without a grave. Who will keepe us then, we know not; As long as we can, let us admit as much helpe as wee can; Another, and another Phisician, is not another, and another Indication, and Symptom of death, but another, and another Assistant, and Proctor of life: Nor doe they so much feed the imagination with apprehension of danger, as the understanding with comfort; Let not one bring Learning, another Diligence, another Religion, but every one bring all, and, as many Ingredients enter into a Receit, so may many men make the Receit. But why doe I exercise my Meditation so long upon this, of having plentifull helpe in time of need? Is not my Meditation rather to be enclined another way, to condole, and commiserate their distresse, who have none? How many are sicker (perchance) than I, and laid on their wofull straw at home (if that corner be a home) and have no more hope of helpe, though they die, than of preferment, though they live? Nor doe no more expect to see a Phisician then, than to bee an Officer after; of whome, the first that takes knowledge, is the Sexten that buries them; who buries them in oblivion too? For they doe but fill up the number of the dead in the Bill, but we shall never heare their Names, till wee reade them in the Booke of life, with our owne. How many are sicker (perchance) than I, and thrown into Hospitals, where, (as a fish left upon the Sand, must stay the tide) they must stay the Phisicians houre of visiting, and then can bee but visited? How many are sicker (perchaunce) than all we, and have not this Hospitall to cover them, not this straw, to lie in, to die in, but have their Grave-stone under them, and breathe out then soules in the eares, and in the eies of passengers, harder than their bed, the flint of the street? That taste of no part of our Phisick, but a sparing dyet; to whom ordinary porridge would bee Julip enough, the refuse of our servants, Bezar enough, and the off-scouring of our Kitchen tables, Cordiall enough. O my soule, when thou

art not enough awake, to blesse thy God enough for his plentifull mercy, in affoording thee many Helpers, remember how many lacke them, and helpe them to them, or to those other things, which they lacke as much as them.

Et Rex ipse suum mittit.

The King sends his owne Phisician.

VIII

STIL when we return to that Meditation, that Man is a World, we find new discoveries. Let him be a world, and him self will be the land, and misery the sea. His misery (for misery is his, his own; of the happinesses of this world hee is but Tenant, but of misery the Free-holder; of happines he is but the farmer, but the usufructuary, but of misery, the Lord, the proprietary) his misery, as the sea, swells above all the hilles, and reaches to the remotest parts of this earth, Man; who of himselfe is but dust, and coagulated and kneaded into earth, by teares; his matter is earth, his forme, misery. In this world, that is Mankinde, the highest ground, the eminentest hils, are Kings; and have they line, and lead enough to fadome this sea, and say, My misery is but this deepe? Scarce any misery equal to sicknesse; and they are subject to that equally, with their lowest subject. A glasse is not the lesse brittle, because a Kings face is represented in it; nor a King the lesse brittle, because God is represented in him. They have Phisicians continually about them, and therfore sicknesses, or the worst of sicknesses, continuall feare of it. Are they gods? He that calld them so, cannot flatter. They are Gods, but sicke gods; and God is presented to us under many human affections, as far as infirmities; God is called Angry, and Sorry, and Weary, and Heavy; but never a sicke God: for then hee might die like men, as our gods do. The worst that they could say in reproch, and scorne of the gods of the Heathen, was, that perchance they

were asleepe; but Gods that are so sicke, as that they cannot sleepe, are in an infirmer condition. A God, and need a Phisician? A Jupiter and need an Æsculapius? that must have Rheubarbe to purge his choller, lest he be too angry, and Agarick to purge his flegme, lest he be too drowsie; that as Tertullian saies of the Ægyptian gods, plants and herbes, That God was beholden to Man, for growing in his garden, so wee must say of these gods, Their eternity, (an eternity of three score and ten yeares) is in the Apothecaryes shop, and not in the Metaphoricall Deity. But their Deitye is better expressed in their humility, than in their heighth; when abounding and overflowing, as God, in means of doing good, they descend, as God, to a communication of their abundances with men, according to their necessities, then they are Gods. No man is well, that understands not, that values not his being well; that hath not a cheerefulnesse, and a joy in it; and whosoever hath this Joy, hath a desire to communicate, to propagate that, which occasions his happinesse, and his Joy, to others; for every man loves witnesses of his happinesse; and the best witnesses, are experimentall witnesses; they who have tasted of that in themselves, which makes us happie: It consummates therefore, it perfits the happinesse of Kings, to confer, to transfer, honor, and riches, and (as they can) health, upon those that need them.

Medicamina scribunt.

Upon their Consultation, they prescribe.

IX

THEY have seene me, and heard mee, arraign'd mee in these fetters, and receiv'd the evidence; I have cut up mine Anatomy, dissected my selfe, and they are gon to read upon me. O how manifold, and perplexed a thing, nay, how wanton and various a thing is ruine and destruction! God presented to David three kinds, War, Famine, and Pestilence; Satan left out these, and brought in, fires

from heaven, and windes from the wildernes. [As] if there were no ruine but sicknes, wee see, the Masters of that Art, can scarce number, nor name all sicknesses; every thing that disorders a faculty, and the function of that is a sicknesse: The names wil not serve them which are given from the place affected, the Plurisie is so; nor from the effect which it works, the falling sicknes is so; they cannot have names enow, from what it does, nor where it is, but they must extort names from what it is like, what it resembles, and but in some one thing, or els they would lack names; for the Wolf, and the Canker, and the Polypus are so; and that question, whether there be more names or things, is as perplexed in sicknesses, as in any thing else; except it be easily resolvd upon that side, that there are more sicknesses than names. If ruine were reduc'd to that one way, that Man could perish noway but by sicknes, yet his danger were infinit; and if sicknes were reduc'd to that one way, that there were no sicknes but a fever, yet the way were infinite still; for it would overlode, and oppress any naturall, disorder and discompose any artificiall Memory, to deliver the names of severall fevers; how intricate a worke then have they, who are gone to consult, which of these sicknesses mine is, and then which of these fevers, and then what it would do, and then how it may be countermind. But even in ill, it is a degree of good, when the evil wil admit consultation. In many diseases, that which is but an accident, but a symptom of the main disease, is so violent, that the Phisician must attend the cure of that, though hee pretermit (so far as to intermit) the cure of the disease it self. Is it not so in States too? somtimes the insolency of those that are great, put[s] the people into commotions; the great disease, and the greatest danger to the Head, is the insolency of the great ones; and yet, they execute Martial law, they come to present executions upon the people, whose commotion was indeed but a symptom, but an accident of the maine disease; but this symptom, grown so violent, would allow no time for a consultation. Is it not so in the accidents of the diseases of our mind too? Is it not evidently so in our affections, in our passions? If a cholerick man be ready to strike, must I goe about to purge his choler, or to breake the blow? But where there is room for consultation, things are not desperate. They consult; so there is nothing rashly, inconsideratly done; and then they prescribe, they write, so there is nothing covertly, disguisedly, unavowedly done. In bodily diseases it is not alwaies so; sometimes, as soon as the Phisicians foote is in the chamber, his knife is in the patients arme; the disease would not allow a minutes forbearing of blood, nor prescribing of other remedies. In States and matter of government it is so too; they are somtimes surprized with such accidents, as that the Magistrat asks not what may be done by law, but does that, which must necessarily be don in that case. But it is a degree of good, in evill, a degree that carries hope and comfort in it, when we may have recourse to that which is written, and that the proceedings may be apert, and ingenuous, and candid, and avowable, for that gives satisfaction, and acquiescence. They who have received my Anatomy of my selfe, consult, and end their consultation in prescribing, and in prescribing Phisick; proper and convenient remedy: for if they should come in again, and chide mee, for some disorder, that had occasion'd, and inducd, or that had hastned and exalted this sicknes, or if they should begin to write now rules for my dyet, and exercise when I were well, this were to antidate, or to postdate their Consultation, not to give Phisicke. It were rather a vexation, than a reliefe, to tell a condemnd prisoner, you might have liv'd if you had done this; and if you can get pardon, you shal do wel, to take this, or this course hereafter. I am glad they know (I have hid nothing from them) glad they consult, (they hide nothing from one another) glad they write (they hide nothing from the world) glad that they write and prescribe Phisick, that there are remedies for the present case.

Lentè et Serpenti satagunt occurrere Morbo.

They find the Disease to steale on insensibly, and endeavour to meet with it so.

 \mathbf{X}

THIS is Natures nest of Boxes; The Heavens contains the Earth, the Earth, Cities, Cities, Men. And all these are Concentrique; the common center to them all, is decay, ruine; only that is Eccentrique, which was never made; only that place, or garment rather, which we can imagine, but not demonstrate, That light, which is the very emanation of the light of God, in which the Saints shall dwell, with which the Saints shall be appareld, only that bends not to this Center, to Ruine; that which was not made of Nothing, is not threatned with this annihilation. All other things are; even Angels, even our soules; they move upon the same poles, they bend to the same Center; and if they were not made immortall by preservation, their Nature could not keep them from sinking to this center, Annihilation. In all these (the frame of the heavens, the States upon earth, and Men in them, comprehend all) Those are the greatest mischifs, which are least discerned; the most insensible in their wayes come to bee the most sensible in their ends. The Heavens have had their Dropsie, they drownd the world, and they shall have their Fever, and burn the world. Of the dropsie, the flood, the world had a foreknowledge 120 yeares before it came; and so some made provision against it, and were saved; the fever shall break out in an instant, and consume all; The dropsie did no harm to the heavens, from whence it fell, it did not put out those lights, it did not quench those heates; but the fever, the fire shall burne the furnace it selfe, annihilate those heavens, that breath it out; Though the Dog-Starre have a pestilent breath, an infectious exhalation, yet because we know when it wil rise, we clothe our selves, and wee diet our selves, and we shadow our selves to a sufficient prevention; but Comets and blazing starres, whose

effects, or significations no man can interrupt or frustrat, no man foresaw: no Almanack tells us, when a blazing starre will break out, the matter is carried up in secret; no Astrologer tels us when the effects will be accomplished, for thats a secret of a higher spheare, than the other; and that which is most secret, is most dangerous. It is so also here in the societies of men, in States, and Commonwealths. Twentie rebellious drums make not so dangerous a noise, as a few whisperers, and secret plotters in corners. The Canon doth not so much hurt against a wal, as a Myne under the wall; nor a thousand enemies that threaten, so much as a few that take an oath to say nothing. God knew many heavy sins of the people, in the wildernes and after, but still he charges them with that one, with Murmuring, murmuring in their hearts, secret disobediences, secret repugnances against his declar'd wil; and these are the most deadly, the most pernicious. And it is so too, with the diseases of the body; and that is my case. The pulse, the urine, the sweat, all have sworn to say nothing, to give no *Indication*, of any dangerous sicknesse. My forces are not enfeebled, I find no decay in my strength; my provisions are not cut off, I find no abhorring in mine appetite; my counsels are not corrupted or infatuated, I find no false apprehensions, to work upon mine understanding; and yet they see, that invisibly, and I feele, that insensibly the disease prevailes. The disease hath established a Kingdome, an Empire in mee, and will have certaine Arcana Imperii, secrets of State, by which it will proceed, and not be bound to declare them. But yet against those secret conspiracies in the State, the Magistrate hath the rack; and against the insensible diseases, Phisicians have their examiners; and those these employ now.

Nobilibusque trahunt, a cincto Corde, venenum, Succis et Gemmis, et quæ generosa, Ministrant Ars, et Natura, instillant.

They use Cordials, to keep the venim and Malignitie of the disease from the Heart.

XI

WHENCE can wee take a better argument, a clearer demonstration, that all the Greatnes of this world, is built upon opinion of others, and hath in itself no reall being, nor power of subsistence, than from the heart of man? It is always in action, and motion, still busie, still pretending to doe all, to furnish all the powers, and faculties with all that they have; But if an enemy dare rise up against it, it is the soonest endangered, the soonest defeated of any part. The Braine will hold out longer than it, and the Liver longer than that; They will endure a Siege; but an unnatural heat, a rebellious heat, will blow up the heart, like a Myne, in a minute. But howsoever, since the Heart hath the birthright and Primogeniture, and that it is Natures eldest Sonne in us, the part which is first borne to life in man, and that the other parts, as younger brethren, and servants in this family, have a dependance upon it, it is reason that the principall care bee had of it, though it bee not the strongest part; as the eldest is oftentimes not the strongest of the family. And since the Braine, and Liver, and Heart, hold not a Triumvirate in Man, a Soveraigntie equally shed upon them all, for his well-being, as the foure Elements doe, for his very being, but the Heart alone is in the Principalitie, and in the Throne, as King, the rest as Subjects, though in eminent Place and Office, must contribute to that, as Children to their Parents, as all persons to all kinds of Superiours, though oftentimes, those Parents, or those Superiours, bee not of stronger parts, than them selves, that serve and obey them that are weaker; Neither doth this Obligation fall upon us, by second Dictates of Nature, by Consequences and Conclusions arising out of Nature, or deriv'd from Nature, by Discourse, (as many things binde us even by the Law of Nature, and yet not by the primarie Law of Nature; as all Lawes of Proprietie in that which we possesse, are of the Law of Nature, which law is, To give every one his owne, and yet in the primarie law of Nature there was no Proprietie, no Meum and Tuum, but an universall Communitie over all; So the Obedience of Superiours, is of the law of Nature, and yet in the primarie law of Nature, there was no Superioritie, no Magistracie;) but this contribution of assistance of all to the Soveraigne, of all parts to the Heart, is from the very first dictates of Nature; which is, in the first place, to have care of our owne Preservation, to look first to ourselves; for therefore doth the Phisician intermit the present care of Braine, or Liver, because there is a possibilitie that they may subsist, though there bee not a present and a particular care had of them, but there is no possibilitie that they can subsist, if the Heart perish: and so, when we seem to begin with others, in such assistances, indeed wee doe beginne with ourselves, and wee ourselves are principally in our contemplation; and so all these officious, and mutual assistances are but complements towards others, and our true end is ourselves. And this is the reward of the paines of Kings; sometimes they neede the power of law, to be obey'd; and when they seeme to be obey'd voluntarily, they who doe it, doe it for their owne sakes. O how little a thing is all the greatnes of man, and through how false glasses doth he make shift to multiply it, and magnifie it to himselfe! And yet this is also another misery of this King of man, the Heart, which is also applyable to the Kings of this world, great men, that the venime and poyson of every pestilentiall disease directs itself to the Heart, affects that (pernicious affection,) and the malignity of ill men, is also directed upon the greatest, and the best; and not only greatnesse, but goodnesse looses the vigour of beeing an Antidote, or Cordiall against it. And as the

noblest, and most generous Cordialls that Nature or Art afford, or can prepare, if they be often taken, and made familiar, become no Cordialls, nor have any extraordinary operation, so the greatest Cordiall of the Heart, patience, if it bee much exercis'd, exalts the venim and the malignity of the Enemy, and the more we suffer, the more wee are insulted upon. When God had made this Earth of nothing, it was but a little helpe, that he had, to make other things of this Earth: nothing can be neerer nothing, than this Earth; and yet how little of this Earth is the greatest Man! Hee thinkes he treads upon the Earth, that all is under his feete, and the Braine that thinkes so, is but Earth; his highest Region, the flesh that covers that, is but earth; and even the toppe of that, that, wherein so many Absolons take so much pride, is but a bush growing upon that Turfe of Earth. How litle of the world is the Earth! And yet that is all that Man hath, or is. How little of a Man is the Heart, and yet it is all, by which he is; and this continually subject, not only to forraine poysons, conveyed by others, but to intestine poysons, bred in ourselves by pestilentiall sicknesses. O who, if before hee had a beeing, he could have sense of this miserie, would buy a being here upon these conditions?

Spirante Columbâ Suppositâ pedibus, Revocantur ad ima vapores. They apply Pidgeons, to draw the vapors from the Head.

XII

WHAT will not kill a man if a vapor will? How great an Elephant, how small a Mouse destroys! To dye by a bullet is the Souldiers dayly bread; but few men dye by haileshot: A man is more worth, than to bee sold for single money; a life to be valued above a trifle. If this were a violent shaking of the Ayre by Thunder, or by Canon, in that case the Ayre is condensed above the thicknesse of water, of water baked into Ice, almost petrified, almost

made stone, and no wonder that kills; but that that which is but a vapor, and a vapor not forced, but breathed, should kill, that our Nourse should overlay us, and Ayre that nourishes us, should destroy us, but that it is a halfe Atheisme to murmure against Nature, who is Gods immediate commissioner, who would not think himselfe miserable to bee put into the hands of Nature, who does not only set him up for a marke for others to shoote at, but delights herselfe to blow him up like a glasse, till shee see him breake, even with her owne breath? nay, if this infectious vapor were sought for, or travail'd to, as Plinie hunted after the vapor of Ætna, and dared and challenged Death, in the forme of a vapor, to doe his worst, and felt the worst, he dyed; or if this vapor were met withall in an ambush, and we surprized with it, out of a long shutt Well, or out of a new opened Myne, who would lament, who would accuse, when we had nothing to accuse, none to lament against but Fortune, who is lesse than a vapor: But when our selves are the Well, that breaths out this exhalation, the Oven that spits out this fiery smoke, the Myne that spues out this suffocating, and strangling dampe, who can ever after this, aggravate his sorrow, by this Circumstance, That it was his Neighbor, his familiar Friend, his Brother, that destroyed him, and destroyed him with a whispering, and a calumniating breath, when wee our selves doe it to our selves by the same meanes, kill our selves with our owne vapors? Or if these occasions of this selfe-destruction, had any contribution from our owne Wils, any assistance from our owne intentions, nay from our own errors, we might divide the rebuke, and chide our selves as much as them. Fevers upon wilful distempers of drinke, and surfets, Consumptions upon intemperances, and licentiousnes, Madnes upon misplacing, or overbending our naturall faculties, proceed from our selves, and so, as that our selves are in the plot, and wee are not onely passive, but active too, to our owne destruction; But what have I done, either to breed, or to breath these vapors?

They tell me it is my Melancholy; Did I infuse, did I drinke in Melancholly into my selfe? It is my thoughtfulnesse; was I not made to thinke? It is my study; doth not my Calling call for that? I have don nothing, wilfully, perversly toward it, yet must suffer in it, die by it; There are too many Examples of men, that have bin their own executioners, and that have made hard shift to bee so; some have alwayes had poyson about them, in a hollow ring upon their finger, and some in their Pen that they used to write with: some have beat out their braines at the wal of their prison, and some have eate the fire out of their chimneys: and one is said to have come neerer our case than so, to have strangled himself, though his hands were bound, by crushing his throat between his knees; But I doe nothing upon my selfe, and yet am mine owne Executioner. And we have heard of death upon small occasions, and by scornefull instruments: a pinne, a combe, a haire, pulled, hath gangred, and killd; But when I have said, a vapour, if I were asked again, what is a vapour, I could not tell, it is so insensible a thing; so neere nothing is that that reduces us to nothing. But extend this vapour, rarifie it; from so narow a roome, as our Naturall bodies, to any Politike body, to a State. That which is fume in us, is in a State, Rumor, and these vapours in us, which wee consider here pestilent and infectious fumes, are in a State infectious rumors, detracting and dishonourable Calumnies, Libels. The Heart in that body is the King; and the Braine, his Councell; and the whole Magistracie, that ties all together, is the Sinewes, which proceed from thence; and the life of all is Honour, and just respect, and due reverence; and therfore, when these vapors, these venimous rumors, are directed against these Noble parts, the whole body suffers. But yet for all their priviledges, they are not priviledged from our misery; that as the vapours most pernitious to us, arise in our owne bodies, so do the most dishonorable rumours, and those that wound a State most, arise at home What ill ayre,

Shambles, what Dunghill, what vault, could have hurt mee so much, as these home-bredd vapours? What Fugitive, what Almes-man of any forraine State, can doe so much harme as a Detracter, a Libeller, a scornefull Jester at home? For, as they that write of poysons, and of creatures naturally disposed to the ruine of Man, do as well mention the Flea, as the Viper, because the Flea, though hee kill none, hee does all the harme hee can; so even these libellous and licentious Jesters utter the venim they have, though sometimes vertue, and alwaies power, be a good Pigeon to draw this vapor from the Head, and from doing any deadly harme there.

Ingeniumque malum, numeroso stigmate, fassus Pellitur ad pectus, Morbique Suburbia, Morbus. The Sicknes declares the infection and malignity thereof by spots.

XIII

WEE say, that the world is made of sea, and land, as though they were equal; but we know that ther is more sea in the Western, than in the Eastern Hemisphere: We say that the Firmament is full of starres, as though it were equally full; but we know, that there are more stars under the Northerne, than under the Southern Pole. We say, the Elements of man are misery, and happinesse, as though he had an equal proportion of both, and the dayes of man vicissitudinary, as though he had as many good daies, as ill, and that he liv'd under a perpetuall Equinoctial night, and day equall, good and ill fortune in the same measure. But it is far from that; hee drinkes misery, and he tastes happinesse; he mowes misery, and he gleanes happinesse; he journies in misery, he does but walke in happinesse; and which is worst, his misery is positive, and dogmaticall, his happinesse is but disputable, and problematicall; All men call Misery, Misery, but Happinesse

changes the name, by the taste of man. In this accident that befalls mee now, that this sicknesse declares itself by Spots, to be a malignant, and pestilentiall disease, if there be a comfort in the declaration, that therby the Phisicians see more cleerely what to doe, there may bee as much discomfort in this, That the malignitie may bee so great, as that all that they can doe, shall doe nothing; That an enemy declares himselfe, then, when he is able to subsist, and to pursue, and to atchive his ends, is no great comfort. In intestine Conspiracies, voluntary Confessions doe more good, than Confessions upon the Rack; in these Infections, when Nature her selfe confesses, and cries out by these outward declarations, which she is able to put forth of her selfe, they minister comfort; but when all is by strength of Cordials, it is but a Confession upon the Racke, by which though wee come to knowe the malice of that man, yet wee doe not knowe whether there bee not as much malice in his heart then, as before his confession; we are sure of his Treason, but not of his Repentance; sure of him, but not of his Complices. It is a faint comfort to know the worst, when the worst is remedilesse; and a weaker than that, to know much ill, and not to know, that that is the worst. A woman is comforted with the birth of her Son, her body is eased of a burthen; but if shee could prophetically read his History, how ill a man, perchance how ill a sonne, he would prove, shee should receive a greater burthen into her Mind. Scarce any purchase that is not clogged with secret encumbrances; scarce any happines that hath not in it so much of the nature of false and base money, as that the Allay is more than the Metall. Nay, is it not so, (at least much towards it) even in the exercise of Vertues? I must bee poore, and want, before I can exercise the vertue of Gratitude; miserable, and in torment, before I can exercise the vertue of patience; How deepe do we dig, and for how coarse gold? And what other Touchstone have we of our gold, but comparison? Whether we be as happy, as others,

or as ourselves at other times; O poore stepp toward being well, when these spots do only tell us, that we are worse, than we were sure of before.

Idque notant Criticis, Medici evenisse Diebus.

The Phisicians observe these accidents to have fallen upon the criticall dayes.

XIV

I WOULD not make Man worse than hee is, Nor his Condition more miserable than it is. But could I though I would? As a man cannot flatter God, nor over prayse him, so a man cannot injure Man, nor undervalue him. Thus much must necessarily be presented to his remembrance, that those false Happinesses, which he hath in this World, have their times, and their seasons, and their critical dayes, and they are Judged, and Denominated according to the times, when they befall us. What poore Elements are our happinesses made of, if Tyme, Tyme which wee can scarce consider to be any thing, be an essential part of our happines! All things are done in some place; but if we consider Place to be no more, but the next hollow Superficies of the Ayre, Alas, how thinne, and fluid a thing is Ayre, and how thinne a filme is a Superficies, and a Superficies of Ayre! All things are done in time too; but if we consider Tyme to be but the Measure of Motion, and howsoever it may seeme to have three stations, past, present, and future, yet the first and last of these are not (one is not, now, and the other is not yet) and that which you call present, is not now the same that it was, when you began to call it so in this Line, (before you sound that word, present, or that Monosyllable, now, the present, and the Now is past), if this Imaginary halfenothing, Tyme, be of the Essence of our Happinesses, how can they be thought durable? Tyme is not so; How can they bee thought to be? Tyme is not so; not so, considered in any of the parts thereof. If we consider Eternity, into

that, Tyme never entred; Eternity is not an everlasting flux of Tyme; but Tyme is a short parenthesis in a longe period; and Eternity had been the same, as it is, though time had never beene; If we consider, not Eternity, but Perpetuity, not that which had no Tyme to beginne in, but which shall outlive Tyme and be, when Tyme shall bee no more, what A Minute is the life of the Durablest Creature, compared to that! And what a Minute is Mans life in respect of the Sunnes, or of a Tree! and yet how little of our life is Occasion, opportunity to receyve good in; and how litle of that occasion, doe wee apprehend, and lay hold of! How busie and perplexed a Cobweb, is the Happinesse of Man here, that must bee made up with a Watchfulnesse, to lay hold upon Occasion, which is but a little peece of that, which is Nothing, Tyme! And yet the best things are Nothing without that. Honors, Pleasures, Possessions, presented to us, out of time, in our decrepit, and distasted, and unapprehensive Age, loose their Office, and loose their Name; They are not Honors to us, that shall never appeare, nor come abroad into the Eyes of the people, to receive Honor, from them who give it: Nor pleasures to us, who have lost our sense to taste them; nor possessions to us, who are departing from the possession of them. Youth is their Criticall Day; that Judges them, that Denominates them, that inanimates, and informes them, and makes them Honors, and Pleasures, and Possessions; and when they come in an unapprehensive Age, they come as a Cordial when the bell rings out, as a Pardon, when the Head is off. We rejoyce in the Comfort of fire, but does any man cleave to it at Midsomer; Wee are glad of the freshnesse, and coolenes of a Vault, but does any man keepe his Christmas there; or are the pleasures of the Spring acceptable in Autumne? If happinesse be in the season, or in the Clymate, how much happier then are Birdes than Men, who can change the Climate, and accompanie, and enjoy the same season ever.

Intereà insomnes noctes Ego duco, Diesque.

I sleepe not day nor night.

XV

NATURALL men have conceived a twofold use of sleepe; That it is a refreshing of the body in this life; That it is a preparing of the soule for the next; That it is a feast, and it is the grace at that feast; That it is our recreation, and cheeres us, and it is our Catechisme and instructs us; wee lie downe in a hope, that wee shall rise the stronger; and we lie downe in a knowledge, that wee may rise no more. Sleepe is an Opiate which gives us rest, but such an Opiate, as perchance, being under it, we shall wake no more. But though naturall men, who have induced secondary and figurative considerations, have found out this second, this emblematicall use of sleepe, that it should be a representation of death, God, who wrought and perfected his worke, before Nature began, (for Nature was but his Apprentice, to learne in the first seven daies, and now is his foreman, and works next under him) God, I say, intended sleepe onely for the refreshing of man by bodily rest, and not for a figure of death, for he intended not death it selfe then. But Man having induced death upon himselfe, God hath taken Mans Creature, death, into his hand, and mended it; and whereas it hath in itselfe a fearefull forme and aspect, so that Man is afraid of his own Creature, God presents it to him, in a familiar, in an assiduous, in an agreeable and acceptable forme, in sleepe, that so when hee awakes from sleepe, and saies to himselfe, shall I bee no otherwise when I am dead, than I was even now, when I was asleep, hee may bee ashamed of his waking dreames, and of his Melancholique fancying out a horrid and an affrightfull figure of that death which is so like sleepe. As then wee need sleepe to live out our threescore and ten yeeres, so we need death, to live that life which we cannot out-live. And as death being our enemie, God allowes us to defend ourselves against it

(for wee victuall ourselves against death, twice every day, as often as we eat) so God having so sweetned death unto us as hee hath in sleepe, wee put ourselves into our enemies hands once every day; so farre, as sleepe is death; and sleepe is as much death, as meat is life. This then is the misery of my sicknesse, That death as it is produced from mee, and is mine owne Creature, is now before mine Eyes, but in that forme, in which God hath mollified it to us, and made it acceptable, in sleepe, I cannot see it: how many prisoners, who have even hollowed themselves their graves upon that Earth, on which they have lien long under heavie fetters, yet at this houre are asleepe, though they bee yet working upon their owne graves by their owne waight! Hee that hath seene his friend die to day, or knowes hee shall see it to morrow, yet will sinke into a sleepe betweene. I cannot; and oh, if I be entring now into Eternitie, where there shall bee no more distinction of houres, why is it al my businesse now to tell Clocks? why is none of the heavinesse of my heart, dispensed into mine Eye-lids, that they might fall as my heart doth? And why, since I have lost my delight in all objects, cannot I discontinue the facultie of seeing them, by closing mine eyes in sleepe? But why rather being entring into that presence, where I shall wake continually and never sleepe more, doe I not interpret my continuall waking here, to bee a parasceve, and a preparation to that?

Et properare meum clamant, è Turre propinqua, Obstreperæ Campanæ aliorum in funere, funus. From the Bells of the Church adjoyning, I am daily remembred of my buriall in the funeralls of others.

XVI

WE have a Convenient Author, who writ a Discourse of Bells, when hee was prisoner in Turky. How would hee have enlarged himselfe if he had beene my fellow-prisoner in this sicke bed, so neere to that Steeple, which

never ceases, no more than the harmony of the spheres, but is more heard. When the Turkes took Constantinople, they melted the Bells into Ordnance; I have heard both Bells and Ordnance, but never been so much affected with those, as with these Bells. I have lien near a Steeple, in which there are said to be more than thirty Bels; And neere another, where there is one so bigge, as that the Clapper is said to weigh more than six hundred pound, yet never so affected as here. Here the Bells can scarse solemnise the funerall of any person, but that I knew him, or knew that he was my Neighbour: we dwelt in houses neere to one another before, but now hee is gone into that house, into which I must follow him. There is a way of correcting the Children of great persons, that other Children are corrected in their behalfe, and in their names, and this workes upon them, who indeed had more deserved it. And when these Bells tell me, that now one, and now another is buried, must not I acknowledge, that they have the correction due to me, and paid the debt that I owe? There is a story of a Bell in a Monastery which, when any of the house was sicke to death, rung alwaies voluntarily, and they knew the inevitablenesse of the danger by that. It rung once, when no man was sick; but the next day one of the house, fell from the steeple, and died, and the Bell held the reputation of a Prophet still. If these Bells that warne to a Funerall now, were appropriated to none, may not I, by the houre of the Funerall, supply? How many men that stand at an execution, if they would aske, for what dies that man, should heare their owne faults condemned, and see themselves executed, by Atturney? We scarce heare of any man preferred, but wee thinke of our selves, that wee might very well have beene that Man; Why might not I have beene that Man, that is carried to his grave now? Could I fit my selfe, to stand, or sit in any mans place, and not to lie in any mans grave? I may lacke much of the good parts of the meanest, but I lacke nothing of the mortality of the weakest; They may have acquired

better abilities than I, but I was borne to as many infirmities as they. To be an Incumbent by lying down in a grave, to be a Doctor by teaching Mortification by Example, by dying, though I may have seniors, others may be elder than I, yet I have proceeded apace in a good University, and gone a great way in a little time, by the furtherance of a vehement Fever; and whomsoever these Bells bring to the ground to day, if hee and I had beene compared yesterday, perchance I should have been thought likelier to come to this preferment, then, than he. God hath kept the power of death in his owne hands, lest any man should bribe death. If man knew the gaine of death, the ease of death, he would solicite, he would provoke death to assist him, by any hand, which he might use. But as when men see many of their owne professions preferd, it ministers a hope that that may light upon them; so when these hourely Bells tell me of so many funerals of men like me, it presents, if not a desire that it may, yet a comfort whensoever mine shall come.

Nunc lento sonitu dicunt, Morieris.

Now, this Bell tolling softly for another, saies to me, Thou must die.

XVII

PERCHANCE hee for whom this Bell tolls, may be so ill, as that he knowes not it tolls for him; And perchance I may thinke my selfe so much better than I am, as that they who are about mee, and see my state, may have caused it to toll for mee, and I know not that. The Church is Catholike, universall, so are all her Actions; All that she does, belongs to all. When she baptizes a child, that action concernes mee; for that child is thereby connected to that Head which is my Head too, and engraffed into that body, whereof I am a member. And when she buries a Man, that action concernes me: All mankinde is of one Author, and is one volume; when one Man dies, one

Chapter is not torne out of the booke, but translated into a better language; and every Chapter must be so translated; God emploies several translators; some peeces are translated by age, some by sicknesse, some by warre, some by justice; but Gods hand is in every translation; and his hand shall binde up all our scattered leaves againe, for that Librarie where every booke shall lie open to one another: As therefore the Bell that rings to a Sermon, calls not upon the Preacher onely, but upon the Congregation to come; so this Bell calls us all: but how much more mee, who am brought so neere the doore by this sicknesse. There was a contention as farre as a suite, (in which both pietie and dignitie, religion, and estimation, were mingled) which of the religious Orders should ring to praiers first in the Morning; and it was determined, that they should ring first that rose earliest. If we understand aright the dignitie of this Bell that tolls for our evening prayer, wee would bee glad to make it ours, by rising early, in that application, that it might bee ours, as wel as his, whose indeed it is. The Bell doth toll for him that thinkes it doth; and though it intermit againe, yet from that minute, that that occasion wrought upon him, hee is united to God. Who casts not up his Eye to the Sunne when it rises? but who takes off his Eye from a Comet when that breakes out? Who bends not his eare to any bell, which upon any occasion rings? but who can remove it from that bell, which is passing a peece of himselfe out of this world? No man is an Iland, intire of it selfe; every man is a peece of the Continent, a part of the maine; if a Clod bee washed away by the Sea, Europe is the lesse, as well as if a Promontorie were, as well as if a Mannor of thy friends or of thine owne were; any mans death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankinde; And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; It tolls for thee. Neither can we call this a begging of Miserie or a borrowing of Miserie, as though we were not miserable enough of our selves, but must fetch in more from the next house, in taking upon

us the Miserie of our Neighbours. Truly it were an excusable covetousnesse if wee did; for affliction is a treasure, and scarce any man hath enough of it. No man hath affliction enough that is not matured, and ripened by it, and made fit for God by that affliction. If a man carry treasure in bullion, or in a wedge of gold, and have none coined into currant Monies, his treasure will not defray him as he travells. Tribulation is Treasure in the nature of it, but it is not currant money in the use of it, except wee get nearer and nearer our home, Heaven, by it. Another man may be sicke too, and sick to death, and this affliction may lie in his bowels, as gold in a Mine, and be of no use to him; but this bell, that tells me of his affliction, digs out, and applies that gold to mee: if by this consideration of anothers danger, I take mine owne into contemplation, and so secure my selfe, by making my recourse to my God, who is our onely securitie.

At inde Mortuus es, Sonitu celeri, pulsuque agitato. The Bell rings out, and tells me in him, that I am dead.

XVIII

THE Bell rings out; the pulse thereof is changed; the tolling was a faint, and intermitting pulse, upon one side; this stronger, and argues more and better life. His soule is gone out; and as a Man, who had a lease of 1000. yeeres after the expiration of a short one, or an inheritance after the life of a man in a consumption, he is now entred into the possession of his better estate. His soule is gone; whither? Who saw it come in, or who saw it goe out? No body; yet every body is sure, he had one, and hath none. If I will aske meere Philosophers, what the soule is, I shall finde amongst them, that will tell me, it is nothing, but the temperament and harmony, and just and equall composition of the Elements in the body, which produces all those faculties which we ascribe to the soule; and so, in it

selfe is nothing, no seperable substance, that overlives the body. They see the soule is nothing else in other Creatures, and they affect an impious humilitie, to think as low of Man. But if my soule were no more than the soul of a beast, I could not thinke so; that soule that can reflect upon it selfe, consider it selfe, is more than so. If I will aske, not meere Philosophers, but mixt men, Philosophicall Divines, how the soule, being a separate substance, enters into Man, I shall finde some that will tell me, that it is by generation, and procreation from parents, because they thinke it hard, to charge the soule with the guiltiness of originall sinne, if the soule were infused into a body, in which it must necessarily grow foule, and contract originall sinne, whether it will or no; and I shall finde some that will tell mee, that it is by immediate infusion from God, because they think it hard, to maintaine an immortality in such a soule, as should be begotten, and derived with the body from mortall parents. If I will aske, not a few men, but almost whole bodies, whole Churches, what becomes of the soules of the righteous, at the departing thereof from the body, I shall bee told by some, That they attend an expiation, a purification in a place of torment; By some, that they attend the fruition of the sight of God, in a place of rest; but yet, but of expectation; By some, that they passe to an immediate possession of the presence of God. S. Augustine studied the nature of the soule, as much as anything, but the salvation of the soule; and he sent an expresse Messenger to Saint Hierome, to consult of some things concerning the soule: But he satisfies himselfe with this: Let the departure of my soule to salvation be evident to my faith, and I care the lesse, how darke the entrance of my soule, into my body, bee to my reason. It is the going out, more than the comming in, that concernes us. This soule, this Bell tells me, is gone out; Whither? Who shall tell mee that? I know not who it is; much less what he was; The condition of the man, and the course of his life, which should tell mee whither hee is gone, I know not. I was not there in his sicknesse, nor a

his death; I saw not his way, nor his end, nor can aske them, who did, thereby to conclude, or argue, whither he is gone. But yet I have one neerer mee than all these; mine owne Charity; I aske that; and that tels me, He is gone to everlasting rest, and joy, and glory: I owe him a good opinion; it is but thankfull charity in mee, because I received benefit and instruction from him when his Bell told: and I, being made the fitter to pray, by that disposition, wherein I was assisted by his occasion, did pray for him; and I pray not without faith; so I doe charitably, so I do faithfully beleeve, that that soule is gone to everlasting rest, and joy, and glory. But for the body, how poore a wretched thing is that? wee cannot expresse it so fast, as it growes worse and worse. That body which scarce three minutes since was such a house, as that that soule, which made but one step from thence to Heaven, was scarse thorowly content, to leave that for Heaven: that body hath lost the name of a dwelling house, because none dwells in it, and is making haste to lose the name of a body, and dissolve to putrefaction. Who would not bee affected, to see a cleere and sweet River in the Morning, grow a kennell of muddy land water by noone, and condemned to the saltnesse of the Sea by night? And how lame a picture, how faint a representation is that, of the precipitation of mans body to dissolution! Now all the parts built up, and knit by a lovely soule, now but a statue of clay, and now, these limbs melted off, as if that clay were but snow; and now, the whole house is but a handfull of sand, so much dust, and but a pecke of rubbidge, so much bone. If he, who, as this Bell tells mee, is gone now, were some excellent Artificer, who comes to him for a clocke, or for a garment now? or for counsaile, if hee were a Lawyer? If a Magistrate, for Justice? Man, before hee hath his immortall soule, hath a soule of sense, and a soule of vegitation before that: This immortall soule did not forbid other soules, to be in us before, but when this soule departs, it carries all with it; no more vegetation, no more sense: such

a Mother in law is the Earth, in respect of our naturall mother; in her wombe we grew; and when she was delivered of us, wee were planted in some place, in some calling in the world; In the wombe of the earth, wee diminish, and when shee is deliverd of us, our grave opened for another, wee are not transplanted, but transported, our dust blowne away with prophane dust, with every wind.

Oceano tandem emenso, aspicienda resurgit
Terra; vident, justis, medici, jam cocta mederi se posse, indiciis.

At last, the Physitians, after a long and stormie voyage, see land; They have so good signes of the concoction of the disease, as that they may safely proceed to purge.

XIX

ALL this while the Physitians themselves have beene patients, patiently attending when they should see any land in this Sea, any earth, any cloud, any indication of concoction in these waters. Any disorder of mine, any pretermission of theirs, exalts the disease, accelerates the rages of it; no diligence accelerates the concoction, the maturitie of the disease; they must stay till the season of the sicknesse come, and till it be ripened of it selfe, and then they may put to their hand, to gather it before it fall off, but they cannot hasten the ripening. Why should wee looke for it in a disease, which is the disorder, the discord, the irregularitie, the commotion, and rebellion of the body? It were scarce a disease, if it could bee ordered, and made obedient to our times. Why should wee looke for that in disorder, in a disease, when we cannot have it in Nature, who is so regular, and so pregnant, so forward to bring her worke to perfection, and to light? Yet we cannot awake the Julyflowers in January, nor retard the flowers of the spring to autumne. We cannot bid the fruits come in May, nor the leaves to sticke on in December. A woman that is weake cannot put off her ninth moneth to a tenth, for her deliverie,

and say shee will stay till shee bee stronger; nor a Queene cannot hasten it to a seventh, that shee may bee ready for some other pleasure. Nature (if we looke for durable and vigorous effects) will not admit preventions, nor anticipations, nor obligations upon her; for they are precontracts, and she will bee left to her libertie. Nature would not be spurred, nor forced to mend her pace; nor power, the power of man; greatnesse loves not that kinde of violence neither. There are of them that will give, that will do justice, that will pardon, but they have their owne seasons for al these, and he that knowes not them, shall starve before that gift come, and ruine, before the Justice, and dye before the pardon save him: some tree beares no fruit, except much dung be laid about it; and Justice comes not from some, till they bee richly manured: some trees require much visiting, much watring, much labour; and some men give not their fruits but upon importunitie; some trees require incision, and pruning, and lopping; some men must bee intimidated and syndicated with Commissions, before they will deliver the fruits of Justice; some trees require the early and the often accesse of the Sunne; some men open not, but upon the favours and letters of Court mediation; some trees must bee housd and kept within doores; some men locke up, not onely their liberalitie, but their Justice, and their compassion, till the sollicitation of a wife, or a sonne, or a friend, or a servant turne the key. Reward is the season of one man, and importunitie of another; feare the season of one man, and favour of another; friendship the season of one man, and naturall affection of another; and hee that knowes not their seasons, nor cannot stay them, must lose the fruits; As Nature will not, so power and greatnesse will not bee put to change their seasons; and shall wee looke for this Indulgence in a disease, or thinke to shake it off before it bee ripe? All this while, therefore, we are but upon a defensive warre, and that is but a doubtfull state; especially where they who are besieged doe know the best of their

defences, and doe not know the worst of their enemies power; when they cannot mend their works within, and the enemie can increase his numbers without. O how many farre more miserable, and farre more worthy to be lesse miserable than I, are besieged with this sicknesse, and lacke their Sentinels, their Physitians to watch, and lacke their munition, their cordials to defend, and perish before the enemies weaknesse might invite them to sally, before the disease shew any declination, or admit any way of working upon it selfe! In me the siege is so farre slackned, as that we may come to fight, and so die in the field, if I die, and not in a prison.

Id agunt.

Upon these Indications of digested matter, they proceed to purge.

$\mathbf{X}\mathbf{X}$

THOUGH counsel seeme rather to consist of spirituall parts, than action, yet action is the spirit and the soule of counsell. Counsels are not alwaies determined in Resolutions; wee cannot alwaies say, this was concluded; actions are alwaies determined in effects; wee can say this was done. Then have Lawes their reverence, and their majestie, when we see the Judge upon the Bench executing them. Then have counsels of warre their impressions, and their operations, when we see the seale of an Armie set to them. It was an ancient way of celebrating the memorie of such as deserved well of the State, to afford them that kinde of statuarie representation, which was then called Hermes; which was, the head and shoulders of a man, standing upon a Cube, but those shoulders without armes and hands. All together it figured a constant supporter of the State, by his counsell: But in this Hieroglyphique, which they made without hands, they passe their consideration no farther, but that the Counsellor should bee without hands, so farre as not to reach out his hand to forraigne tentations of bribes, in matters of Counsell, and that it was not necessary, that

the head should employ his owne hand; that the same men should serve in the execution, which assisted in the Counsell; but that there should not belong hands to every head, action to every counsell, was never intended, so much as in figure, and representation. For, as Matrimonie is scarce to bee called Matrimonie, where there is a resolution against the fruits of matrimonie, against the having of Children, so counsels are not counsels, but illusions, where there is from the beginning no purpose to execute the determinations of those counsels. The arts and sciences are most properly referred to the head; that is their proper Element and Spheare; but yet the art of proving, Logique, and the art of perswading, Rhetorique, are deduced to the hand, and that expressed by a hand contracted into a fist, and this by a hand enlarged, and expanded; and evermore the power of man, and the power of God himselfe is expressed so, All things are in his hand; neither is God so often presented to us, by names that carry our consideration upon counsell, as upon execution of counsell; he is oftner called the Lord of Hosts, than by all other names, that may be referred to the other signification. Hereby therefore wee take into our meditation, the slipperie condition of man, whose happinesse, in any kinde, the defect of any one thing, conducing to that happinesse, may ruine; but it must have all the peeces to make it up. Without counsell, I had not got thus farre; without action and practise, I should goe no farther towards health. But what is the present necessary action? purging: A withdrawing, a violating of Nature, a farther weakening: O deare price, and O strange way of addition, to doe it by substraction; of restoring Nature, to violate Nature; of providing strength, by increasing weaknesse! Was I not sicke before? And is it a question of comfort to be asked now, Did your Physicke make you sicke? Was that it that my Physicke promised, to make me sicke? This is another step, upon which we may stand, and see farther into the miserie of man, the time, the season of his Miserie; It must

bee done now: O over-cunning, over-watchfull, over-diligent, and over-sociable misery of man, that seldome comes alone, but then when it may accompanie other miseries, and so put one another into the higher exaltation, and better heart! I am ground even to an attenuation, and must proceed to evacuation, all waies to exinanition and annihilation.

Atque annuit Ille, Qui, per eos, clamat, Linquas jam, Lazare, lectum.

God prospers their practise, and he, by them, calls Lazarus out of his tombe, mee out of my bed.

XXI

IF man had beene left alone in this world, at first, shall I thinke, that he would not have fallen? If there had beene no Woman, would not man have served, to have beene his own Tempter? When I see him now, subject to infinite weakenesses, fall into infinite sinne, without any forraine tentations, shall I thinke, hee would have had none, if hee had beene alone? God saw that Man needed a Helper, if hee should bee well; but to make Woman ill, the Devill saw, that there needed no third. When God, and wee were alone, in Adam, that was not enough; when the Devill and wee were alone, in Eve, it was enough. O what a Giant is Man, when he fights against himselfe, and what a Dwarfe when hee needs, or exercises his owne assistance for himselfe! I cannot rise out of my bed, till the Physitian enable mee, nay I cannot tel, that I am able to rise, till hee tell me so. I doe nothing, I know nothing of myselfe: how little, and how impotent a peece of the world, is any Man alone! and how much lesse a peece of himselfe is that Man! So little, as that when it falls out, (as it falls out in some cases) that more misery, and more. oppression, would be an ease to a man, he cannot give himselfe that miserable addition, of more misery; a man that is pressed to death, and might be eased by more

weights, cannot lay those more weights upon himselfe: Hee can sinne alone, and suffer alone, but not repent, not bee absolved, without another. Another tels mee, I may rise; and I doe so. But is every raising a preferment? or is every present preferment a station? I am readier to fall to the Earth, now I am up, than I was when I lay in the bed: O perverse way, irregular motion of Man; even rising it selfe is the way to Ruine. How many men are raised, and then doe not fill the place they are raised to? No corner of any place can bee empty; there can be no vacuity; If that Man doe not fill the place, other men will; complaints of his insufficiency will fill it; Nay, such an abhorring is there in Nature, of vacuity, that if there be but an imagination of not filling, in any man, that which is but imagination neither, will fill it, that is, rumor and voice, and it will be given out, (upon no ground, but Imagination, and no man knowes whose imagination) that hee is corrupt in his place, or insufficient in his place, and another prepared to succeed him in his place. A man rises, sometimes, and stands not, because hee doth not, or is not beleeved to fill his place; and sometimes he stands not, because hee overfills his place: Hee may bring so much vertue, so much Justice, so much integrity to the place, as shall spoile the place, burthen the place; his integrity may bee a Libell upon his Predecessor, and cast an infamy upon him, and a burthen upon his successor, to proceede by example, and to bring the place itselfe to an under-value, and the market to an uncertainty. I am up, and I seeme to stand, and I goe round; and I am a new Argument of the new Philosophie, That the Earth moves round; why may I not beleeve, that the whole earth moves in a round motion, though that seeme to mee to stand, when as I seeme to stand to my Company, and yet am carried, in a giddy, and circular motion, as I stand? Man hath no center but misery; there and onely there, hee is fixt, and sure to finde himselfe. How little soever hee bee raised, he moves, and moves in a circle, giddily; and as in the Heavens, there are but a few Circles, that goe about the whole world, but man, Epicircles, and other lesser Circles, but yet Circles, so of those men, which are raised, and put into Circles, few of them move from place to place, and passe through many and and beneficiall places, but fall into little Circles, and, within a step or two, are at their end, and not so well, as they were in the Center, from which they were raised. Every thing serves to exemplifie, to illustrate mans misery. But I need goe no farther, than my selfe: for a long time, I was not able to rise; At last, I must bee raised by others; and now I am up, I am ready to sinke lower than before.

Sit morbi fomes tibi cura;

The Physitians consider the root and occasion, the embers, and coales, and fuell of the disease, and seeke to purge or correct that.

XXII

HOW ruinous a farme hath man taken, in taking himselfe! How ready is the house every day to fall downe, and how is all the ground overspread with weeds, all the body with diseases! where not onely every turfe, but every stone, beares weeds; not onely every muscle of the flesh, but every bone of the body, hath some infirmitie; every little flint upon the face of this soile, hath some infectious weede, every tooth in our head, such a paine as a constant man isafraid of, and yet ashamed of that feare, of that sense of the paine. How deare, and how often a rent doth Man pay for this farme! hee paies twice a day, in double meales, and how little time he hath to raise his rent! How many holy daies to call him from his labour! Every day is halfe-holy day, halfe spent in sleepe. What reparations, and subsidies, and contributions he is put to, besides his rent! What medicines, besides his diet! and what Inmates he is faine to take in, besides his owne familie, what infectious diseases, from other men! Adam might have had Paradise

for dressing and keeping it; and then his rent was not improved to such a labour, as would have made his brow sweat; and yet he gave it over; how farre greater a rent doe wee pay for this farme, this body, who pay our selves, who pay the farme it selfe, and cannot live upon it! Neither is our labour at an end, when wee have cut downe some weed, as soone as it sprung up, corrected some violent and dangerous accident of a disease, which would have destroied speedily; nor when wee have pulled up that weed, from the very root, recovered entirely and soundly, from that particular disease; but the whole ground is of an ill nature, the whole soile ill disposed; there are inclinations, there is a propensenesse to diseases in the body, out of which without any other disorder, diseases will grow, and so wee are put to a continuall labour upon this farme, to a continuall studie of the whole complexion and constitution of our body. In the distempers and diseases of soiles, sourenesse, drinesse, weeping, any kinde of barrennesse, the remedy and the physicke, is, for a great part, sometimes in themselves; sometime[s] the very situation releeves them; the hanger of a hill, will purge and vent his owne malignant moisture; and the burning of the upper turfe of some ground (as health from cauterizing) puts a new and a vigorous youth into that soile, and there rises a kinde of Phænix out of the ashes, a fruitfulnesse out of that which was barren before, and by that, which is the barrennest of all, ashes. And where the ground cannot give it selfe Physicke, yet it receives Physicke from other grounds, from other soiles, which are not the worse, for having contributed that helpe to them, from Marle in other hils, or from slimie sand in other shoares: grounds helpe themselves, or hurt not other grounds, from whence they receive helpe. But I have taken a farme at this hard rent, and upon those heavie covenants, that it can afford it selfe no helpe; (no part of my body, if it were cut off, would cure another part; in some cases it might preserve a sound part, but in no case recover an infected) and, if my body may have any

Physicke, any Medicine from another body, one Man from the flesh of another Man (as by Mummy, or any such composition,) it must bee from a man that is dead, and not, as in other soiles, which are never the worse for contributing their Marle, or their fat slime to my ground. There is nothing in the same man, to helpe man, nothing in mankind to helpe one another (in this sort, by way of Physicke) but that hee who ministers the helpe, is in as ill case, as he that receives it would have beene, if he had not had it; for hee from whose body the Physicke comes, is dead. When therefore I tooke this farme, undertooke this body, I undertooke to draine, not a marish, but a moat, where there was, not water mingled to offend, but all was water; I undertooke to perfume dung, where no one part, but all was equally unsavory; I undertooke to make such a thing wholsome, as was not poison by any manifest quality, intense heat, or cold, but poison in the whole substance, and in the specifique forme of it. To cure the sharpe accidents of diseases, is a great worke; to cure the disease it selfe is a greater; but to cure the body, the root, the occasion of diseases, is a worke reserved for the great Phisitian, which he doth never any other way, but by glorifying these bodies in the next world.

Metusque, relabi.

They warne mee of the fearefull danger of relapsing.

XXIII

It is not in mans body, as it is in the Citie, that when the Bell hath rung, to cover your fire, and rake up the embers, you may lie downe and sleepe without feare. Though you have by physicke and diet, raked up the embers of your disease, stil there is a feare of a relapse; and the greater danger is in that. Even in pleasures, and in paines, there is a propriety, a Meum and Tuum; and a man is most affected with that pleasure which is his, his by formes

enjoying and experience, and most intimidated with those paines which are his, his by a wofull sense of them, in former afflictions. A covetous person, who hath preoccupated all his senses, filled all his capacities, with the delight of gathering, wonders how any man can have any taste of any pleasure in any opennesse, or liberalitie; So also in bodily paines, in a fit of the stone, the Patient wonders why any man should call the Gout a paine: And hee that hath felt neither, but the tooth-ach, is as much afraid of a fit of that, as either of the other, of either of the other. Diseases, which we never felt in our selves, come but to a compassion of others that have endured them; Nay, compassion it selfe comes to no great degree, if wee have not felt in some proportion, in our selves, that which wee lament and condole in another. But when wee have had those torments in their exaltation, our selves, wee tremble at a relapse. When wee must pant through all those fierie heats, and saile thorow all those overflowing sweats, when wee must watch through all those long nights, and mourne through all those long daies, (daies and nights, so long, as that Nature her selfe shall seeme to be perverted, and to have put the longest day, and the longest night, which should bee six moneths asunder, into one naturall, unnaturall day) when wee must stand at the same barre, expect the returne of Physitians from their consultations, and not bee sure of the same verdict, in any good Indications, when we must goe the same way over againe, and not see the same issue, this is a state, a condition, a calamitie, in respect of which, any other sicknesse, were a convalescence, and any greater, lesse. It addes to the affliction, that relapses are, (and for the most part justly) imputed to our selves, as occasioned by some disorder in us; and so we are not onely passive, but active, in our owne ruine; we doe not onely stand under a falling house, but pull it downe upon us; and wee are not onely executed, (that implies guiltinesse) but wee are executioners, (that implies dishonor) and executioners of our selves, (and that

implies impietie.) And wee fall from that comfort which wee might have in our first sicknesse, from that meditation, Alas, how generally miserable is Man, and how subject to diseases, (for in that it is some degree of comfort, that wee are but in the state common to all) we fall, I say, to this discomfort, and selfe accusing, and selfe condemning; Alas, how unprovident, and in that, how unthankfull to God and his instruments am I, in making so ill use of so great benefits, in destroying so soone, so long a worke, in relapsing, by my disorder, to that from which they had delivered mee; and so my meditation is fearefully transferred from the body to the minde, and from the consideration of the sicknesse to that sinne, that sinful carelessnes, by which I have occasioned my relapse. And amongst the many weights that aggravate a relapse, this also is one, that a relapse proceeds with a more violent dispatch, and more irremediably, because it finds the Countrie weakned, and depopulated before. Upon a sicknesse, which as yet appeares not, wee can scarce fix a feare, because wee know not what to feare; but as feare is the busiest, and irksomest affection, so is a relapse (which is still ready to come) into that, which is but newly gone, the nearest object, the most immediate exercise of that affection of feare.

SERMONS

AS A PREACHER Donne attained a degree of eloquence that has rarely if ever been surpassed in the pulpit, an eloquence inspired largely by the authorized version of the Bible, and based on a sensitiveness to the beauty of words and a love of imagery, characteristic of all Jacobean prose. preached, we learn from Walton, he "shewed his own heart was possest with those very thoughts, and joyes that he laboured to distil into others. A Preacher in earnest, weeping sometimes for his Auditory, sometimes with them; alwaies preaching to himself like an Angell from a cloud, but in none; carrying some, as St. Paul was, to Heaven in holy raptures, and inticing others by a sacred art and Courtship to amend their lives; here picturing a vice so as to make it ugly to those that practised it, and a vertue, so as to make it loved even by those that lov'd it not, and all this with a most particular grace and an unexpressible addition of comelinesse."

Donne's prose as it rises towards a climax resembles the swell of an organ, or the gathering of waters into the ninth and great wave. Its effect is cumulative. This he achieved by analysing in minute detail the several parts of his text, illustrating each step in the analysis with arguments drawn from scholastic and patristic writers and afterwards reconstructing it from those parts. It is in this final synthesis that Donne's prose becomes magniloquent, and most impassioned when it is called upon to describe certain subjects that never failed to inanimate him with a feeling of awe: sin and the wages of sin, eternity in God and separation from God.

In selecting passages from the Sermons there is a danger that only the most ornate will be chosen as examples of Donne's prose. Such a choice would give an altogether false idea of its qualities. A reader of Mr. Pearsall Smith's "Selected Passages from Donne's Sermons" might suppose that Donne never fell lower than the sublime, and although he might not feel inclined to study Donne on a lower level, it is important that he should, if he would estimate the height to which Donne could attain when his subject possessed him. Many of the passages therefore in the following pages have been chosen to illustrate the various stages through which Donne carried his argument, from the low level of exposition to the summit of eloquence, while one sermon has been printed in full to illustrate every one of these stages.



FROM A SERMON PREACHED TO THE KING'S MAJESTIE AT WHITEHALL 24 FEBR. 1625. [Printed 1626]

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FOR the first generall sale by Adam, wee complaine now that Land will not sell; that 20. is come to 15. yeares purchase; but doe wee not take too late a Medium, too low a time to reckon by? How cheape was Land at first, how cheape were we? what was Paradise sold for? What was Heaven, what was Mankinde sold for? Immortalitie was sold, and what yeares Purchase was that worth? Immortalitie is our Eternitie; God hath another manner of eternitie in him; He hath a whole eternall day; an eternall afternoone, and an eternall forenoone too; for as he shall have no end, so hee never had beginning; we have an eternall afternoone in our immortalitie; we shall no more see an end, than God hath seene a beginning; and Millions of yeares, multiplied by Millions, make not up a Minute to this Eternitie, this Immortalitie. When Dives values a droppe of water at so high a price, what would he give for a River? How poore a Clod of Earth is a Mannor! how poore an inch, a Shire! how poore a spanne, a Kingdome! how poore a pace, the whole world! and yet how prodigally we sell Paradise, Heaven, Soules, Consciences, Immortalitie, Eternitie, for a few Graines of this Dust! What had Eve for Heaven; so little, as that the Holy Ghost will not let us know, what she had, not what kinde of Fruite; yet something Eve had. What had Adam for

Heaven? but a satisfaction that hee had pleased an Ill wife, as St. Hierome states his fault, that he eate that Fruite, Ne contristaretur Delicias suas, least he should cast her, whom he lov'd so much, into an inordinate dejection; but if he satisfied her, and his owne Uxoriousnesse, any satisfaction is not nothing. But what had I for Heaven? Adam sinnd, and I suffer; I forfeited before I had any Possession, or could claime any Interest; I had a Punishment, before I had a being, And God was displeased with me before I was I; I was built up scarse 50. years ago, in my Mothers womb, and I was cast down, almost 6000. years agoe, in Adams loynes; I was borne in the last Age of the world, and dyed in the first. How and how justly do we cry out against a Man, that hath sold a Towne, or sold an Army. And Adam sold the World. He sold Abraham, and Isaac and Jacob, and all the Patriarchs, and all the Prophets. He sold Peter, and Paul, and both their Regiments, both the glorious Hemispheres of the World, The Jewes, and the Gentiles. He sold Evangelists, and Apostles, and Disciples, and the Disciple whom the Lord loved, and the beloved Mother of the Lord, her selfe, say what they will to the contrary. And if Christ had not provided for himselfe, by a miraculous Generation, Adam had sold him: If Christ had bene conceived in Originall sinne, hee must have dyed for himselfe, nay, he could not have dyed for himselfe, but must have needed another Saviour. It is in that Contemplation, as hee was descended from Adam, that St. Paul sayes of himselfe, Venundatus, I am carnall, sold under sinne. For though St. Augustine, and some others of the Fathers, doe sometimes take the Apostle, in that place, to speake of himselfe, as in the person of a naturall Man, (that every Man considered in nature, is sold under sinne, but the Supernaturall, the Sanctified Man is not so) yet St. Augustine himselfe, in his latest, and gravest Bookes, and particularly in his Retractations, returnes to this sense of these words, That no man, in what measure soever Sanctified, can so emancipate

himselfe from that Captivitie, to which Adam hath enthralld him, but that, as hee is enwrapped in Originall sinne, hee is solde under sinne. And both S. Hierome, and S. Ambrose, (both which, seeme in other places, to goe an other way, That onely they are sold under sinne, which have abandond, and prostituted themselves to particular sinnes,) doe yet returne to this sense, That because the Embers, the Spaune, the leaven of Originall sinne, remaines, by Adams sale, in the best, the best are sold under sinne.

So the Jewes were, and so were we sold by Adam, to Originall sinne, very cheape; but in the second sale, as wee are sold to actuall, and habituall sinnes, by our selves, cheaper; for so, sayes this Prophet, You have sold your selves for nothing: Our selves, that is all our selves; o[u]r bodies to intemperance, and ryot, and licenciousnes, and our soules to a greedines of sinne; and all this for nothing, for sinne it selfe, for which wee sell our selves, is but a privation, and privations are nothing. What fruit had you of those things, whereof you are now ashamed, sayes the Apostle; here is Barrennesse and shame; Barrennesse is a privation of fruit, shame is a privation of that confidence, which a good Conscience administers, and when the Apostle tells them, they sold themselves for barrennesse and shame, it was for privation, for nothing. The Adulterer waits for the twy-light, sayes Job. The Twy-light comes, and serves his turne; and sin, to night looks like a Purchase, like a Treasure; but aske this sinner to morrow, and he hath sold himselfe for nothing; for debility in his limnes, for darknesse in his understanding, for emptinesse in his purse, for absence of grace in his Soule; and Debilitie, and Darkenes, and emptinesse, and Absence, are privations, and privations are nothing. All the name of Substance or Treasure that sinne takes, is that in the Apostle, Thesaurizastis Iram Dei, You have treasured up the wrath of God, against the day of wrath: And this is a fearefull privation, of the grace of God here, and of the Face of God hereafter; a privation so much worse than nothing, as that they upon whom it falls, would faine be nothing, and cannot.

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As some Schoolemasters have used that Discipline, to correct the Children of great Persons, whose personall correction they finde reason to forbeare, by correcting other Children in their names, and in their sight, and have wrought upon good Natures, that way, So did Almightie God correct the Jewes in the Ægyptians; for the ten plagues of Ægypt, were as Moses Decem Verba, as the Ten Commandements to Israel, that they should not provoke GOD. Every Judgement that falls upon another, should be a Catechisme to me. But when this Discipline prevaild not upon them, God sold them away, gave them away, cast them away, in the tempest, in the whirlewinde, in the inundation of his indignation, and scatterd them as so much dust in a windy day, as so many broken strawes upon a wrought Sea. With one word, One Fiat, (Let there bee a world,) nay with one thought of God cast toward it, (for Gods speaking in the Creation, was but a thinking,) God made all of Nothing. And is any one rationall Ant, (The wisest Phylosopher is no more) Is any roaring Lyon, (the most ambitious and devouring Prince is no more) Is any hive of Bees, (The wisest Councels, and Parliaments are no more) Is any of these so estab[l]ishd, as that, that God who by a word, by a thought, made them of nothing, cannot by recalling that word, and withdrawing that thought, in sequestring his Providence, reduce them to nothing againe? That Man, that Prince, that State thinks Past-board Canon-proofe, that thinkes Power, or Policy a Rampart, when the Ordinance of God is planted against it. Navyes will not keepe off Navies, if God be not the Pilot, Nor Walles keepe out Men, if God be not the Sentinell. If they could, if wee were walld with a Sea of fire and brimstone without, and walld with Brasse within, yet

we cannot ciel the Heavens with a roofe of Brasse, but that God can come downe in Thunder that way, Nor pave the Earth with a floare of Brasse, but that God can come up in Earthquakes that way. God can call up Damps, and Vapors from below, and powre down putride defluxions from above, and bid them meet and condense into a plague, a plague that shall not be onely uncureable, uncontrollable, unexorable, but undisputable, unexaminable, unquestionable; A plague that shall not onely not admit a remedy, when it is come, but not give a reason how it did come. If God had not set a marke upon Cain, every Man, any Man, any thing might have killd him. Hee apprehended that of himselfe, and was afraid, when we know of none, by name, in the world, but his Father, and Mother: But, as Saint Hierome exalts this consideration, Cains owne Conscience tells him, Catharma sum, Anathema sum, I am the plague of the world, and I must dye, to deliver it, Catharma sum. I am a separated Vagabond, not an Anachorit shut up betweene two walls, but shut out from all, Anathema sum. As long as the Cherubim, and the fiery Sword is at the Gate, Adam cannot returne to Paradise; as long as the Testimonies of GODS anger lye at the dore of the Conscience, no man can returne to peace there. If God sell away a Man, give him away, give way to him, by withdrawing his Providence, he shall but neede (as the Prophet sayes) Sibilare Muscam, to hisse, to whisper for the Fly, for the Bee, for the Hornet, for Forraigne Incumbrances; nay, hee shall not neede to hisse, to whisper for them; for at home, Locusts shall swarme in his Gardens, and Frogs in his bedthamber, and hailstones, as big as talents, (as they are measured in the Revelation) shall breake, as well the coverd, and the armd, as the bare, and naked head; as well the Mytred, and the Turband, and the crownd head, that lifts it selfe up against GOD, lyes open to him, as his that must not put on his Hat, as his that hath no Hat to put on; when as that head, which being exalted here, submits it selfe to that GOD, that exalted it, GOD shall crowne, with multiplied crownes here, and having so crownd that head with Crownes here, hee shall crowne those crownes, with the Head of all, Christ Jesus, and all that is his, hereafter.

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FROM A SERMON OF COMMEMORATION OF THE LADY DANVERS, LATE WIFE OF SIR JOHN DANVERS.

1627

THE PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON

O ETERNALL, and most Glorious God, who sometimes in thy Justice, dost give the dead bodies of the Saints, to be meat unto the Fowles of the Heaven, and the flesh of thy Saints unto the beasts of the Earth, so that their bloud is shed like water, and there is none to burie them, Who sometimes, sel'st thy People for nought, and dost not increase thy wealth, by their price, and yet never leav'st us without that knowledge, That precious in thy sight is the death of thy Saints, inable us, in life and death, seriously to consider the value, the price of a Soule. It is precious, ô Lord, because thine Image is stampt, and imprinted upon it; Precious, because the bloud of thy Sonne was paid for it; Precious, because thy blessed Spirit, the Holy Ghost workes upon it, and tries it, by his divers fires; And precious, because it is enter'd into thy Revenue, and made a part of thy Treasure. Suffer us not therefore, & Lord, so to undervalue our selves, nay, so to impoverish thee, as to give away those soules, thy soules, thy deare and precious soules, for nothing, and all the world is nothing, if the Soule must be given for it. We know, ô Lord, that our Rent, due to thee, is our Soule; and the day of our death, is the day, and our Death-bed the place, where this Rent is to bee paid. And wee know too, that hee that hath sold his soule before, for unjust gaine, or given away his soule before, in the society and fellowship of sinne, or lent away his soule, for a time, by a lukewarmnesse, and temporizing, to the dishonor of thy name, to the weakning of thy cause, to the discouraging of thy Servants, he comes to that day, and to that place, his Death, and Death-bed, without any Rent in his hand, without any soule, to this purpose, to surrender it unto thee. Let therefore

ô Lord, the same hand which is to receive them then, preserve these soules till then; Let that mouth, that breath'd them into us, at first, breath alwaies upon them, whilst they are in us, and sucke them into it selfe, when they depart from us. Preserve our soules ô Lord, because they belong to thee; and preserve our bodies, because they belong to those soules. Thou alone, dost steere our Boat, through all our Voyage, but hast a more especiall care of it, a more watchfull eye upon it, when it comes to a narrow currant, or to a dangerous fall of waters. Thou hast a care of the preservation of these bodies, in all the waies of our life; But in the Straights of Death, open thine eyes wider, and enlarge thy providence towards us, so farre, that no Fever in the body, may shake the soule, no Apoplexie in the body, dampe or benumbe the soule, nor any paine, or agonie of the body, presage future torments to the soule. But so make thou our bed in all our sicknesse, that being us'd to thy hand, wee may be content with any bed of thy making; Whether thou bee pleas'd to change our feathers into flockes, by withdrawing the conveniences of this life, or to change our flockes into dust, even the dust of the Grave, by withdrawing us out of this life. And though thou divide man and wife, mother and child, friend and friend, by the hand of Death, yet stay them that stay, and send them away that goe, with this consolation, that though we part at divers daies, and by divers waies, here, yet wee shall all meet at one place, and at one day, a day that no night shall determine, the day of the glorious Resurrection. Hasten that day, ô Lord, for their sakes, that beg it at thy hands, from under the Altar in Heaven; Hasten it for our sakes, that groane under the manifold incombrances of these mortall bodies; Hasten it for her sake, whom wee have lately laid downe, in this thy holy ground; And hasten it for thy Son Christ Jesus sake, to whom then, and not till then, all things shall bee absolutely subdu'd. Seale to our soules now an assurance of thy gracious purpose towards us in that day, by accepting this daies service, at our hands. Accept our humble thankes, for all thy benefits, spirituall, and temporall,

already bestowed upon us, and accept our humble prayers for the continuance and enlargement of them. Continue, and enlarge them, ô God upon thine universall Church, dispersed, etc.

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First then, to shake the constancy of a Christian, there will alwaies be Scorners, Jesters, Scoffers, and Mockers at Religion; The Period and Consummation of the Christian Religion, the Judgement day, the second comming of Christ, will alwaies be subject to scornes. And many times a scorne cuts deeper than a sword. Lucian wounded Religion more by making Jests at it, than Arius, or Pelagius, or Nestorius, with making Arguments against it. For, against those profest Heretikes, and against their studied Arguments, which might seeme to have some weight, it well beseem'd those grave and Reverend Fathers of the Church, to call their Councels, and to take into their serious consideration those Arguments, and solemnly to conclude, and determine, and decree in the point. But it would ill have become those reverend persons, to have cal'd their Councels, or taken into their so serious considerations, Epigrams, and Satyres, and Libells, and scurrill and scornfull jests, against any point of Religion; Scornes and Jests are easilier apprehended, and understood by vulgar and ordinary capacities, than Arguments are; and then, learned men are not so earnest, nor so diligent to overthrow, and confute a Jest, or Scorne, as they are, an Argument; and so they passe more uncontrol'd, and prevaile further, and live longer, than Arguments doe. It is the height of Jobs complaint, that contemptible persons made Jests upon him. And it is the depth of Samsons calamity, that when the Philistins hearts were merry, then they cald for Samson, to make them sport. So to the Israelites in Babylon, when they were in that heavinesse, that every breath they breath'd was a sigh, their enemies cal'd, to sing them a song. And so they proceeded with him, who fulfil'd in himselfe

alone, all Types, and Images, and Prophesies of sorrowes, who was (as the Prophet calls him) Vir dolorum, A man compos'd, and elemented of sorrowes, our Lord and Saviour Christ Jesus; For, They platted a crowne of thornes upon his head, and they put a reed into his hand, and they bowed the knee before him, and mockt him. Truly, the conniving at several Religions, (as dangerous as it is) is not so dishonourable to God, as the suffering of Jesters at Religion: That may induce heresie; but this does establish Atheisme. And as that is the publike mischiefe, so, for the private, there lies much danger in this, that hee that gives himselfe the liberty, of jesting at Religion, shall finde it hard, to take up at last; as, when Julian the Apostate had received his Deathes-wound, and could not chuse but confesse, that that wound came from the hand, and power of Christ, yet he confest it, in a Phrase of Scorne, Vicisti Galilæe, The day is thine, O Galilean, and no more; It is not, Thou hast accomplish't thy purpose, O my God, nor O my Maker, nor O my Redeemer, but, in a stile of contempt, Vicisti Galilæe, and no more.

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It is a fearefull thing to fall into the hands of the living God, if I doe but fall into his hands, in a fever in my bed, or in a tempest at Sea, or in a discontent at home; But, to fall into the hands of the living God, so, as that, that living God, enters into Judgement, with mee, and passes a finall, and irrevocable Judgement upon mee, this is a Consternation of all my spirits, an Extermination of all my succours. I consider, what God did with one word; with one Fiat he made all; And, I know, he can doe as much with another word; With one Pereat, he can destroy all; As hee spake, and it was done, he commanded and all stood fast; so he can speak, and all shall bee undone; command, and all shall fall in peeces. I consider, that I may bee surpriz'd by that day, the day of Judgement.

Here Saint Peter saies, The day of the Lord wil come as a Thiefe. And Saint Paul saies, we cannot be ignorant of it, Your selves know perfectly, that the day of the Lord so commeth as a Thiefe. And, as the Judgement it selfe, so the Judge himselfe saies of himselfe, I will come upon thee as a Thiefe. He saies, he will, and he does it. For it is not, Ecce veniam, but Ecce venio, Behold I doe come upon thee as a Thiefe; There, the future, which might imply a dilatorinesse, is reduc'd to an infallible present; It is so sure, that he will doe it, that he is said, to have done it already. I consider, hee will come as a Thiefe, and then, as a Thiefe in the night; And I doe not only not know when that night shall be, (For, himselfe, as he is the Son of man, knowes not that) but I doe not only not know what night, that is, which night, but not what night, that is, what kinde of night he meanes. It is said so often, so often repeated, that he will come as a Thiefe in the night, as that hee may meane all kinde of nights. In my night of Ignorance hee may come; and hee may come in my night of Wantonnesse; In my night of inordinate and sinfull melancholy, and suspicion of his mercy, hee may come; and he may come in the night of so stupid, or so raging a sicknesse, as that he shall not come by comming; Not come so, as that I shall receive him in the absolution of his Minister, or receive him in the participation of his body and his bloud in the Sacrament. So hee may come upon mee, as such a Thiefe, in such a night; nay, when all these nights of Ignorance, of Wantonnesse, of Desperation, of Sicknesse, of Stupiditie, of Rage, may bee upon mee all at once. I consider, that the Holy Ghost meant to make a deepe impression of a great terror in me, when he came to that expression, That the Heavens should passe away, Cum stridore, with a great noise, and the Elements melt with fervent heat, and the earth, and the workes that are therein, shall be burnt up; And when he adds in Esay, The Lord will come with fire, and with his Chariots, like a whirlewind, to render his anger, with fury; for by fire, and

by his sword will the Lord plead with all flesh. So when hee proceeds in Joel, a day of darknesse, and gloominesse; and yet a fire devoureth before them, and a flame burneth behind them. And so in Daniel also, His Throne a fiery flame, and his wheeles a burning fire, and a fiery streame issuing from him. I consider too, that with this streame of fire, from him, there shall bee a streame, a deluge, a floud of teares, from us; and all that floud, and deluge of teares, shall not put out one coale, nor quench one sparke of that fire. Behold, hee commeth with clouds, and every eye shall see him; And, plangent omnes, All the kindreds of the earth shall waile and lament, and weepe and howle because of him. I consider, that I shall looke upon him then, and see all my Sinnes, Substance, and Circumstance of sin, Waight, and measure of sinne, hainousnesse, and continuance of sinne, all my sinnes imprinted in his wounds; and how shall I bee affected then, confounded then to see him so mangled with my sinnes? But then I consider againe, that I shall looke upon him againe, and not see all my sinnes in his wounds; My forgotten sinnes, mine unconsidered, unconfest, unrepented sinnes, I shall not see there; And how shall I bee affected then, when I shall stand in Judgement, under the guiltinesse of some sins, not buried in the wounds, not drown'd in the bloud of my Saviour? Many, and many, and very many, infinite, and infinitely infinite, are the terrours of that day.

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For, if we consider God in the present, to day, now, God hath had as long a forenoone, as he shall have an afternoone; God hath beene God, as many millions of millions of generations, already, as hee shall be hereafter; but if we consider man in the present, to day, now, how short a forenoone hath any man had; if 60. if 80. yeeres, yet, few and evill have his daies beene. Nay if we take man collectively, entirely, altogether, all mankind, how short a forenoone hath man had? It is not yet 6000. yeeres, since

man had his first being. But if we consider him in his Afternoone, in his future state, in his life after death, if every minute of his 6000. yeeres, were multipli'd by so many millions of Ages, all would amount to nothing, meerely nothing, in respect of that Eternity, which hee is to dwell in. We can expresse mans Afternoone, his future Perpetuity, his Everlastingnesse, but one way; But it is a faire way, a noble way; This; That how late a Beginning soever God gave Man, Man shall no more see an end, no more die, than God himselfe, that gave him life.

4 [p. 106]

But as it is said of old Cosmographers, that when they had said all that they knew of a Countrey, and yet much more was to be said, they said that the rest of those countries were possest with Giants, or Witches, or Spirits, or Wilde beasts, so that they could pierce no farther into that Countrey, so when wee have travell'd as farre as wee can, with safetie, that is, as farre as Ancient, or Moderne Expositors lead us, in the discoverie of these new Heavens, and new Earth, yet wee must say at last, that it is a Countrey inhabited with Angells, and Arch-angells, with Cherubins, and Seraphins, and that wee can looke no farther into it, with these eyes. Where it is locally, wee enquire not; We rest in this, that it is the habitation prepar'd for the blessed Saints of God; Heavens, where the Moone is more glorious than our Sunne, and the Sunne as glorious as Hee that made it; For it is he himselfe, the Sonne of God, the Sunne of glorie. A new Earth, where all their waters are milke, and all their milke, honey; where all their grasse is corne, and all their corne, Manna; where all their glebe, all their clods of earth are gold, and all their gold of innumerable carats; Where all their minutes are ages, and all their ages, Eternity; Where every thing, is every minute, in the highest exaltation, as good as it can be, and yet super-exalted, and infinitely multiplied, by every minutes addition; every

minute, infinitely better, than ever it was before. Of these new heavens, and this new earth we must say at last, that wee can say nothing; For, the eye of Man hath not seene, nor eare heard, nor heart conceiv'd, the State of this place. We limit, and determine our consideration with that Horizon, with which the Holy Ghost hath limited us, that it is that new Heavens, and new Earth, wherein dwelleth Righteousnesse.

Here then the Holy Ghost intends the same new Heavens, and new Earth, which he does in the Apocalyps, and describes there, by another name, the new Jerusalem. But here, the Holy Ghost does not proceed, as there, to enamour us of the place, by a promise of improvement of those things, which wee have, and love here; but by a promise of that, which here wee have not at all. There, and elsewhere, the holy Ghost applies himselfe, to the natural affections of men. To those that are affected with riches, he saies, that that new City shall be all of gold, and in the foundations, all manner of precious stones; To those that are affected with beauty, hee promises an everlasting association, with that beautifull Couple, that faire Paire, which spend their time, in that contemplation, and that protestation, Ecce tu pulchra dilecta mea; Ecce tu Pulcher; Behold thou art faire, my Beloved, saies he; and then, she replies, Behold thou art faire too; noting the mutuall complacencie betweene Christ and his Church there. To those which delight in Musicke, hee promises continuall singing, and every minute, a new song; To those, whose thoughts are exerciz'd upon Honour, and Titles, Civill, or Ecclesiasticall, hee promises Priesthood, and if that be not honour enough, a Royall Priesthood; And to those, who looke after military honor, Triumph after their victory, in the Militant Church; And to those, that are carried with sumptuous, and magnifique feasts, a Mariage supper of the Lambe, where, not onely all the rarities of the whole world, but the whole world it selfe shall be serv'd in; The whole world shall bee brought to that fire, and serv'd

at that Table. But here, the holy Ghost proceeds not that way, by improvement of things, which wee have, and love here; riches, or beauty, or musicke, or honour, or feasts; but by an everlasting possession of that, which wee hunger, and thirst, and pant after, here, and cannot compasse, that is, Justice, or Righteousnesse; for, both those, our present word denotes, and both those wee want here, and shall have both, for ever, in these new Heavens, and new Earth.

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And for her, some sicknesses, in the declination of her yeeres, had opened her to an overflowing of Melancholie; Not that she ever lay under that water, but yet, had sometimes, some high Tides of it; and, though this distemper would sometimes cast a cloud, and some halfe damps upon her naturall cheerfulnesse, and sociablenesse, and sometimes induce darke, and sad apprehensions, Neverthelesse, who ever heard, or saw in her, any such effect of Melancholy as to murmure, or repine, or dispute upon any of Gods proceedings, or to lodge a Jelousie, or Suspition of his mercy, and goodnesse towards her, and all hers? The Wit of our time is Prophanesse; Neverthelesse, shee, that lov'd that, hated this; Occasionall Melancholy had taken some hold in her; Neverthelesse, that never Ecclipst, never interrupted her cheerfull confidence, and assurance in God.

Our second word denotes the person; We, Neverthelesse We; And, here in this consideration, Neverthelesse shee. This may seeme to promise some picture, some Character of her person. But, shee was no stranger to them that heare me now; nor scarce to any that may heare of this hereafter, which you heare now, and therefore, much needes not, to that purpose. Yet, to that purpose, of her person, and personall circumstances, thus much I may remember some, and informe others, That from that Worthy family, whence she had her originall extraction,

and birth, she suckt that love of hospitality, (hospitality, which hath celebrated that family, in many Generations, successively) which dwelt in her, to her end. But in that ground, her Fathers family, shee grew not many yeeres. Transplanted young from thence, by mariage, into another family of Honour, as a flower that doubles and multiplies by transplantation, she multiplied into ten Children; Job's number; and Job's distribution, (as shee, her selfe would very often remember) seven sonnes, and three daughters. And, in this ground, shee grew not many yeeres more, than were necessary, for the producing of so many plants. And being then left to chuse her owne ground in her Widow-hood, having at home establisht, and increast the estate, with a faire, and noble Addition, proposing to her selfe, as her principall care, the education of her children, to advance that, shee came with them, and dwelt with them, in the Universitie; and recompenc't to them, the losse of a Father, in giving them two mothers; her owne personal care, and the advantage of that place; where shee contracted a friendship, with divers reverend persons, of eminency, and estimation there; which continued to their ends. And as this was her greatest businesse, so she made this state, a large Period; for in this state of widowhood, shee continued twelve yeeres. And then, returning to a second mariage, that second mariage turnes us to the consideration of another personall circumstance; that is, the naturall endowments of her person; Which were such, as that, (though her vertues were his principall object) yet, even these her personall, and natural endowments, had their part, in drawing, and fixing the affections of such a person, as by his birth, and youth, and interest in great favours in Court, and legall proximity to great possessions in the world, might justly have promist him acceptance, in what family soever, or upon what person soever, hee had directed, and plac't his Affections. He plac't them here; neither diverted then, nor repented since. For, as the well tuning of an Instrument, makes higher and lower

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strings, of one sound, so the inequality of their yeeres, was thus reduc't to an evennesse, that shee had a cheerfulnesse, agreeable to his youth, and he a sober staidnesse, conformable to her more yeeres. So that, I would not consider her, at so much more than forty, nor him, at so much lesse than thirty, at that time, but, as their persons were made one, and their fortunes made one, by mariage, so I would put their yeeres into one number, and finding a sixty betweene them, thinke them thirty a peece; for, as twins of one houre, they liv'd. God, who joyn'd them, then, having also separated them now, may make their yeres even, this other way too; by giving him, as many yeeres after her going out of this World, as he had given her, before his comming into it; and then, as many more, as God may receive Glory, and the World, Benefit by that Addition; That so, as at their first meeting, she was, at their last meeting, he may bee the elder person.

To this consideration of her person then, belongs this, that God gave her such a comelinesse, as, though shee were not proud of it, yet she was so content with it, as not to goe about to mend it, by any Art. And for her Attire, (which is another personall circumstance) it was never sumptuous, never sordid; But alwayes agreeable to her quality, and agreeable to her company; Such as shee might, and such, as others, such as shee was, did weare. For, in such things of indifferency in themselves, many times, a singularity may be a little worse, than a fellowship in that, which is not altogether so good. It may be worse, nay, it may be a worse pride, to weare worse things, than others doe. Her rule was mediocrity.

And, as to the consideration of the house, belongs the consideration of the furniture too, so, in these personall circumstances, we consider her fortune, her estate. Which was in a faire, and noble proportion, deriv'd from her first husband, and fairely, and nobly dispenc'd, by her selfe, with the allowance of her second. In which shee was one of Gods true Stewards, and Almoners too. There are

dispositions, which had rather give presents, than pay debts; and rather doe good to strangers, than to those, that are neerer to them. But shee alwayes thought the care of her family, a debt, and upon that, for the provision, for the order, for the proportions, in a good largenesse, shee plac't her first thoughts, of that kinde. For, for our families, we are Gods Stewards; For those without, we are his Almoners. In which office, shee gave not at some great dayes, or some solemne goings abroad, but, as Gods true Almoners, the Sunne, and Moone, that passe on, in a continuall doing of good, as shee receiv'd her daily bread from God, so daily, she distributed, and imparted it, to others. In which office, though she never turn'd her face from those, who in a strict inquisition, might be call'd idle, and vagrant Beggers, yet shee ever look't first, upon them, who labour'd, and whose labours could not overcome the difficultics, nor bring in the necessities of this life; and to the sweat of their browes, shee contributed, even her wine, and her oyle, and any thing that was, and any thing, that might be, if it were not, prepar'd for her owne table. And as her house was a Court, in the conversation of the best, and an Almeshouse, in feeding the poore, so was it also an Hospitall, in ministring releefe to the sicke. And truly, the love of doing good in this kind, of ministring to the sicke, was the hony, that was spread over all her bread; the Aire, the Perfume, that breath'd over all her house; The disposition that dwelt in those her children, and those her kindred, which dwelt with her, so bending this way, that the studies and knowledge of one, the hand of another, and purse of all, and a joynt-facility, and opennesse, and accessiblenesse to persons of the meanest quality, concur'd in this blessed Act of Charity, to minister releefe to the sicke. Of which, my selfe, who, at that time, had the favour to bee admitted into that family, can, and must testifie this, that when the late heavy visitation fell hotly upon this Towne, when every doore was shut up, and, lest Death should enter into the house, every house was made

a Sepulchre of them that were in it, then, then, in that time of infection, divers persons visited with that infection, had their releefe, and releefe appliable to that very infection, from this house.

Now when I have said thus much (rather thus little) of her person, as of a house, That the ground upon which it was built, was the family where she was borne, and then, where she was married, and then, the time of her widowhood, and lastly, her last mariage, And that the house it selfe, was those faire bodily endowments, which God had bestow'd upon her, And the furniture of that house, the fortune, and the use of that fortune, of which God had made her Steward and Almoner, when I shall also have said, that the Inhabitants of this house, (rather the servants, for they did but wait upon Religion in her) were those married couples, of morall vertues, Conversation married with a Retirednesse, Facility married with a Reservednesse, Alacrity married with a Thoughtfulnesse, and Largenesse married with a Providence, I may have leave to depart from this consideration of her person, and personall circumstances, lest by insisting longer upon them, I should seeme to pretend, to say all the good, that might bee said of her; But that's not in my purpose; yet, onely therefore, because it is not in my power; For I would doe her all right, and all you that good, if I could, to say all. But, I haste to an end, in consideration of some things, that appertaine more expresly to me, than these personall, or civill, or morall things doe.

In those, the next is, the Secundum promissa, That shee govern'd her selfe, according to his promises; his promises, laid downe in his Scriptures. For, as the rule of all her civill Actions, was Religion, so, the rule of her Religion, was the Scripture; And, her rule, for her particular understanding of the Scripture, was the Church. Shee never diverted towards the Papist, in undervaluing the Scripture; nor towards the Separatist, in undervaluing the Church. But in the doctrine, and discipline of that Church,

in which, God seal'd her, to himselfe, in Baptisme, shee brought up her children, she assisted her family, she dedicated her soule to God in her life, and surrendered it to him in her death; And, in that forme of Common Prayer, which is ordain'd by that Church, and to which shee had accustom'd her selfe, with her family, twice every day, she joyn'd with that company, which was about her death-bed, in answering to every part thereof, which the Congregation is directed to answer to, with a cleere understanding, with a constant memory, with a distinct voyce, not two houres before she died.

According to this promise, that is, the will of God manifested in the Scriptures, She expected; She expected this, that she hath received; Gods Physicke, and Gods Musicke; a Christianly death. For, death, in the old Testament was a Commination; but in the new Testament, death is a Promise; When there was a Super-dying, a death upon the death, a Morte upon the Morieris, a Spirituall death after the bodily, then wee died according to Gods threatning; Now, when by the Gospell, that second death is taken off, though wee die still, yet we die according to his Promise; That's a part of his mercy, and his Promise, which his Apostle gives us from him, That wee shall all bee changed: For, after that promise, that change, follows that triumphant Acclamation, O death where is thy sting, O grave where is thy victory? Consider us fallen in Adam, and wee are miserable, that wee must die; But consider us restor'd, and redintegrated in Christ, wee were more miserable if wee might not die; Wee lost the earthly Paradise by death then; but wee get not Heaven, but by death, now. This shee expected till it came, and embrac't it when it came. How may we thinke, shee was joy'd to see that face, that Angels delight to looke upon, the face of her Saviour, that did not abhor the face of his fearfullest Messenger, Death? Shee shew'd no feare of his face, in any change of her owne; but died without any change of countenance, or posture; without any strugling, any disorder; but her

Death-bed was as quiet, as her Grave. To another Mag-dalen, Christ said upon earth, Touch me not, for I am not ascended. Being ascended now, to his glory, and she being gone up to him, after shee had awaited his leisure, so many yeeres, as that more, would soone have growne to bee vexation, and sorrow, as her last words here, were, I submit my will to the will of God; so wee doubt not, but the first word which she heard there, was that Euge, from her Saviour, Well done good and faithfull servant; enter into thy masters joy.

Shee expected that; dissolution of body, and soule; and rest in both, from the incumbrances, and tentations of this world. But yet, shee is in expectation still; Still a Reversionarie; And a Reversionary upon a long life; The whole world must die, before she come to a possession of this Reversion; which is a Glorified body in the Resurrection. In which expectation, she returns to her former charity; shee will not have that, till all wee shall have it, as well as shee; She eat not her morsels alone, in her life, (as Job speakes); Shee lookes not for the glory of the Resurrection alone, after her death. But when all wee, shall have beene mellow'd in the earth, many yeeres, or chang'd in the Aire, in the twinkling of an eye, (God knowes which) That body upon which you tread now, That body which now, whilst I speake, is mouldring, and crumbling into lesse, and lesse dust, and so hath some motion, though no life, That body, which was the Tabernacle of a holy Soule, and a Temple of the holy Ghost, That body that was eyes to the blinde, and hands, and feet to the lame, whilst it liv'd, and being dead, is so still, by having beene so lively an example, to teach others, to be so, That body at last, shall have her last expectation satisfied, and dwell bodily, with that Righteousnesse, in these new Heavens, and new Earth, for ever, and ever, and ever, and infinite, and super infinite evers. Wee end all, with the valediction of the Spouse to Christ: His left hand is under my head, and his right embraces mee, was the Spouses valediction, and goodnight to

Christ then, when she laide her selfe downe to sleepe in the strength of his Mandrakes, and in the power of his Spices, as it is exprest there; that is, in the influence of his mercies. Beloved, every good Soule is the Spouse of Christ. And this good Soule, being thus laid downe to sleepe in his peace, His left hand under her head, gathering, and composing, and preserving her dust, for future Glory, His right hand embracing her, assuming, and establishing her soule in present Glory, in his name, and in her behalfe, I say that, to all you, which Christ sayes there, in the behalfe of that Spouse, Adjuro vos, I adjure you, I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, that yee wake her not, till she please. The words are directed to the daughters, rather than to the sons of Jerusalem, because for the most part, the aspersions that women receive, either in Morall or Religious actions, proceed from women themselves. Therfore, Adjuro vos, I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, wake her not. Wake her not, with any halfe calumnies, with any whisperings; But if you wil wake her, wake her, and keepe her awake with an active imitation, of her Morall, and her Holy vertues. That so her example working upon you, and the number of Gods Saints, being, the sooner, by this blessed example, fulfil'd, wee may all meet, and meet quickly in that kingdome, which hers, and our Saviour, hath purchac't for us all, with the inestimable price of his incorruptible bloud.

PASSAGES FROM SIX SERMONS, 1634 SERMON I

Preached to the King at Court in April 1629

[pp. 1-3]

NEVER such a frame so soon set up, as this in this chapter: For, for the thing it self, there is no other thing to compare it with; for it is all, it is the whole world. And for the time, there was no other time to compare it with; for this was the beginning of time, In the beginning God created heaven and earth. That earth, which in some thousands of yeares men could not look over, nor discern what form it had (for neither Lactantius, almost three hundred yeares after Christ; nor S. Augustine, more than a hundred yeares after him, would beleeve the earth to be round) That earth, which no man in his person is ever said to have compassed till our age: That earth which is too much for man yet, (for as yet a very great part of the earth is unpeopled) That earth, which, if we will cast it all but into a Map, costs many moneths labour to grave it; nay, if we will cast but a piece of an acre of it into a garden, costs many yeares labour to fashion and furnish it; all that earth: and then that heaven, which spreads so farre, as that subtill men have, with some appearance of probabilitie, imagined, that in that heaven, in those manifold Spheres of the Planets and the Starres, there are many earths, many worlds, as big as this which we inhabit: That earth and that heaven, which spent God himself, Almightie God, six dayes in furnishing, Moses sets up in a few syllables, in one line, In principio, In the beginning God created heaven and earth. If a Livie or a Guicciardine, or such extensive and voluminous authors had had this story in hand, God must have made another world, to have made them a library to hold their books, of the making of this world. Into what wire

would they have drawn out this earth! Into what leafgold would they have beat out these heavens! It may assist our conjecture herein, to consider, that amongst those men, who proceed with a sober modestie and limitation in their writing, and make a conscience not to clog the world with unnecessary books; yet the volumes which are written by them, upon the beginning of Genesis, are scarce less than infinite. God did no more but say, Let this and this be done; and Moses doth no more but say, that upon Gods saying it was done. God required not Nature to help him to do it; Moses required not Reason to help him to beleeve: The holy Ghost hovered upon the waters, and so God wrought; the Holy Ghost hovered upon Moses too, and so he wrote: And we beleeve these things to be so, by the same Spirit in the mouth of Moses, by which they were made so in Gods hand: Onely, (Beloved) remember, that a frame may be thrown down in much lesse time than it was set up. A childe, an ape can give fire to a cannon; and a vapour can shake the earth: and these fires and these vapours can throw down cities in minutes. When Christ said, Throw down this temple, and in three days I will raise it, they never stood upon the consideration of throwing it down: they knew that might be soon done: but they wondered at the speedy raising of it. Now, if all this earth were made in that minute, may not all come to a general dissolution in this minute? Or may not thy acres, thy miles, thy shires shrink into feet, and so few feet, as shall but make up thy grave? When he who was a great lord, must be but a cottager, and not so wel; for a cottager must have so many acres to his cottage: but in this case, a little piece of an acre, five-foot, is become the house it self; the house and the land; the grave is all: lower than that, the grave is the land, and the tenement, and the tenant too. He that lies in it, becomes the same earth that he lies in; they all make but one earth, and but a little of it.

SERMON II

Preached to the King at the Court [April 1629]

[pp. 22-23]

W B should wonder to see a mother in the midst of many sweet children, passing her time in making babies and puppets for her own delight. We should wonder to see a man, whose chambers and galleries were full of curious master-pieces, thrust in a village-fayre, to look upon sixpenie pictures and three-farthing prints. We have all the image of God at home; and we all make babies, fancies of honour in our ambitions. The master-piece is our own, in our own bosome; and we thrust in countreyfayres, that is, we endure the distempers of any unseasonable weather, in night-journeys and watchings; we endure the oppositions, and scorns, and triumphs of a rivall and competitour, that seeks with us, and shares with us. We endure the guiltinesse and reproach of having deceived the trust, which a confident friend reposes in us, and solicite his wife or daughter. We endure the decay of fortune, of bodie, of soul, of honour, to possesse lower pictures; pictures that are not originals, not made by that hand of God, Nature; but artificial beauties: and for that bodie we give a soul; and for that drug which might have been bought where they bought it, for a shilling, we give an estate. The image of God is more worth than all substances; and we give it for colours, for dreams, for shadows.

SERMON III

Preached at a Marriage

[pp. 16-17]

FIRST then, as in the former part, the secular marriage, for the persons there, we considered first Adam and Eve; and after, every man and woman, and this couple in particular: so in this spirituall marriage, we consider first

Christ and his Church, for the persons; but more particularly, Christ and my soul. And can these persons meet? In such a distance, and in such a disparagement, can these persons meet? The Sonne of God, and the sonne of man? When I consider Christ to be Germen Jehovæ, the bud and blossome, the fruit and off-spring of Jehovah, Jehovah himself; and my self, before he took me in hand, to be, not a potters vessel of earth, but that earth of which the potter might make a vessel if he would, and break it if he would, when he had made it: when I consider Christ to have been from before all beginnings, and to be still the image of the Father, the same stamp upon the same metall; and my selfe a piece of rusty copper, in which those lines of the image of God, which were imprinted in me, in my creation, are defaced, and worn, and washed, and burnt, and ground away by my many, and many, and many sinnes: when I consider Christ in his circle, in glorie with his Father, before he came into this world, establishing a glorious Church when he was in this world, and glorifying that Church, with that glorie which himself had before, when he went out of this world; and then consider my self in my circle, I came into this world washed in mine own tears, and either out of compunction for my self, or compassion for others, I passe through this world, as through a valley of tears, where tears settle and swell; and when I passe out of this world, I leave their eyes, whose hands close mine, full of tears too: Can these persons, this image of God, this God himself, this glorious God, and this vessel of earth, this earth it self, this inglorious worm of the earth, meet without disparagement?

SERMON IV

Preached to the Nobility

[pp. 3-7]

In finem dilexit eos, saith S. John, He loved them to the end, not for any particular end, for any use of his own, but to their end Qui erant in mundo, saith Cyril, ad distinctionem Angelorum; he loved them in the world, and not Angels: he loved not onely them who were in a confirmed estate of mutuall loving of him too, but even them who were themselves conceived in sinne, and then conceived all their purposes in sinne too; them who could have no cleansing but in his bloud, and when they were cleansed in his bloud, their own clothes would defile them again; them, who by nature are not able to love him at all; and when by grace they are brought to love him, can expresse their love no other way, but to be glad that he was betrayed, and scourged, and scorned, and nailed, and crucified; and to be glad, that if all this were not alreadie done, it might be done yet; and to long and to wish, if Christ were not crucified, to have him crucified now (which is a strange manner of expressing love) those men he loved, and loved to the end; men, and not Angels; and then men, Ad distinctionem mortuorum, saith Chrysostome: not onely the Patriarchs who were departed out of the world, who had loved him so well, as to take his word for their salvation, and had lived and died in a faithfull contemplation of a future promise, which they never saw performed; but those who were the partakers of the performance of all those promises; those, into the midst of whom he came in person; those, upon whom he wrought by his piercing doctrine and powerfull miracles; those, who for all this loved not him, he loved, Et in finem, he loved them to the end. It is much he should love them in fine, at their end; that he should look graciously on them at last; that when their sunne sets, their eyes faint, his sunne of grace should arise, and his East should be

brought to their West; that then, in the shadow of death, the Lord of life should quicken and inanimate their hearts; that when their last bell tolls, and calls them to their first and last judgement, which to this purpose is all one; for the passing bell and the Angels trump sound but one note: Surgite qui dormitis in pulvere, Arise ye that sleep in the dust, which is the voice of the Angels; and, Surgite qui vigilatis in plumis, Arise ye that cannot sleep in feathers, for the pangs of death, which is the voice of the bell, is in effect but one voice: for God at the generall judgement shall never reverse any particular judgement formerly given: that God should then come to thy bedside Ad sibilandum populum suum, as the Prophet Ezechiel saith, to hisse softly for his childe, to speak comfortably in his eare, to whisper gently to his departing soul, and to drown and overcome with this soft musick of his all the clangour of the Angels trumpets, all the horrour of the ringing bell, all the cries and vociferations of a distressed, and distracted, and scattering family; yea, all the accusations of his own conscience, and all the triumphant acclamations of the devil himself: that God should love a man thus in fine, at his end, and return to him then though he had suffered him to go astray before, is a great testimonie of the inexpressible love. But this love is not in fine, in the end; but in finem, to the end. He leaves them not uncalled at the first, he leaves them not unaccompanied in the way, he leaves them not unrecompensed at the last. That God, who is Almighty, Alpha and Omega, First and Last, that God is also Love it self; and therefore this Love is Alpha and Omega, First and Last too. Consider Christs proceeding with Peter in the ship, in the storm: First he suffered him to be in some danger in the storm, but then he visits him with that strong assurance, Noli timere, Be not afraid, it is I: any testimonie of his presence rectifies all. This puts Peter into that spirituall confidence and courage, Jube me venire, Lord bid me come to thee; he hath a desire to be with Christ, but yet stayes his bidding: he

puts not himself into an unnecessarie danger, without commandment: Christ bids him, and Peter comes: but yet, though Christ were in his sight, and even in the actuall exercise of his love to him, so soon as he saw a gust, a storm, Timuit, He was afraid; and Christ lets him fear, and lets him sink, and lets him crie, but he directs his fear and his crie to the right end: Domine, salvum me fac; Lord, save me; and thereupon he stretched forth his hand and saved him. God doth not raise his children to honour and great estate, and then leave them, and expose them to be subjects and exercises of the malice of others; neither doth he make them mightie and then leave them, ut glorietur in malo qui potens est, that he should think it a glorie to do harm: he doth not impoverish and dishonour his children, and then leave them unsensible of that doctrine, that patience is as great a blessing as abundance. God gives not his people health, and then leaves them to a boldnesse in surfeting; nor beautie, and then leaves them to a confidence, and opening themselves to all sollicitations; nor valour, and then leaves them to a spirituous quarrelsomnesse: God makes no patterns of his works, nor models of his houses; he makes whole pieces, and perfect houses: he puts his children into good wayes, and he directs and protects them in those wayes; for this is the constancie and perseverance of the love of Christ Jesus to us, as he is called in this Text a stone.

PASSAGES FROM EIGHTY SERMONS. 1640 SERMON I

St. Paul's. Christmas Day. 1622 [p. 10]

IF you will reconcile things in heaven, and earth, with things in hell, that is a reconciling out of this Text. If you will mingle the service of God, and the service of this world, there is no reconciling of God and Mammon in this Text. If you will mingle a true religion, and a false religion, there is no reconciling of God and Belial in this Text. For the adhering of persons born within the Church of Rome, to the Church of Rome, our law sayes nothing to them if they come; But for reconciling to the Church of Rome, by persons born within the Allegeance of the King, or for perswading of men to be so reconciled, our law hath called by an infamous and Capitall name of Treason, and yet every Tavern, and Ordinary is full of such Traitors. Every place from jest to earnest is filled with them; from the very stage to the death-bed; At a Comedy they will perswade you, as you sit, as you laugh, And in your sicknesse they will perswade you, as you lye, as you dye. And not only in the bed of sicknesse, but in the bed of wantonnesse they perswade too; and there may be examples of women, that have thought it a fit way to gain a soul, by prostituting themselves, and by entertaining unlawfull love, with a purpose to convert a servant, which is somewhat a strange Topique, to draw arguments of religion from. Let me see a Dominican and a Jesuit reconciled, in doctrinall papistry, for freewill and predestination, Let me see a French papist and an Italian papist reconciled in State-papistry, for the Popes jurisdiction, Let me see the Jesuits, and the secular priests reconciled in England, and when they are reconciled to one another, let them presse reconciliation to their Church. To end all, Those men have their bodies from the earth, and they have their

soules from heaven; and so all things in earth and heaven are reconciled: but they have their Doctrine from the Devill; and for things in hell, there is no peace made, and with things in hell, there is no reconciliation to be had by the blood of his Crosse, except we will tread that blood under our feet, and make a mock of Christ Jesus, and crucifie the Lord of Life againe.

SERMON II

St. Paul's. Christmas Day in the evening. 1624

[pp. 12-13]

THE aire is not so full of Moats, of Atomes, as the Church is of Mercies; and as we can suck in no part of aire, but we take in those Moats, those Atomes; so here in the Congregation we cannot suck in a word from the preacher, we cannot speak, we cannot sigh a prayer to God, but that that whole breath and aire is made of mercy. But we call not upon you from this Text, to consider Gods ordinary mercy, that which he exhibites to all in the ministery of his Church; nor his miraculous mercy, his extraordinary deliverances of States and Churches; but we call upon particular Consciences, by occasion of this Text, to call to minde Gods occasionall mercies to them; such mercies as a regenerate man will call mercies, though a naturall man would call them accidents, or occurrences, or contingencies; A man wakes at midnight full of unclean thoughts, and he heares a passing Bell; this is an occasionall mercy, if he call that his own knell, and consider how unfit he was to be called out of the world then, how unready to receive that voice, Foole, this night they shall fetch away thy soule. The adulterer, whose eye waites for the twy-light, goes forth, and casts his eyes upon forbidden houses, and would enter, and sees a Lord have mercy upon us upon the doore; this is an occasionall mercy, if this bring him to know that they who lie sick of the

plague within, passe through a furnace, but by Gods grace, to heaven; and hee without, carries his own furnace to hell, his lustfull loines to everlasting perdition. What an occasionall mercy had Balaam, when his Asse Catechized him: What an occasionall mercy had one Theefe, when the other catechized him so, Art not thou afraid being under the same condemnation? What an occasionall mercy had all they that saw that, when the Devil himself fought for the name of Jesus, and wounded the sons of Sceva for exorcising in the name of Jesus, with that indignation, with that increpation, Jesus we know, and Paul we know, but who are ye? If I should declare what God hath done (done occasionally) for my soule, where he instructed me for feare of falling, where he raised me when I was fallen, perchance you would rather fixe your thoughts upon my illnesse, and wonder at that, than at Gods goodnesse, and glorifie him in that; rather wonder at my sins, than at his mercies, rather consider how ill a man I was, than how good a God he is. If I should inquire upon what occasion God elected me, and writ my name in the book of Life, I should sooner be afraid that it were not so, than finde a reason why it should be so. God made Sun and Moon to distinguish seasons, and day, and night, and we cannot have the fruits of the earth but in their seasons: But God hath made no decree to distinguish the seasons of his mercies; In paradise, the fruits were ripe, the first minute, and in heaven it is alwaies Autumne, his mercies are ever in their maturity. We ask panem quotidianum, our daily bread, and God never sayes you should have come yesterday, he never sayes you must againe to morrow, but to day if you will heare his voice, to day he will heare you. If some King of the earth have so large an extent of Dominion, in North, and South, as that he hath Winter and Summer together in his Dominions, so large an extent East and West, as that he hath day and night together in his Dominions, much more hath God mercy and judgement together: He brought light out of darknesse, not

out of a lesser light; he can bring thy Summer out of Winter, though thou have no Spring; though in the wayes of fortune, or understanding, or conscience, thou have been benighted till now, wintred and frozen, clouded and eclypsed, damped and benummed, smothered and stupefied till now, now God comes to thee, not as in the dawning of the day, not as in the bud of the spring, but as the Sun at noon to illustrate all shadowes, as the sheaves in harvest, to fill all penuries, all occasions invite his mercies, and all times are his seasons.

SERMON III

St. Paul's. Christmas Day. 1625

[p. 20]

WEB are met here to celebrate the generation of Christ Jesus; but Generationem ejus quis enarrabit, sayes the Prophet, who shall declare his generation, his age? For, for his essentiall generation, by which he is the Son of God, the Angels, who are almost 6000. yeares elder than we, are no nearer to that generation of his, than if they had been made but yesterday: Eternity hath no such distinctions, no limits, no periods, no seasons, no moneths, no yeares, no dayes; Methusalem, who was so long lived, was no elder in respect of eternity, than Davids son by Berseba, that dyed the first week. The first Fiat in the Creation of Adam, and the last note of the blowing of the Trumpets to judgement, though there be between these (as it is ordinarily received) 2000. yeares of nature, between the Creation, and the giving of the Law by Moses, and 2000. yeares of the Law between that, and the comming of Christ, and 2000. yeares of Grace and Gospell between Christ first, and his second comming) yet this Creation and this Judgement are not a minute asunder in respect of eternity, which hath no minutes. Whence then arises all our vexation and labour, all our anxieties and anguishes, all our suits and pleadings, for long leases, for many lives, for many yeares purchase in this world, when, if we be in our way to the eternall King of the eternall kingdome, Christ Jesus, all we are not yet, all the world shall never be a minute old; Generationem ejus quis enarrabit, what tongue can declare, what heart can conceive his generation which was so long before any heart or tongue was made? But we come not now to consider that eternall generation, not Christ meerly as the Son of God, but the Son of Mary too: And that generation the Holy Ghost hath told us, was in the fulnesse of time: When the fulnesse of time was come, God sent forth, &c.

[p. 21]

How much misery is presaged to us, when we come so generally weeping into the world, that, perchance, in the whole body of history we reade but of one childe, Zoroaster that laughed at his birth: What miserable revolutions and changes, what downfals, what break-necks, and precipitations may we justly think our selves ordained to, if we consider, that in our comming into this world out of our mothers womb, we doe not make account that a childe comes right, except it come with the head forward, and thereby prefigure that headlong falling into calamities which it must suffer after? Though therefore the dayes of the Martyrs, which are for our example celebrated in the Christian Church, be ordinarily called natalitia Martyrum, the birth-day of the Martyrs, yet that is not intended of their birth in this world, but of their birth in the next; when, by death their soules were new delivered of their prisons here, and they newly born into the kingdome of heaven; that day, upon that reason, the day of their death was called their birth-day, and celebrated in the Church by that name. Onely to Christ Jesus, the fulnesse of time was at his birth; not because he also had not a painfull life to passe through, but because the work of our redemption was an intire work, and all that Christ said, or did,

or suffered, concurred to our salvation, as well his mothers swathing him in little clouts, as Josephs shrowding him in a funerall sheete; as well his cold lying in the Manger, as his cold dying upon the Crosse; as well the puer natus, as the consummatum est; as well his birth, as his death is said to have been the fulnesse of time.

SERMON IV

St. Paul's. Christmas Day. 1626

[pp. 38-39]

MY body is my prison; and I would be so obedient to the Law, as not to break prison; I would not hasten my death by starving, or macerating this body: But if this prison be burnt down by continuall feavers, or blowen down with continuall vapours, would any man be so in love with that ground upon which that prison stood, as to desire rather to stay there, than to go home? Our prisons are fallen, our bodies are dead to many former uses; Our palate dead in a tastlesnesse; Our stomach dead in an indigestiblenesse; our feete dead in a lamenesse, and our invention in a dulnesse, and our memory in a forgetfulnesse; and yet, as a man that should love the ground, where his prison stood, we love this clay, that was a body in the dayes of our youth, and but our prison then, when it was at best; wee abhorre the graves of our bodies; and the body, which, in the best vigour thereof, was but the grave of the soule, we over-love. Pharaohs Butler, and his Baker went both out of prison in a day; and in both cases, Joseph, in the interpretation of their dreames, calls that, (their very discharge out of prison) a lifting up of their heads, a kinde of preferment: Death raises every man alike, so far, as that it delivers every man from his prison, from the incumbrances of this body: both Baker and Butler were delivered of their prison; but they passed into divers states after, one to the restitution of his place, the other to an ignominious execution.

Of thy prison thou shalt be delivered whether thou wilt or no; thou must die; Foole, this night thy soule may be taken from thee; and then, what thou shalt be to morrow, prophecy upon thy selfe, by that which thou hast done to day; If thou didst depart from that Table in peace, thou canst depart from this world in peace. And the peace of that Table is, to come to it in pace desiderii, with a contented minde, and with an enjoying of those temporall blessings which thou hast, without macerating thy self, without usurping upon others, without murmuring at God; And to be at that Table, in pace cogitationum, in the peace of the Church, without the spirit of contradiction, or inquisition, without uncharitablenesse towards others, without curiosity in thy selfe: And then to come from that Table in pace domestica, with a bosome peace, in thine own Conscience, in that seale of thy reconciliation, in that Sacrament; that so, riding at that Anchor, and in that calme, whether God enlarge thy voyage, by enlarging thy life, or put thee into the harbour, by the breath, by the breathlesnesse of Death, either way, East or West, thou maist depart in peace, according to his word, that is, as he shall be pleased to manifest his pleasure upon thee.

SERMON V

St. Paul's. Christmas Day. 1627

[pp. 44-45]

MAN is but earth; Tis true; but earth is the center. That man who dwels upon himself, who is alwaies conversant in himself, rests in his true center. Man is a celestial creature too, a heavenly creature; and that man that dwels upon himselfe, that hath his conversation in himselfe, hath his conversation in heaven. If you weigh any thing in a scale, the greater it is, the lower it sinkes; as you grow greater and greater in the eyes of the world, sinke lower and lower in your owne. If thou ask thy self Quis ego, what am I? and beest able to answer thy selfe,

why now I am a man of title, of honour, of place, of power, of possessions, a man fit for a Chronicle, a man considerable in the Heralds Office, goe to the Heralds Office, the spheare and element of Honour, and thou shalt finde those men as busie there, about the consideration of Funerals, as about the consideration of Creations; thou shalt finde that office to be as well the Grave, as the Cradle of Honour; And thou shalt finde in that Office as many Records of attainted families, and escheated families, and empoverished and forgotten, and obliterate families, as of families newly erected and presently celebrated. In what heighth soever, any of you that sit here, stand at home, there is some other in some higher station than yours, that weighs you downe: And he that stands in the highest of subordinate heighths, nay in the highest supreme heighth in this world, is weighed downe, by that, which is nothing; for what is any Monarch to the whole world? and the whole world is but that; but what? but nothing.

SERMON VII

St. Paul's. Christmas Day [1629]

1

[pp. 62-63]

man vouchsafes also to doe all the offices of man towards man. He is our Father, for he made us: Of what? Of clay; So God is Figulus, so in the Prophet; so in the Apostle, God is our Potter. God stamped his Image upon us, and so God is Statuarius, our Minter, our Statuary. God clothed us, and so is vestiarius; he hath opened his wardrobe unto us. God gave us all the fruits of the earth to eate, and so is æconom[ic]us our Steward. God poures his oyle, and his wine into our wounds, and so is Medicus, and Vicinus, that Physitian, that Neighbour, that Samaritan intended in the Parable. God plants us, and waters

and weeds us, and gives the increase; and so God is Hortulanus, our Gardiner. God builds us up into a Church, and so God is Architectus, our Architect, our Builder; God watches the City when it is built; and so God is Speculator, our Sentinell. God fishes for men, (for all his Johns, and his Andrews, and his Peters, are but the nets that he fishes withall) God is the fisher of men; And here, in this Chapter, God in Christ is our Shepheard. The book of Job is a representation of God, in a Tragique-Comedy, lamentable beginnings comfortably ended: The book of the Canticles is a representation of God in Christ, as a Bridegroom in a Marriage-song, in an Epithalamion: God in Christ is represented to us, in divers formes, in divers places, and this Chapter is his Pastorall. The Lord is our Shepheard, and so called, in more places, than by any other name; and in this Chapter, exhibits some of the offices of a good Shepheard. Be pleased to taste a few of them. First, he sayes, The good Shepheard comes in at the doore, the right way. If he come in at the window, that is, alwayes clamber after preferment; If he come in at vaults, and cellars, that is, by clandestin, and secret contracts with his Patron, he comes not the right way: When he is in the right way, His sheep heare his voyce: first there is a voyce, He is heard; Ignorance doth not silence him, nor lazinesse, nor abundance of preferment; nor indiscreet, and distempered zeale does not silence him; (for to induce, or occasion a silencing upon our selves, is as ill as the ignorant, or the lazie silence). There is a voyce, and (sayes that Text) [it] is his voyce, not alwayes another in his roome; for (as it is added in the next verse) The sheep know his voyce, which they could not doe, if they heard it not often, if they were not used to it. And then, for the best testimony, and consummation of all, he sayes, The good Shepheard gives his life for his sheep. Every good Shepheard gives his life, that is, spends his life, weares out his life for his sheep: of which this may be one good argument, That there are

not so many crazie, so many sickly men, men that so soon grow old in any profession, as in ours.

2 [p. 63]

What eye can fixe it self upon East and West at once? And he must see more than East and West, that sees God, for God spreads infinitely beyond both: God alone is all; not onely all that is, but all that is not, all that might be, if he would have it be. God is too large, too immense, and then man is too narrow, too little to be considered; for, who can fixe his eye upon an Atome? and he must see a lesse thing than an Atome, that sees man, for man is nothing. First, for the incomprehensiblenesse of God, the understanding of man, hath a limited, a determined latitude; it is an intelligence able to move that Spheare which it is fixed to, but could not move a greater: I can comprehend naturam naturatam, created nature, but for that natura naturans, God himselfe, the understanding of man cannot comprehend. I can see the Sun in a lookingglasse, but the nature, and the whole working of the Sun I cannot see in that glasse. I can see God in the creature, but the nature, the essence, the secret purposes of God, I cannot see there. There is defatigatio in intellectualibus, sayes the saddest and soundest of the Hebrew Rabbins, the soule may be tired, as well as the body, and the understanding dazeled, as well as the eye.

3 [pp. 64–65]

Let man be something; how poore, and inconsiderable a ragge of this world, is man! Man, whom Paracelsus would have undertaken to have made, in a Limbeck, in a Furnace: Man, who, if they were altogether, all the men, that ever were, and are, and shall be, would not have the power of one Angel in them all, whereas all the Angels, (who, in the Schoole are conceived to be more in number, than, not onely all the Species, but all the individuals of this lower world) have not in them all, the power of one

tinger of Gods hand: Man, of whom when David had said, (as the lowest diminution that he could put upon him) I am a worme and no man, He might have gone lower, and said, I am a man and no worm; for man is so much lesse than a worm, as that wormes of his own production, shall feed upon his dead body in the grave, and an immortall worm gnaw his conscience in the torments of hell.

4

[pp. 70-71]

There is Ayre enough in the world, to give breath to every thing, though everything doe not breathe. If a tree, or a stone doe not breathe, it is not because it wants ayre, but because it wants meanes to receive it, or to returne it. All egges are not hatched that the hen sits upon; neither could Christ himselfe get all the chickens that were hatched, to come, and to stay under his wings. That man that is blinde, or that will winke, shall see no more sunne upon S. Barnabies day, than upon S. Lucies; no more in the summer, than in the winter solstice. And therefore as there is copiosa redemptio, a plentifull redemption brought into the world by the death of Christ, so (as S. Paul found it in his particular conversion) there is copiosa lux, a great and a powerfull light exhibited to us, that we might see, and lay hold of this life, in the Ordinances of the Church, in the Confessions, and Absolutions, and Services, and Sermons, and Sacraments of the Church; Christ came ut daret, that he might bring life into the world, by his death, and then he instituted his Church; ut haberent, that by the meanes thereof this life might be infused into us, and infused so, as the last word of our Text delivers it, Abundantiùs, I came, that they might have life more abundantly.

Dignaris Domine, ut eis, quibus debita dimittis, te, promissionibus tuis, debitorem facias; This, O Lord, is thine abundant proceeding; First thou forgivest me my debt to thee, and then thou makest thy selfe a debter to me by thy

large promises; and after all, performest those promises more largely than thou madest them. Indeed, God can doe nothing scantly, penuriously, singly. Even his maledictions, (to which God is ever loth to come) his first commination was plurall, it was death, and death upon death, Morte morieris. Death may be plurall; but this benediction of life cannot admit a singular; Chajim, which is the word for life, hath no singular number. This is the difference betweene Gods Mercy, and his Judgements, that sometimes his Judgements may be plurall, complicated, enwrapped in one another, but his Mercies are alwayes so, and cannot be otherwise; he gives them abundantius, more abundantly.

5 [p. 75]

Humiliation is the beginning of sanctification; and as without this, without holinesse, no man shall see God, though he pore whole nights upon the Bible; so without that, without humility, no man shall heare God speake to his soule, though hee heare three two-houres Sermons every day. But if God bring thee to that humiliation of soule and body here, hee will emprove, and advance thy sanctification abundantiùs, more abundantly, and when he hath brought it to the best perfection, that this life is capable of, he will provide another abundantiùs, another man[n]er of abundance in the life to come; which is the last beating of the pulse of this text, the last panting of the breath thereof, our anhelation, and panting after the joyes, and glory, and eternity of the kingdome of Heaven; of which, though, for the most part, I use to dismisse you, with saying something, yet it is alwaies little that I can say thereof; at this time, but this, that if all the joyes of all the Martyrs, from Abel to him that groanes now in the Inquisition, were condensed into one body of joy, (and certainly the joyes that the Martyrs felt at their deaths, would make up a far greater body, than their sorrowes would doe,) (for though it bee said of our great Martyr,

or great Witnesse, (as S. John calls Christ Jesus) to whom, all other Martyrs are but sub-martyrs, witnesses that testifie his testimony, Non dolor sicut dolor ejus, there was never sorrow like unto his sorrow, it is also true, Non gaudium sicut gaudium ejus, There was never joy like unto that joy which was set before him, when he endured the crosse;) If I had all this joy of all these Martyrs, (which would, no doubt, be such a joy, as would worke a liquefaction, a melting of my bowels) yet I shall have it abundantiùs, a joy more abundant, than even this superlative joy, in the world to come. What a dimme vespers of a glorious festivall, what a poore halfe-holyday, is Methusalems nine hundred yeares, to eternity! what a poore account hath that man made, that saies, this land hath beene in my name, and in my Ancestors from the Conquest! what a yesterday is that? not six hundred yeares. If I could beleeve the transmigration of soules, and thinke that my soule had beene successively in some creature or other, since the Creation, what a yesterday is that? not six thousand yeares. What a yesterday for the past, what a to morrow for the future, is any terme, that can be comprehendred in Cyphar or Counters! But as, how abundant a life soever any man hath in this world for temporall abundances, I have life more abundantly than hee, if I have the spirituall life of grace, so what measure soever I have of this spirituall life of grace, in this world, I shall have that more abundantly in Heaven, for there, my terme shall bee a terme for three lives; for those three, that as long as the Father, and the Son, and the holy Ghost live, I shall not dye.

SERMON IX

Candlemas Day. Feb. 2 [1616/7 or 1622/3]

[p. 90]

THAT soule, that is accustomed to direct her selfe to God, upon every occasion, that, as a flowre at Sun-rising.

conceives a sense of God, in every beame of his, and spreads and dilates it selfe towards him, in a thankfulnesse, in every small blessing that he sheds upon her; that soule, that as a flowre at the Suns declining, contracts and gathers in, and shuts up her selfe, as though she had received a blow, when soever she heares her Saviour wounded by a[n] oath, or blasphemy, or execration; that soule, who, whatsoever string be strucken in her, base or treble, her high or her low estate, is ever tun'd toward God, that soule prayes sometimes when it does not know that it prayes. I heare that man name God, and aske him what said you, and perchance he cannot tell; but I remember, that he casts forth some of those ejaculationes animæ, (as S. Augustine: calls them) some of those darts of a devout soule, which, though they have not particular deliberations, and be not formall prayers, yet they are the indicia, pregnant evidences and blessed fruits of a religious custome; much more it is true, which S. Bernard saies there, of them, Deus audit, God heares that voice of the heart, which the heart it selfe heares not, that is, at first considers not. Those occasionall and transitory prayers, and those fixed and stationary prayers, for which, many times, we binde our selves to private prayer at such a time, are payments of this debt, in such peeces, and in such summes, as God, no doubt, accepts at our hands. But yet the solemne dayes of payment, are the Sabbaths of the Lord, and the place of this payment, is the house of the Lord, where, as Tertullian expresses it, Agmine facto, we muster our forces together, and besiege God; that is, not taking up every tatter'd fellow, every sudden ragge or fragment of speech, that rises from our tongue, or our affections, but mustering up those words, which the Church hath levied for that service, in the Confessions, and Absolutions, and Collects, and Litanies of the Church. we pay this debt, and we receive our acquittance.

2

[pp. 95–96]

Begin therefore to pay these debts to thy selfe betimes; for, as we told you at beginning, some [of] you are too tender at noone, some at evening. Even at your noon and warmest Sun-shine of prosperity, you owe your selves a true information, how you came by that prosperity, who gave it you, and why he gave it. Let not the Olive boast of her own fatnesse, nor the Fig-tree of her own sweetnesse, nor the Vine of her own fruitfulnesse, for we were all but Brambles. Let no man say, I could not misse a fortune, for I have studied all my youth; How many men have studied more nights, than he hath done hours, and studied themselves blinde, and mad in the Mathematiques, and yet withers in beggery in a corner? Let him never adde, But I studied in a usefull and gainfull profession; How many have done so too, and yet never compassed the favour of a Judge? And how many that have had all that, have struck upon a Rock, even at full Sea, and perished In their Grandfathers and great Grandfathers, in a few generations, whosoever is greatest now, must say, With this Staffe came I over Jordan; nay, without any staffe came I over Jordan, for he had in them at first, a beginning of nothing. As for spiritual happinesse, Non volentis, nec currentis, sed miserentis Dei, It is not in him that would run, nor in him that doth, but only in God that prospers his course; so for the things of this world, it is in vain to rise early, and to lie down late, and to eat the bread of sorrow, for, nisi Dominus ædificaverit, nisi Dominus custodierit, except the Lord build the house, they labour in vaine; except the Lord keep the City, the watchman waketh but in vain. Come not therefore to say, I studied more than my fellows, and therefore am richer than my fellows, but say, God that gave me my contemplations at first, gave me my practice after, and hath given me his blessing now. How many men have worn their braines upon other studies, and spent their time and them-

selves therein? how many men have studied more in thine own profession, and yet, for diffidence in themselves, or some disfavour from others, have not had thy practice? How many men have been equall to thee, in study, in practice, and in getting too, and yet upon a wanton confidence, that that world would alwayes last, or upon the burden of many children, and an expensive breeding of them, or for other reasons, which God hath found in his wayes, are left upon the sand at last, in a low fortune? whilest the Sun shines upon thee in all these, pay thy self the debt, of knowing whence, and why all this came, for else thou canst not know how much, or how little is thine, nor thou canst not come to restore that which is none of thine, but unjustly wrung from others. Pay therefore this debt of surveying thine estate, and then pay thy selfe thine own too, by a chearfull enjoying and using that which is truly thine, and doe not deny nor defraud thy selfe of those things which are thine, and so become a wretched debtor, to thy back, or to thy belly, as though the world had not enough, or God knew not what were enough for thee.

Pay this debt to thy selfe of looking into thy debts, of surveying, of severing, of serving thy selfe with that which is truly thine, at thy noone, in the best of thy fortune, and in the strength of thine understanding; that when thou commest to pay thy other, thy last debt to thy self, which is, to open a doore out of this world, by the dissolution of body and soule, thou have not all thy money to tell over when the Sun is ready to set, all the account to make of every bag of money, and of every quillet of land, whose it is, and whether it be his that looks for it from thee, or his from whom it was taken by thee; whether it belong to thine heire, that weepes joyfull tears behinde the curtain, or belong to him that weeps true, and bloody teares, in the hole in a prison. There will come a time, when that land that thou leavest shall not be his land, when it shall be no bodies land, when it shall

be no land, for the earth must perish; there will be a time when there shall be no Mannors, no Acres in the world, and yet there shall lie Mannors and Acres upon thy soul, when land shall be no more, when time shall be no more, and thou passe away, not into the land of the living, but of eternal death. Then the Accuser will be ready to interline the schedules of thy debts, thy sins, and insert false debts, by abusing an over-tendernesse, which may be in thy conscience then, in thy last sicknesse, in thy death-bed: Then he will be ready to adde a cyphar more to thy debts, and make hundreds thousands, and abuse the faintnesse which may be in thy conscience then, in thy last sicknesse, in thy death-bed. Then he will be ready to abuse even thy confidence in God, and bring thee to think, that as a Pirate ventures boldly home, though all that he hath be stoln, if he be rich enough to bribe for a pardon; so, howsoever those families perish whom thou hast ruined, and those whole parishes whom thou hast depopulated, thy soule may goe confidently home too, if thou bribe God then, with an Hospitall or a Fellowship in a Colledge, or a Legacy to any pious use in apparance, and in the eye of the world.

SERMON XIII

To the King, in Lent. April 20th, 1630

[p. 129]

MEN of this world do sometimes repaire, and recompence those men whom they have oppressed before, but this is an after recompence; Gods first intention even when he destroyes is to preserve, as a Physitians first intention, in the most distastfull physick, is health; even Gods demolitions are super-edifications, his Anatomies, his dissections are so many re-compactings, so many resurrections; God windes us off the Skein, that he may weave us up into the whole peece, and he cuts us out of

the whole peece into peeces, that he may make us up into a whole garment.

But for all these humiliations, and confessions, Job doth not wave his protestation; My righteousnesse I hold fast, and my heart shall not reproach me as long as I live. Not that I shall never sin, but never leave any sin unrepented; And then, my heart cannot reproach me of a repented sin, without reproaching God himself. The Sun must not set upon my anger; much lesse will I let the Sun set upon the anger of God towards me, or sleep in an unrepented sin. Every nights sleep is a Nunc dimittis; then the Lord lets his servant depart in peace. Thy lying down is a valediction, a parting, a taking leave, (shall I say so?) a shaking hands with God; and, when thou shakest hands with God, let those hands be clean. Enter into thy grave, thy metaphoricall, thy quotidian grave, thy bed, as thou entredst into the Church at first, by Water, by Baptisme; Re-baptise thy self every night, in Jobs Snow water, in holy tears that may cool the inordinate lusts of thy heart, and with-hold uncleane abuses of those hands even in that thy grave, thy Bed; And evermore remember Jobs fear and jealousie in that place, That when he had washed himself in Snow water, Abominabuntur me vestimenta mea, Mine own clothes will make me foul again. Thy flesh is thy clothes; and to this mischievous purpose of fouling thy hands with thine own clothes, thou hast most clothes on when thou art naked; Then, in that nakednesse, thou art in most danger of fouling thy hands with thine own clothes. Miserable man! that couldest have no use of hands, nor any other organ of sense, if there were no other creature but thy self, and yet, if there were no other creature but thy self, couldest sin upon thy self, and foule thy hands with thine own hands. How much more then, if thou strike with those hands, by oppression in thy office, or shut up those hands, and that which is due to another, in them! Sleep with cleane hands, either kept cleane all day, by integrity; or washed cleane, at

night, by repentance; and whensoever thou wakest, though all Jobs messengers thunder about thee, and all Jobs friends multiply mis-interpretations against thee, yet Jobs protestation shall be thy protestation, what end soever God have in this proceeding, It is not for any injustice in my hands, and the other part of his protestation too, Also my prayer is pure.

SERMON XV

At Whitehall. 1st Friday in Lent. March 8. 1621/2

[pp. 147-148]

DOTH not man die even in his birth? The breaking of prison is death, and what is our birth, but a breaking of prison? As soon as we were clothed by God, our very apparell was an Embleme of death. In the skins of dead beasts, he covered the skins of dying men. As soon as God set us on work, our very occupation was an Embleme of death; It was to digge the earth; not to digge pitfals for other men, but graves for our selves. Hath any man here forgot to day, that yesterday is dead? And the Bell tolls for to day, and will ring out anon; and for as much of every one of us, as appertaines to this day. Quotidiè morimur, et tamen nos esse æternos putamus, sayes S. Hierome; We die every day, and we die all the day long; and because we are not absolutely dead, we call that an eternity, an eternity of dying: And is there comfort in that state? why, that is the state of hell it self, Eternall dying, and not dead.

But for this there is enough said, by the Morall man; (that we may respite divine proofes, for divine points anon, for our severall Resurrections) for this death is meerly naturall, and it is enough that the morall man sayes, Mors lex, tributum, officium mortalium. First it is lex, you were born under that law, upon that condition to die: so it is a rebellious thing not to be content to die,

it opposes the Law. Then it is Tributum, an imposition which nature the Queen of this world layes upon us, and which she will take, when and where she list; here a yong man, there an old man, here a happy, there a miserable man; And so it is a seditious thing not to be content to die, it opposes the prerogative. And lastly, it is officium, men are to have their turnes, to take their time, and then to give way by death to successors; and so it is Incivile, inofficiosum, not to be content to die, it opposes the frame and form of government. It comes equally to us all, and makes us all equall when it comes. The ashes of an Oak in the Chimney, are no Epitaph of that Oak, to tell me how high or how large that was; It tels me not what flocks it sheltered while it stood, nor what men it hurt when it fell. The dust of great persons graves is speechlesse too, it sayes nothing, it distinguishes nothing: As soon the dust of a wretch whom thou wouldest not, as of a Prince whom thou couldest not look upon, will trouble thine eyes, if the winde blow it thither; and when a whirle-winde hath blowne the dust of the Church-yard into the Church, and the man sweeps out the dust of the Church into the Church-yard, who will undertake to sift those dusts again, and to pronounce, This is the Patrician, this is the noble flowre, and this the yeomanly, this the Plebeian bran.

[pp. 148-149]

Death hangs upon the edge of every persecutors sword; and upon the sting of every calumniators, and accusers tongue. In the Bull of Phalaris, in the Bulls of Basan, in the Bulls of Babylon, the shrewdest Bulls of all, in temporall, in spirituall persecutions, ever since God put an enmity between Man, and the Serpent, from the time of Cain who began in a murther, to the time of Anti-christ, who proceeds in Massacres, Death hath adhered to the enemy, and so is an enemy.

Death hath a Commission, Stipendium peccati mors est,

The reward of sin is Death, but where God gives a Supersedeas, upon that Commission, Vivo Ego, nolo mortem, As I live saith the Lord, I would have no sinner dye, not dye the second death, yet Death proceeds to that execution: And whereas the enemy, whom he adheres to, the Serpent himselfe, hath power but In calcaneo, upon the heele, the lower, the mortall part, the body of man, Death is come up into our windowes, saith the Prophet, into our best lights, our understandings, and benights us there, either with ignorance, before sin, or with senselesnesse after: And a Sheriffe that should burne him, who were condemned to be hanged, were a murderer, though that man must have dyed: To come in by the doore, by the way of sicknesse upon the body, is, but to come in at the window by the way of sin, is not deaths Commission; God opens not that window.

g. 149]

Death is the last, and in that respect the worst enemy. In an enemy, that appeares at first, when we are or may be provided against him, there is some of that, which we call Honour: but in the enemie that reserves himselfe unto the last, and attends our weake estate, there is more danger. Keepe it, where I intend it, in that which is my spheare, the Conscience: If mine enemie meet me betimes in my youth, in an object of tentation, (so Josephs enemie met him in Potifars Wife) yet if I doe not adhere to this enemy, dwell upon a delightfull meditation of that sin, if I doe not fuell, and foment that sin, assist and encourage that sin, by high diet, wanton discourse, other provocation, I shall have reason on my side, and I shall have grace on my side, and I shall have the History of a thousand that have perished by that sin, on my side; Even Spittles will give me souldiers to fight for me, by their miserable example against that sin; nay perchance sometimes the vertue of that woman, whom I sollicite, will assist me. But when I lye under the hands of that enemie,

that hath reserved himselfe to the last, to my last bed, then when I shall be able to stir no limbe in any other measure than a Feaver or a Palsie shall shake them, when everlasting darknesse shall have an inchoation in the present dimnesse of mine eyes, and the everlasting gnashing in the present chattering of my teeth, and the everlasting worme in the present gnawing of the Agonies of my body, and anguishes of my minde, when the last enemie shall watch my remedilesse body, and my disconsolate soule there, there, where not the Physitian, in his way, perchance not the Priest in his, shall be able to give any assistance, And when he hath sported himselfe with my misery upon that stage, my death-bed, shall shift the Scene, and throw me from that bed, into the grave, and there triumph over me, God knowes, how many generations, till the Redeemer, my Redeemer, the Redeemer of all me, body, as well as soule, come againe; As death is Novissimus hostis, the enemy which watches me, at my last weaknesse, and shall hold me, when I shall be no more, till that Angel come, Who shall say, and sweare that time shall be no more, in that consideration, in that apprehension, he is the powerfullest, the fearfullest enemy; and yet even there this enemy Abolebitur, he shall be destroyed.

SERMON XIX

St. Paul's. Easter day in the evening. March 28. 1624

[pp. 185–186]

But when the Church was newly conceived, and then lay like the egge of a Dove, and a Gyants foot over it, like a worm, like an ant, and hill upon hill whelmed upon it, nay, like a grain of corn between the upper and lower Mill-stone, ground to dust between Tyrans and Heretiques, when as she bled in her Cradle, in those children whom Herod slew, so she bled upon her crutches, in those

decrepit men whom former persecutions and tortures had creepled before, when East and West joyned hands to crush her, and hands, and brains, joyned execution to consultation to annihilate her; in this wane of the Moon God gave her an instant fulnesse; in this exinanition, instant glory; in this grave, an instant Resurrection.

2 [p. 190]

That soule, which being borne free, is made a slave to this body, by comming to it; It must act, but what this body will give it leave to act, according to the Organs, which this body affords it; and if the body be lame in any limme, the soule must be lame in her operation, in that limme too; It must doe, but what the body will have it doe, and then it must suffer, whatsoever that body puts it to, or whatsoever any others will put that body to: If the body oppresse it selfe with Melancholy, the soule must be sad; and if other men oppresse the body with injury, the soule must be sad too; Consider, (it is too, immense a thing to consider it) reflect but one thought, but upon this one thing in the soule, here, and hereafter, In her grave, the body, and in her Resurrection in Heaven; That is the knowledge of the soule.

Here saies S. Augustine, when the soule considers the things of this world, Non veritate certior, sed consuetudine securior; She rests upon such things as she is not sure are true, but such as she sees, are ordinarily received and accepted for truths: so that the end of her knowledge is not Truth, but opinion, and the way, not Inquisition, but ease: But saies he, when she proceeds in this life, to search into heavenly things, Verberatur luce veritatis, The beames of that light are too strong for her, and they sink her, and cast her downe, Et ad familiaritatem tenebrarum suarum, non electione sed fatigatione convertitur; and so she returnes to her owne darknesse, because she is most familiar, and best acquainted with it; Non electione, not because she loves ignorance, but because she is weary of

the trouble of seeking out the truth, and so swallowes even any Religion to escape the paine of debating, and disputing; and in this lazinesse she sleeps out her lease, her terme of life, in this death, in this grave, in this body.

But then in her Resurrection, her measure is enlarged, and filled at once; There she reads without spelling, and knowes without thinking, and concludes without arguing; she is at the end of her race, without running; In her triumph, without fighting; In her Haven, without sayling: A free-man, without any prentiship; at full yeares, without any wardship; and a Doctor, without any proceeding: She knowes truly, and easily, and immediately, and entirely, and everlastingly; Nothing left out at first, nothing worne out at last, that conduces to her happinesse. What a death is this life! what a resurrection is this death! For though this world be a sea, yet (which is most strange) our Harbour is larger than the sea; Heaven infinitely larger than this world. For, though that be not true, which Origen is said to say, That at last all shall be saved, nor that evident, which Cyril of Alexandria saies, That without doubt the number of them that are saved, is far greater than of them that perish, yet surely the number of them, with whom we shall have communion in Heaven, is greater than ever lived at once upon the face of the earth: And of those who lived in our time, how few did we know? and of those whom we did know, how few did we care much for? In Heaven we shall have Communion of Joy and Glory with all, alwaies; Ubi non intrat inimicus, nec amicus exit, Where never any man shall come in that loves us not, nor go from us that does.

SERMON XXI

St. Paul's. Easter Day in the Evening. April 9th, 1626
[pp. 211-212]

THUS it is, when a soule is scattered upon the daily practise of any one predominant, and habituall sin; but

when it is indifferently scattered upon all, how much more is it so? In him, that swallowes sins in the world, as he would doe meats at a feast; passes through every dish, and never askes Physitian the nature, the quality, the danger, the offence of any dish: That baits at every sin that rises, and poures himselfe into every sinfull mold he meets: That knowes not when he began to spend his soule, nor where, nor upon what sin he laid it out; no, nor whether he have, whether ever he had any soule, or no; but hath lost his soule so long agoe, in rusty, and in incoherent sins, (not sins that produced one another, as in Davids case (and yet that is a fearfull state, that concatenation of sins, that pedigree of sins) but in sins which he embraces, meerely out of an easinesse to sin, and not out of a love, no, nor out of a tentation to that sin in particular) that in these incoherent sins hath so scattered his soule, as that he hath not soule enough left, to seek out the rest. And therefore David makes it the Title of the whole Psalme, Domine ne disperdas, O Lord doe not scatter us: And he begins to expresse his sense of Gods Judgements, in the next Psalme, so, O Lord thou hast cast us out, thou hast scattered us, turn again unto us; for even from this aversion, there may be conversion, and from this last and lowest fall, a resurrection. But how?

In the generall resurrection upon naturall death, God shall work upon this dispersion of our scattered dust, as in the first fall, which is the Divorce, by way of Re-union, and in the second, which is Putrifaction, by way of Re-efformation; so in this third, which is Dispersion, by way of Re-collection; where mans buried flesh hath brought forth grasse, and that grasse fed beasts, and those beasts fed men, and those men fed other men, God that knowes in which Boxe of his Cabinet all this seed Pearle lies, in what corner of the world every atome, every graine of every mans dust sleeps, shall recollect that dust, and then recompact that body, and then re-inanimate that man, and that is the accomplishment of all.

SERMON XXII

St. Paul's. Easter Day. March 25th. 1627

I

[p. 215]

THERE is nothing that God hath established in a constant course of nature, and which therefore is done every day, but would seeme a Miracle, and exercise our admiration, if it were done but once; Nay, the ordinary things in Nature, would be greater miracles, than the extraordinary, which we admire most, if they were done but once; The standing still of the Sun, for Josuahs use, was not, in it selfe, so wonderfull a thing, as that so vast and immense a body as the Sun, should run so many miles, in a minute; The motion of the Sun were a greater wonder than the standing still, if all were to begin againe; And onely the daily doing takes off the admiration. But then God having, as it were, concluded himself in a course of nature, and written downe in the booke of Creatures, Thus and thus all things shall be carried, though he glorifie himselfe sometimes, in doing a miracle, yet there is in every miracle, a silent chiding of the world, and a tacite reprehension of them, who require, or who aeed miracles.

2

[pp. 222-224]

Now what was this that they qualified and dignified by that addition, The better Resurrection? Is it called better, in that it is better than this life, and determined in that comparison, and degree of betternesse, and no more? Is it better than those honours, and preferments which that King offered them, and determined in that comparison, and no more? Or better than other men shall have at the last day, (for all men shall have a Resurrection) and determined in that? Or, as S. Chrysostome takes it, is it but a better Resurrection than that in the former part of this Text, where dead children are restored to their

mothers alive again? Is it but a better Resurrection in some of these senses? Surely better in a higher sense than any of these; It is a supereminent degree of glory, a larger measure of glory, than every man, who in a generall happinesse, is made partaker of the Resurrection of the righteous, is made partaker of.

Beloved, There is nothing so little in heaven, as that we can expresse it; but if wee could tell you the fulnesse of a soul there, what that fulnesse is; the infinitenesse of that glory there, how far that infinitenesse goes; the Eternity of that happinesse there, how long that happinesse lasts; if we could make you know all this, yet this Better Resurrection is a heaping, even of that Fulnesse, and an enlarging, even of that Infinitenesse, and an extention, even of that eternity of happinesse; For, all these, this Fulnesse, this Infinitenesse, this Eternity are in all the Resurrections of the Righteous, and this is a better Resurrection; We may almost say, it is something more than Heaven; for, all that have any Resurrection to life, have all heaven; And something more than God; for, all that have any Resurrection to life, have all God; and yet these shall have a better Resurrection. Amorous soule, ambitious soule, covetous soule, voluptuous soule, what wouldest thou have in heaven? What doth thy holy amorousnesse, thy holy covetousnesse, thy holy ambition, and voluptuousnesse most carry thy desire upon? Call it what thou wilt; think it what thou canst; think it something that thou canst not think; and all this thou shalt have, if thou have any Resurrection unto life; and yet there is a Better Resurrection. When I consider what I was in my parents loynes (a substance unworthy of a word, unworthy of a thought) when I consider what I am now, (a Volume of diseases bound up together, a dry cynder, if I look for naturall, for radicall moisture, and yet a Spunge, a bottle of overflowing Rheumes, if I consider accidentall; an aged childe, a gray-headed Infant, and but the ghost of mine own youth) When I

consider what I shall be at last, by the hand of death, in my grave, (first, but Putrifaction, and then, not so much as Putrifaction, I shall not be able to send forth so much as an ill ayre, not any ayre at all, but shall be all insipid, tastelesse, savourlesse dust; for a while, all wormes, and after a while, not so much as wormes, sordid, senselesse, namelesse dust) When I consider the past, and present, and future state of this body, in this world, I am able to conceive, able to expresse the worst that can befall it in nature, and the worst that can be inflicted upon it by man, or fortune; But the least degree of glory that God hath prepared for that body in heaven, I am not able to expresse, not able to conceive.

SERMON XXIII

St. Paul's. Easter Day. April 13th, 1628

I

[pp. 226-227]

THE whole frame of the world is the Theatre, and every creature the stage, the medium, the glasse in which we may see God. Moses made the Laver in the Tabernacle, of the looking glasses of women: Scarce can you imagine a vainer thing (except you will except the vaine lookers on, in that action) than the looking glasses of women; and yet Moses brought the looking-glasses of women to a religious use, to shew them that came in, the spots of dirt which they had taken by the way, that they might wash themselves cleane before they passed any farther.

There is not so poore a creature but may be thy glasse to see God in. The greatest flat glasse that can be made, cannot represent any thing greater than it is: If every gnat that flies were an Arch-angell, all that could but tell me, that there is a God; and the poorest worme that creeps, tells me that. If I should aske the Basilisk, how camest thou by those killing eyes, he would tell me, Thy God made me so; And if I should aske the Slow-worme,

how camest thou to be without eyes, he would tell me, Thy God made me so. The Cedar is no better a glasse to see God in, than the Hyssope upon the wall; all things that are, are equally removed from being nothing; and whatsoever hath any beeing, is by that very beeing, a glasse in which we see God, who is the roote, and the fountaine of all beeing. The whole frame of nature is the Theatre, the whole Volume of creatures is the glasse, and the light of nature, reason, is our light, which is another Circumstance.

2 [p. 227]

God affords no man the comfort, the false comfort of Atheism: He will not allow a pretending Atheist the power to flatter himself, so far, as seriously to thinke there is no God. He must pull out his own eyes, and see no creature, before he can say, he sees no God; He must be no man, and quench his reasonable soule, before he can say to himselfe, there is no God. The difference betweene the Reason of man, and the Instinct of the beast is this, That the beast does but know, but the man knows that he knows. The bestiall Atheist will pretend that he knows there is no God; but he cannot say, that hee knows, that he knows it; for, his knowledge will not stand the battery of an argument from another, nor of a ratiocination from himselfe. He dares not aske himselfe who is it that I pray to, in a sudden danger, if there be no God? Nay he dares not aske, who it is that I sweare by, in a sudden passion if there be no God? Whom do I tremble at, and sweat under, at midnight, and whom do I curse by next morning, if there be no God?

g [p. 230]

He that asks me what heaven is, meanes not to heare me, but to silence me; He knows I cannot tell him; When I meet him there, I shall be able to tell him, and then he will be as able to tell me; yet then we shall be but able

to tell one another, This, this that we enjoy is heaven, but the tongues of Angels, the tongues of glorified Saints, shall not be able to expresse what that heaven is; for, even in heaven our faculties shall be finite. Heaven is not a place that was created; for, all place that was created, shall be dissolved. God did not plant a Paradise for himself, and remove to that, as he planted a Paradise for Adam, and removed him to that; But God is still where he was before the world was made. And in that place, where there are more Suns than there are Stars in the Firmament, (for all the Saints are Suns) And more light in another Sun, The S[o]n of righteousnesse, the Son of Glory, the Son of God, than in all them, in that illustration, that emanation, that effusion of beams of glory, which began not to shine 6000. yeares ago, but 6000. millions of millions ago, had been 6000. millions of millions before that, in those eternall, in those uncreated heavens, shall we see God.

SERMON XXVI

St. Paul's. Easter Day. [1622]

I

[p. 257]

THE dead heare not Thunder, nor feele they an Earthquake. If the Canon batter that Church walls, in which they lye buryed, it wakes not them, nor does it shake or affect them, if that dust, which they are, be thrown out, but yet there is a voyce, which the dead shall heare; The dead shall heare the voyce of the Son of God, (sayes the Son of God himself) and they that heare shall live; And that is the voyce of our Text. It is here called a clamour, a vociferation, a shout, and varied by our Translators, and Expositors, according to the origination of the word, to be clamor hortatorius, and suasorius, and jussorius, A voyce that carries with it a penetration, (all shall heare it) and a perswasion, (all shall beleeve it, and be glad of

it) and a power, a command, (all shall obey it.) Since that voyce at the Creation, Fiat, Let there be a world, was never heard such a voyce as this, Surgite mortui, Arise ye dead. That was spoken to that that was meerely nothing, and this to them, who in themselves shall have no co-operation, no concurrence to the hearing or answering this voyce.

The power of this voyce is exalted in that it is said to be the voyce of the Archangel. Though legions of Angels, millions of Angels shall be employed about the Resurrection, to recollect their scattered dust, and recompact their ruined bodies, yet those bodies so recompact, shall not be able to heare a voyce. They shall be then but such bodies, as they were when they were laid downe in the grave, when, though they were intire bodies, they could not heare the voice of the mourner. But this voyce of the Archangel shall enable them to heare; The Archangel shall re-infuse the severall soules into their bodies, and so they shall heare that voyce, Surgite mortui, Arise ye that were dead, and they shall arise.

2 [p. 265]

The Hypocrite hath a Being, and, in God, but it is not with God, Qua cor longè, With his lips he honours God, but removes his heart far from him. And God sends him after his heart, that he may keep him at that distance, (as S. Gregory reads and interprets that place of Esay) Redite prævaricatores ad cor, Return O sinners, follow your own heart, and then I am sure you and I shall never meet. Our Saviour Christ delivers this distance plainly, Discedite à me, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire. Where the first part of the sentence is incomparably the heaviest, the departing worse than the fire; the intensnesse of that fire, the ayre of that brimstone, the anguish of that worm, the discord of that howling, and gnashing of teeth, is no comparable, no considerable part of the torment, in respect of the privation of the sight of God, the

banishment from the presence of God, an absolute hopelesnesse, an utter impossibility of ever comming to that, which sustaines the miserable in this world, that though I see no Sun here, I shall see the Son of God there.

3 [p. 266]

How barren a thing is Arithmetique! (and yet Arithmetique will tell you, how many single graines of sand, will fill this hollow Vault to the Firmament) How empty a thing is Rhetorique! (and yet Rhetorique will make absent and remote things present to your understanding) How weak a thing is poetry! (and yet Poetry is a counterfait Creation, and makes things that are not, as though they were) How infirme, how impotent are all assistances, if they be put to expresse this Eternity!

SERMON XXVII

To the Lords upon Easter Day at the Communion, the King being dangerously sick at New-Market. March 28, 1619
[p. 267]

WEB are all conceived in close Prison; in our Mothers wombes, we are close Prisoners all; when we are borne, we are borne but to the liberty of the house; Prisoners still, though within larger walls; and then all our life is but a going out to the place of Execution, to death. Now was there ever any man seen to sleep in the Cart, between New-gate, and Tyborne? between the Prison, and the place of Execution, does any man sleep? And we sleep all the way; from the womb to the grave we are never throughly awake; but passe on with such dreames, and imaginations as these, I may live as well, as another, and why should I dye, rather than another? but awake, and tell me, sayes this Text, Quis homo? who is that other that thou talkest of? What man is he that liveth, and shall not see death?

SERMON XXXIV

St. Paul's Whitsunday. [1623]

I

[p. 338]

IN the great Ant-hill of the whole world, I am an Ant; I have my part in the Creation, I am a Creature; But there are ignoble Creatures. God comes nearer; In the great field of clay, of red earth, that man was made of, and mankind, I am a clod; I am a man, I have my part in the Humanity; But Man was worse than annihilated again. When satan in that serpent was come, as Hercules with his club into a potters shop, and had broke all the vessels, destroyed all mankind, And the gracious promise of a Messias to redeeme all mankind, was shed and spread upon all, I had my drop of that dew of Heaven, my sparke of that fire of heaven, in the universall promise, in which I was involved; But this promise was appropriated after, in a particular Covenant, to one people, to the Jewes, to the seed of Abraham. But for all that I have my portion there; for all that professe Christ Jesus are by a spirituall engrafting, and transmigration, and transplantation, in and of that stock, and that seed of Abraham; and I am one of those. But then, of those who doe professe Christ Jesus, some grovell still in the superstitions they were fallen into, and some are raised, by Gods good grace, out of them; and I am one of those; God hath afforded me my station, in that Church, which is departed from Babylon.

Now, all this while, my soule is in a cheerefull progresse; when I consider what God did for Goshen in Egypt, for a little parke in the midst of a forest; what he did for Jury, in the midst of enemies, as a shire that should stand out against a Kingdome round about it: How many Sancerras he hath delivered from famins, how many Genevas from plots, and machinations against

her; all this while my soule is in a progresse: But I am at home when I consider Buls of excommunications, and solicitations of Rebellions, and pistols and poysons, and the discoveries of those; There is our Nos, We, testimonies that we are in the favour, and care of God; We, our Nation, we, our Church; There I am at home; but I am in my Cabinet at home, when I consider, what God hath done for me, and my soule; There is the Ego, the particular, the individuall, I.

2 [pp. 340-341]

The holy Ghost could not expresse more danger to a man, than when he calls him Filium sæculi, The childe of this world; Nor a worse disposition, than when he cals him, Filium diffidentiæ, The childe of diffidence, and distrust in God; Nor a worse pursuer of that ill disposition, than when he calls him Filium diaboli, (as S. Peter calls Elymas) The childe of the devill; Nor a worse possessing of the devill, than when he calls him Filium perditionis, The childe of perdition; Nor a worse execution of all this, than when he calls him Filium gehennæ, The childe of hell: The childe of this world, The childe of desperation, The childe of the devill, The childe of perdition, The childe of hell, is a high expressing, a deep aggravating of his damnation; That his damnation is not only his purchase, as he hath acquired it, but it is his inheritance, he is the childe of damnation. So it is also a high exaltation, when the holy Ghost draws our Pedegree from any good thing, and calls us the children of that: As, when he cals us Filios lucis, The children of light, that we have seen the day-star arise, when he cals us Filios sponsi, The children of the bridechamber, begot in lawfull marriage upon the true Church, these are faire approaches to the highest title of all, to be Filii Dei, The children of God; And not children of God, Per filiationem vestigii, (so every creature is a childe of God) by having an Image, and impression of God, in the very Beeing thereof, but children so, as that we are heires,

and heires so, as that we are Co-heires with Christ, as it follows in the next verse, and is implyed in this name, Children of God.

Heires of heaven, which is not a Gavel-kinde, every son, every man alike; but it is an universall primogeniture, every man full, so full, as that every man hath all, in such measure, as that there is nothing in heaven, which any man in heaven wants. Heires of the joyes of heaven; Joy in a continuall dilatation of thy heart, to receive augmentation of that which is infinite, in the accumulation of essentiall and accidentall joy. Joy in a continuall melting of indissoluble bowels, in joyfull, and yet compassionate beholding thy Saviour; Rejoycing at thy being there, and almost lamenting (in a kinde of affection, which we can call by no name) that thou couldst not come thither, but by those wounds, which are still wounds, though wounds glorified. Heires of the joy, and heires of the glory of heaven; where if thou look down, and see Kings fighting for Crownes, thou canst look off as easily, as from boyes at stool-ball for points here; And from Kings triumphing after victories, as easily, as a Philosopher from a Pageant of children here. Where thou shalt not be subject to any other title of Dominion in others, but Jesus of Nazareth King of the Jews, nor ambitious of any other title in thy selfe, but that which thou possessest, To be the childe of God. Heires of joy, heires of glory, and heires of the eternity of heaven; Where, in the possession of this joy, and this glory, The Angels which were there almost 6000. yeares before thee, and so prescribe, and those soules which shall come at Christs last comming, and so enter but then, shall not survive thee, but they, and thou, and all, shall live as long as he that gives you all that life, as God himselfe.

SERMON XXXVI

St. Paul's. Whitsunday. [1625]

I

[p. 353]

HEAVEN is Glory, and heaven is Joy; we cannot tell which most; we cannot separate them; and this comfort is joy in the Holy Ghost. This makes all Jobs states alike; as rich in the first Chapter of his Booke, where all is suddenly lost, as in the last, where all is abundantly restored. This consolation from the Holy Ghost makes my mid-night noone, mine Executioner a Physitian, a stake and pile of Fagots, a Bone-fire of triumph; this consolation makes a Satyr, and Slander, and Libell against me, a Panegyrique, and an Elogy in my praise; It makes a Tolle an Ave, a Væ an Euge, a Crucifige an Hosanna; It makes my death-bed, a mariage-bed, And my Passing-Bell, an Epithalamion.

2 [p. 357]

As the world is the whole frame of the world, God hath put into it a reproofe, a rebuke, lest it should seem eternall, which is, a sensible decay and age in the whole frame of the world, and every piece thereof. The seasons of the yeare irregular and distempered; the Sun fainter, and languishing; men lesse in stature, and shorter-lived. No addition, but only every yeare, new sorts, new species of wormes, and flies, and sicknesses, which argue more and more putrefaction of which they are engendred. And the Angels of heaven, which did so familiarly converse with men in the beginning of the world, though they may not be doubted to perform to us still their ministeriall assistances, yet they seem so far to have deserted this world, as that they do not appeare to us, as they did to those our Fathers. S. Cyprian observed this in his time, when writing to Demetrianus, who imputed all those

calamities which afflicted the world then, to the impiety of the Christians who would not joyne with them in the worship of their gods, Cyprian went no farther for the cause of these calamities, but Ad senescentem mundum, To the age and impotency of the whole world; And therefore, sayes he, Imputent senes Christianis, quod minus valeant in senectutem; Old men were best accuse Christians, that they are more sickly in their age, than they were in their youth; Is the fault in our religion, or in their decay? Canos in pueris videmus, nec ætas in senectute desinit, sed incipit à senectute; We see gray haires in children, and we do not die old, and yet we are borne old. Lest the world (as the world signifies the whole frame of the world) should glorifie it selfe, or flatter, and abuse us with an opinion of eternity, we may admit usefully (though we do not conclude peremptorily) this observation to be true, that there is a reproofe, a rebuke born in it, a sensible decay and mortality of the whole world.

SERMON XXXVII

St Paul's. Whitsunday. [1626]

[pp. 365-366]

WHEN the Holy Ghost hath brought us into the Ark from whence we may see all the world without, sprawling and gasping in the flood, (the flood of sinfull courses in the world, and of the anger of God) when we can see this violent flood, (the anger of God) break in at windowes, and there devoure the licentious man in his sinfull embracements, and make his bed of wantonnesse his deathbed; when we can see this flood (the anger of God) swell as fast as the ambitious man swels, and pursue him through all his titles, and at last suddenly, and violently wash him away in his owne blood, not alwayes in a vulgar, but sometimes in an ignominious death; when we shall see this flood (the flood of the anger of God) over-flow the valley of the voluptuous mans gardens, and orchards, and

follow him into his Arbours, and Mounts, and Terasses, and carry him from thence into a bottomlesse Sea, which no Plummer can sound, (no heavy sadnesse relieve him) no anchor take hold of, (no repentance stay his tempested and weather-beaten conscience) when wee finde our selves in this Ark, where we have first taken in the fresh water of Baptisme; and then the Bread, and Wine, and Flesh, of the Body and Blood of Christ Jesus, Then are we reproved, forbidden all scruple, then are we convinced, That as the twelve Apostles shall sit upon twelve seats, and judge the twelve Tribes at the last day; So doth the Holy Ghost make us Judges of all the world now, and inables us to pronounce that sentence; That all but they, who have sincerely accepted the Christian Religion, are still sub peccato, under sin, and without remedy. For we must not waigh God with leaden, or iron, or stone waights; how much land, or metall, or riches he gives one man more than another, but how much grace in the use of these, or how much patience in the want, or in the losse of these, we have above others.

SERMON XL

Lincoln's Inn. Sunday after Trinity. [1621]

[p. 398]

THE Lord then, the Son of God, had a Sitio in heaven, as well as upon the Crosse; He thirsted our salvation there; and in the midst of the fellowship of the Father from whom he came, and of the Holy Ghost, who came from him and the Father, and all the Angels, who came (by a lower way) from them all, he desired the conversation of Man, for Mans sake; He that was God The Lord became Christ, a man, and he that was Christ, became Jesus, no man, a dead man, to save man: To save man, all wayes, in all his parts, And to save all men, in all parts of the world: To save his soule from hell, where we should

have felt pains, and yet been dead, then when we felt them; and seen horrid spectacles, and yet been in darknes and blindnes, then when we saw them; And suffered unsufferable torments, and yet have told over innumerable ages in suffering them: To save this soule from that hell, and to fill that capacity which it hath, and give it a capacity which it hath not, to comprehend the joyes and glory of Heaven, this Christ became Jesus. To save this body from the condemnation of everlasting corruption, where the wormes that we breed are our betters, because they have a life, where the dust of dead Kings is blowne into the street, and the dust of the street blowne into the River, and the muddy River tumbled into the Sea, and the Sea remaunded into all the veynes and channels of the earth; to save this body from everlasting dissolution, dispersion, dissipation, and to make it in a glorious Resurrection, not onely a Temple of the holy Ghost, but a Companion of the holy Ghost in the kingdome of heaven, This Christ became this Jesus. To save this man, body and soule together, from the punishments due to his former sinnes, and to save him from falling into future sinnes by the assistance of his Word preached, and his Sacraments administred in the Church, which he purchased by his bloud, is this person, The Lord, the Christ, become this Jesus, this Saviour. To save so, All wayes, In soule, in body, in both; And also to save all men. For, to exclude others from that Kingdome, is a tyrannie, an usurpation; and to exclude thy selfe, is a sinfull, and a rebellious melancholy. But as melancholy in the body is the hardest humour to be purged, so is the melancholy in the soule, the distrust of thy salvation too. Flashes of presumption a calamity will quench, but clouds of desperation calamities thicken upon us; But even in this inordinate dejection thou exaltest thy selfe above God, and makest thy worst better than his best, thy sins larger than his mercy.

SERMON XLIV

St. Dunstan's in the West. Trinity Sunday.

May 20th, 1627

[pp. 440-441]

BUT have the Saints of God no Vacation? doe they never cease? nay, as the word imports, Requiem non habent, They have no Rest. Beloved, God himselfe rested not, till the seventh day; be thou content to stay for thy Sabbath, till thou maist have an eternall one. If we understand this, of rest meerly, of bodily rest, the Saints of God are least likely to have it, in this life; For, this life, is (to them especially, above others) a businesse, and a perplext businesse, a warfare, and a bloody warfare, a voyage, and a tempestuous voyage. If we understand this rest to be Cessation, Intermission, the Saints in heaven have none of that, in this service. It is a labour that never wearies, to serve God there. As the Sun is no wearier now, than when he first set out, six thousand yeares since; As that Angel, which God hath given to protect thee, is not weary of his office, for all thy perversenesses, so, howsoever God deale with thee, be not thou weary of bearing thy part, in his Quire here in the Militant Church. God will have low voyces, as well as high; God will be glorified De profundis, as well as In excelsis; God will have his tribute of praise, out of our adversity, as well as out of our prosperity.

SERMON XLV

Preached on All-Saints Day

[p. 450]

of thine own sins, have benummed and benighted thy soule in the vale of darknesse, and in the shadow of death; If thou thinke to wrastle and bustle through these strong stormes, and thick clouds, with a strong hand; If thou thinke thy money, thy bribes shall conjure thee up

stronger spirits than those that oppose thee; If thou seek ease in thy calamities, that way to shake and shipwrack thine enemies; In these crosse winds, in these countermines, (to oppresse as thou art oppressed) all this is but a turning to the North, to blow away and scatter these sadnesses, with a false, an illusory, and a sinfull comfort. If thou thinke to ease thy selfe in the contemplation of thine honour, thine offices, thy favour, thy riches, thy health, this is but a turning to the South, the Sun-shine of worldly prosperity. If thou sinke under thy afflictions, and canst not finde nourishment (but poyson) in Gods corrections, nor justice (but cruelty) in his judgements, nor mercy (but slacknesse) in his forbearance till now; If thou suffer thy soule to set in a cloud, a dark cloud of ignorance of Gods providence and proceedings, or in a darker, of diffidence of his performance towards thee, this is a turning to the West, and all these are perverse and awry. But turne to the East, and to the Angel that comes from thence, The Ministery of the Gospel of Christ Jesus in his Church; It is true, thou mayst find some dark places in the Scriptures; and, Est silentii species obscuritas, To speake darkly and obscurely is a kinde of silence, I were as good not be spoken to, as not be made to understand that which is spoken, yet fixe thy selfe upon this Angel of the East, the preaching of the Word, the Ordinance of God, and thine understanding shall be enlightned, and thy beliefe established, and thy conscience thus far unburthened, that though the sins which thou hast done, cannot be undone, yet neither shalt thou bee undone by them; There, where thou art afraid of them, in judgement, they shall never meet thee; but as in the round frame of the World, the farthest West is East, where the West ends, the East begins, So in thee (who art a World too) thy West and thy East shall joyne, and when thy Sun, thy soule comes to set in thy death-bed, the Son of Grace shall suck it up into glory.

SERMON XLVI

St. Paul's. The Sunday after the Conversion of S. Paul.

January 30th, 1624/5

[pp. 463-464]

I TAKE no farther occasion from this Circumstance, but to arme you with consolation, how low soever God be pleased to cast you, Though it be to the earth, yet he does not so much cast you downe, in doing that, as bring you home. Death is not a banishing of you out of this world; but it is a visitation of your kindred that lie in the earth; neither are any nearer of kin to you, than the earth it selfe, and the wormes of the earth. You heap earth upon your soules, and encumber them with more and more flesh, by a superfluous and luxuriant diet; You adde earth to earth in new purchases, and measure not by Acres, but by Manors, nor by Manors, but by Shires; And there is a little Quillet, a little Close, worth all these, A quiet Grave. And therefore, when thou readest, That God makes thy bed in thy sicknesse, rejoyce in this, not onely that he makes that bed, where thou dost lie, but that bed where thou shalt lie; That that God, that made the whole earth, is now making thy bed in the earth, a quiet grave, where thou shalt sleep in peace, till the Angels Trumpet wake thee at the Resurrection, to that Judgement where thy peace shall be made before thou commest, and writ, and sealed, in the blood of the Lamb.

Saul falls to the earth; So farre; But he falls no lower. God brings his servants to a great lownesse here; but he brings upon no man a perverse sense, or a distrustfull suspition of falling lower hereafter; His hand strikes us to the earth, by way of humiliation; But it is not his hand, that strikes us into hell, by way of desperation. Will you tell me, that you have observed and studied Gods way upon you all your life, and out of that can conclude what God meanes to doe with you after this life? That God

took away your Parents in your infancy, and left you Orphanes then, That he hath crossed you in all your labours in your calling, ever since, That he hath opened you to dishonours, and calumnies, and mis-interpretations, in things well intended by you, That he hath multiplied sicknesses upon you, and given you thereby an assurance of a miserable, and a short life, of few, and evill dayes, nay, That he hath suffered you to fall into sins, that you your selves have hated, To continue in sins, that you your selves have been weary of, To relapse into sins, that you your selves have repented; And will you conclude out of this that God had no good purpose upon you, that if ever he had meant to doe you good, he would never have gone thus farre, in heaping of evills upon you? Upon what doest thou ground this? upon thy selfe? Because thou shouldest not deal thus with any man, whom thou mean'st well to? How poore, how narrow, how impious a measure of God, is this, that he must doe, as thou wouldest doe, if thou wert God! God hath not made a week without a Sabbath; no tentation, without an issue; God inflicts no calamity, no cloud, no eclipse, without light, to see ease in it, if the patient will look upon that which God hath done to him, in other cases, or to that which God hath done to others, at other times. Saul fell to the ground, but he fell no lower; God brings us to humiliation, but not to desperation.

He fell; he fell to the ground, And he fell blinde; for so it is evident in the story. Christ had said to the Pharisees, I came into the world, that they which see, might be made blinde; And the Pharisees ask him, Have you been able to doe so upon us? Are we blinde? Here Christ gives them an example; a reall, a literall, an actual example; Saul, a Pharisee, is made blinde. He that will fill a vessell with winc, must take out the water; He that will fill a covetous mans hand with gold, must take out the silver that was there before, sayes S. Chrysostome. Christ, who is about to infuse new light into Saul, withdrawes that light that

was in him before; That light, by which Saul thought he saw all before, and thought himselfe a competent Judge, which was the onely true Religion, and that all others were to be persecuted, even to death, that were not of his way. Stultus factus est omnis homo à scientia, sayes God in the Prophet, Every man that trusts in his owne wit, is a foole. But let him become a foole, that he may be wise, sayes the Apostle; Let him be so, in his own eyes, and God will give him better eyes, better light, better understanding. Saul was struck blinde, but it was a blindnesse contracted from light; It was a light that struck him blinde, as you see in his story. This blindnesse which we speak of, which is a sober and temperate abstinence from the immoderate study, and curious knowledges of this world, this holy simplicity of the soule, is not a darknesse, a dimnesse, a stupidity in the understanding, contracted by living in a corner, it is not an idle retiring into a Monastery, or into a Village, or a Country solitude, it is not a lazy affectation of ignorance; not darknesse, but a greater light, must make us blinde.

The sight, and the Contemplation of God, and our present benefits by him, and our future interest in him, must make us blinde to the world so, as that we look upon no face, no pleasure, no knowledge, with such an Affection, such an Ambition, such a Devotion, as upon God, and the wayes to him. Saul had such a blindnesse, as came from light; we must affect no other simplicity, than arises from the knowledge of God, and his Religion. And then, Saul had such a blindnesse, as that he fell with it. There are birds, that when their eyes are cieled, still soare up, and up, till they have spent all their strength. Men blinded with the lights of this world, soare still into higher places, or higher knowledges, or higher opinions; but the light of heaven humbles us, and layes flat that soule, which the leaven of this world had puffed and swelled up. That powerfull light felled Saul; but after he was fallen, his owne sight was restored to him againe: Ananias saies to

him, Brother Saul, receive thy sight. To those men, who imploy their naturall faculties to the glory of God, and their owne, and others edification, God shall afford an exaltation of those naturall faculties; In those, who use their learning, or their wealth, or their power, well, God shall increase that power, and that wealth, and that learning, even in this world.

SERMON XLVIII

St. Paul's. In the evening. Upon the day of St. Paul's Conversion. January 25, 1628/9

I [p. 483]

A L A s, they, we, men of this world, wormes of this dunghil, whether Basilisks or blind wormes, whether Scarabs or Silkworms, whether high or low in the world, have no minds to change. The Platonique Philosophers did not only acknowledge Animam in homine, a soule in man, but Mentem in anima, a minde in the soul of man. They meant by the minde, the superiour faculties of the soule, and we never come to exercise them. Men and women call one another inconstant, and accuse one another of having changed their minds, when, God knowes, they have but changed the object of their eye, and seene a better white or red. An old man loves not the same sports that he did when he was young, nor a sicke man the same meats that hee did when hee was well: But these men have not changed their mindes; The old man hath changed his fancy, and the sick man his taste; neither his minde.

2 [p. 486]

Poore intricated soule! Riddling, perplexed, labyrinthicall soule! Thou couldest not say, that thou beleevest not in God, if there were no God; Thou couldest not beleeve in God, if there were no God; If there were no God, thou couldest not speake, thou couldest not thinke, not a word, not a thought, no not against God; Thou couldest not blaspheme the Name of God, thou couldest not sweare, if there were no God: For, all thy faculties, how ever depraved, and perverted by thee, are from him; and except thou canst seriously beleeve, that thou art nothing, thou canst not beleeve that there is no God. If I should aske thee at a Tragedy, where thou shouldest see him that had drawne blood, lie weltring, and surrounded in his owne blood, Is there a God now? If thou couldst answer me, No, These are but Inventions, and Representations of men, and I beleeve a God never the more for this; If I should ask thee at a Sermon, where thou shouldest heare the Judgements of God formerly denounced, and executed, re-denounced, and applied to present occasions, Is there a God now? If thou couldest answer me, No, These are but Inventions of State, to souple and regulate Congregations, and keep people in order, and I beleeve a God never the more for this; Bee as confident as thou canst, in company; for company is the Atheists Sanctuary; I respit thee not till the day of Judgement, when I may see thee upon thy knees, upon thy face, begging of the hills, that they would fall downe and cover thee from the fierce wrath of God, to aske thee then, Is there a God now? I respit thee not till the day of thine own death, when thou shalt have evidence enough, that there is a God, though no other evidence, but to finde a Devill, and evidence enough, that there is a Heaven, though no other evidence, but to feele Hell; To aske thee then, Is there a God now? I respit thee but a few houres, but six houres, but till midnight. Wake then; and then darke, and alone, Heare God aske thee then, remember that I asked thee now, Is there a God? and if thou darest, say No.

SERMON XLIX

St. Paul's. Conversion of St. Paul. January 25, 1629/30

[pp. 495-496]

BUT stop we the floodgates of this consideration; it would melt us into teares. End we all with this, That we have all, all these, Sadduces and Pharisees in our ownebosomes: Sadduces that deny spirits; carnall apprehensions that are apt to say, Is your God all Spirit, and hath bodily eyes to see sin? All Spirit, and hath bodily hands to strike for a sinne? Is your soule all spirit, and hath a fleshly heart to feare? All spirit, and hath sensible sinews to feele a materiall fire? Was your God, who is all Spirit, wounded when you quarrelled? or did your soule, which is all spirit, drink when you were drunk? Sins of presumption, and carnall confidence are our Sadduces; and then our Pharisees are our sins of separation, of division, of diffidence and distrust in the mercies of our God; when we are apt to say, after a sin, Cares God, who is all Spirit, for my eloquent prayers, or for my passionate teares? Is the giving of my goods to the poore, or of my body to the fire, any thing to God who is all Spirit? My spirit, and nothing but my spirit, my soule, and nothing but my soule, must satisfie the justice, the anger of God, and be separated from him for ever. My Sadduce, my Presumption suggests, that there is no spirit, no soule to suffer for sin; and my Pharisee, my Desperation suggests, That my soule must perish irremediably, irrecoverably, for every sinne that my body commits.

Now if I go S. Pauls way, to put a dissention between these my Sadduces, and my Pharisees, to put a jealousie between my presumption and my desperation, to make my presumption see, that my desperation lies in wait for her; and to consider seriously, that my presumption will end in desperation, I may, as S. Paul did in the Text,

scape the better for that. But if, without farther troubling these Sadduces and these Pharisees, I be content to let them agree, and to divide my life between them, so as that my presumption shall possesse all my youth, and desperation mine age, I have heard my sentence already, The end of this man will be worse than his beginning, How much soever God be incensed with me, for my presumption at first, he will be much more inexorable for my desperation at last. And therefore interrupt the prescription of sin; break off the correspondence of Sin; unjoynt the dependency of sin upon sin. Bring every single sin, as soon as thou committest it, into the presence of thy God, upon those two legs, Confession, and Detestation, and thou shalt see, that, as, though an intire Iland stand firme in the Sea, yet a single clod of earth cast into the Sea, is quickly washt into nothing; so, howsoever thine habituall, and customary, and concatenated sins, sin enwrapped and complicated in sin, sin entrenched and barricadoed in sin, sin screwed up, and riveted with sin, may stand out, and wrastle even with the mercies of God, in the blood of Christ Jesus; yet if thou bring every single sin into the sight of God, it will be but as a clod of earth, but as a graine of dust in the Ocean. Keep thy sins then from mutuall intelligence; That they doe not second one another, induce occasion, and then support and disguise one another, and then, neither shall the body of sin ever oppresse thee, nor the exhalations, and damps, and vapors of thy sad soule, hang between thee, and the mercies of thy God; But thou shalt live in the light and serenity of a peaceable conscience here, and die in a faire possibility of a present melioration and improvement of that light. All thy life thou shalt be preserved, in an Orientall light, an Easterne light, a rising and a growing light, the light of grace; and at thy death thou shalt be super-illustrated, with a Meridionall light, a South light, the light of glory. And be this enough for the explication, and application of these words, and their complication with the day; for the justifying of S. Pauls Stratagem in himselfe, and the exemplifying, and imitation thereof in us. Amen.

SERMON LII

Preached upon the Penitentiall Psalmes. [1627/8?]

[p. 526]

YET I am loath to depart my selfe, loath to dismisse you from this ayre of Paradise, of Gods comming, and returning to us. Therefore we consider againe, that as God came long agoe, six thousand years agoe, in nature, when we were created in Adam, and then in nature returned to us, in the generation of our Parents: so our Saviour Christ Jesus came to us long agoe, sixteene hundred yeares agoe, in grace, and yet in grace returnes to us, as often as he assembles us, in these holy Convocations. He came to us then, as the Wisemen came to him; with treasure, and gifts, and gold, and incense, and myrrhe; As having an ambition upon the soules of men, he came with that abundant treasure to purchase us. And as to them who live upon the Kings Pension, it is some comfort to heare that the Exchequer is full, that the Kings moneyes are come in: so is it to us, to know that there is enough in Gods hands, paid by his Son, for the discharge of all our debts; He gave enough for us all at that comming; But it is his returning to us, that applyes to us, and derives upon us in particular, the benefit of this generall satisfaction. When he returns to us in the dispensation and distribution of his graces, in his Word and Sacraments; When he calls upon us to come to the receipt; When the greater the summe is, the gladder he is of our comming, that where sinne abounds, grace might abound too; When we can pursue this Prayer, Revertere Domine, Returne O Lord in grace, in more and more grace, and when we are in possession of a good measure of that grace, we can pray againe, Revertere Domine, Returne O Lord

in glory, Come Lord Jesus, come quickly; When we are so rectified by his Ordinances here, that in a sincerity of soule, we are not onely contented, but desirous to depart from hence, then have we religiously followed our example, that man according to Gods heart, David, in this prayer of his. If Christ have not beene thus fully in thine heart, before, this is his comming; entertaine him now: If he have been there, and gone againe, this is his returning; blesse him for that: And meet him, and love him, and embrace him, as often as he offers himselfe to thy soule, in these his Ordinances: With every day a Sunday, and every meale a Sacrament, and every discourse a Homily, and he shall shine upon thee in all dark wayes, and rectifie thee in all ragged wayes, and direct thee in all crosse wayes, and stop thee in all doubtfull wayes, and returne to thee in every corner, and relieve thee in every danger, and arme thee against even himselfe, by advancing thy worke, in which thou besiegest him, that is, this Prayer, and enabling thee to prevaile upon him, as in this first Petition, Revertere Domine, O Lord returne, so in that which followes next, Eripe animam, Deliver my soule.

SERMON LIII

Preached upon the Penitentiall Psalmes. [1627/8?]

[p. 531]

It may well be inquired, why Death seemed so terrible to the good and godly men of those times, as that evermore we see them complaine of shortnesse of life, and of the neerenesse of death. Certainely the rule is true, in naturall, and in civill, and in divine things, as long as wee are in this World, Nolle meliorem, est corruptio primæ habitudinis, That man is not well, who desires not to be better; It is but our corruption here, that makes us loth to hasten to our incorruption there. And besides, many of the Ancients, and all the later Casuists of the other side,

and amongst our owne men, Peter Martyr, and Calvin, assigne certain cases, in which it hath Rationem boni, The nature of Good, and therefore is to be embraced, to wish our dissolution and departure out of this world; and yet, many good and godly men have declared this lothnesse to dye. Beloved, waigh Life and Death one against another, and the balance will be even; Throw the glory of God into either balance, and that turnes the scale. S. Paul could not tell which to wish, Life or Death; There the balance was even; Then comes in the glory of God, the addition of his soule to that Quire, that spend all their time, eternity it selfe, only in glorifying God, and that turnes the scale, and then, he comes to his, Cupio dissolvi, To desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ. But then, he puts in more of the same waight in the other scale, he sees that it advances Gods glory more, for him to stay, and labour in the building of Gods Kingdome here, and so adde more soules than his owne to that state, than only to enjoy that Kingdome in himself, and that turnes the scale againe, and so he is content to live.

SERMON LIV

Whitehall. To the King upon the occasion of the Fast.

April 5th, 1628

1

[pp. 540-541]

TENTATIONS take hold of us sometimes after our teares, after our repentance, but seldome or never in the act of our repentance, and in the very shedding of our teares; At least Libidinum pompa, The victory, the triumph of lust breaks not in upon us, in a bed, so dissolved, so surrounded, so macerated with such teares. Thy bed is a figure of thy grave; Such as thy grave receives thee at death, it shall deliver thee up to Judgement at last; Such as thy bed receives thee at night, it shall deliver thee in the morning: If thou sleepe without calling thy selfe to

an account, thou wilt wake so, and walke so, and proceed so, without ever calling thy selfe to an account, till Christ Jesus call thee in the Clouds. It is not intended, that thou shouldest afflict thy selfe so grievously, as some over-doing Penitents, to put chips, and shels, and splints, and flints, and nayles, and rowels of spurres in thy bed, to wound and macerate thy body so. The inventions of men, are not intended here; But here is a precept of God, implied in this precedent and practise of David, That as long as the sense of a former sinne, or the inclination to a future oppresses thee, thou must not close thine eyes, thou must not take thy rest, till, as God married thy body and soule together in the Creation, and shall at last crowne thy body and soule together in the Resurrection, so they may also rest together here, that as thy body rests in thy bed, thy soule may rest in the peace of thy Conscience, and that thou never say to thy head, Rest upon this pillow, till thou canst say to thy soule, Rest in this repentance, in this peace.

2 . [p. 542]

Against this Vermination, (as the Originall denotes) against this gnawing of the worme, that may bore through, and sink the strongest vessell that sailes in the seas of the world, there is no other varnish, no other liniment, no other medicament, no other pitch nor rosin against this worme, but the bloud of Christ Jesus: And therefore whensoever this worme, this apprehension of Gods future indignation, reserved for the Judgement, bites upon thee, be sure to present to it the bloud of thy Saviour: Never consider the judgement of God for sin alone, but in the company of the mercies of Christ. It is but the hissing of the Serpent, and the whispering of Satan, when he surprises thee in a melancholy midnight of dejection of spirit, and layes thy sins before thee then; Looke not upon thy sins so inseparably, that thou canst not see Christ too: Come not to a confession to God, without consideration of the promises of his Gospel; Even the sense and remorse of sin is a dangerous consideration, but when the cup of salvation stands by me, to keep me from fainting. David himselfe could not get off when he would; but (as he complaines there, which is the last act of his sorrow to be considered in this, which is all his part, and all our first part) Inveteravit, He waxed old because of all his enemies.

3 [p. 544]

Now, Stipendium peccati mors est, There is the punishment for sin, The reward of sin is death. If there remaine no death, there remaines no punishment: For the reward of sin is death, And death complicated in it selfe, death wrapped in death; and what is so intricate, so intangling as death? Who ever got out of a winding sheet? It is death aggravated by it selfe, death waighed downe by death: And what is so heavy as death? Who ever threw off his grave stone? It is death multiplied by it selfe; And what is so infinite as death? Who ever told over the dayes of death? It is Morte morieris, A Double death, Eternall, and Temporary. Temporall, and Spirituall death. Now, the Temporary, the Naturall death, God never takes away from us, he never pardons that punishment, because he never takes away that sin that occasioned it, which is Originall sin; To what Sanctification soever a man comes, Originall sin lives to his last breath. And therefore, Statutum est, That Decree stands, Semel mori, that every man must dye once; but for any Bis mori, for twice dying, for eternall death upon any man, as man, if God consider him not as an impotent sinner, there is no such invariable Decree; for, that death being also the punishment for actuall sin, if he take away the cause, the sin, he takes away that effect, that death also; for this death it selfe, eternall death, we all agree that it is taken away with the sin; And then for other calamities in this life, which we call Morticulas, Little deaths, the children,

the issue, the off-spring, the propagation of death, if we would speak properly, no Affliction, no Judgement of God in this life, hath in it exactly the nature of a punishment; not onely not the nature of satisfaction, but not the nature of a punishment. We call not Coyn, base Coyne, till the Allay be more than the pure metall: Gods Judgements are not punishments, except there be more anger than love, more Justice than Mercy in them; and that is never; for Miserationes ejus super omnia opera, His mercies are above all his works: In his first work, in the Creation, his Spirit, the Holy Ghost, moved upon the face of the waters; and still upon the face of all our waters, (as waters are emblemes of tribulation in all the Scriptures) his Spirit, the Spirit of comfort, moves too; and as the waters produced the first creatures in the Creation, so tribulations offer us the first comforts; sooner than prosperity does. God excutes no judgement upon man in this life, but in mercy; either in mercy to that person, in his sense thereof, if he be sensible, or at least in mercy to his Church, in the example thereof, if he be not: There is no person to whom we can say, that Gods Corrections are Punishments, any otherwise than Medicinall, and such, as he may receive amendment by, that receives them; Neither does it become us in any case, to say God layes this upon him, because he is so ill, but because he may be better.

SERMON LVII

Preached upon the Penitentiall Psalmes (Ps. xxxii)

[p. 579]

THE hand of God shall grow heavy upon a silent sinner, in his body, in his health; and if he conceive a comfort, that for all his sicknesse, he is rich, and therefore cannot fayle of helpe and attendance, there comes another worme, and devours that, faithlessnesse in persons trusted by him, oppressions in persons that have trusted him, facility in

undertaking for others, corrupt Judges, heavy adversaries, tempests and Pirats at Sea, unseasonable or ill Markets at land, costly and expensive ambitions at Court, one worme or other shall devoure his riches, that he eased himselfe upon. If he take up another Comfort, that though health and wealth decay, though he be poore and weake, yet he hath learning, and philosophy, and morall constancy, and he can content himselfe with himselfe, he can make his study a Court, and a few Books shall supply to him the society and the conversation of many friends, there is another worme to devoure this too, the hand of divine Justice shall grow heavy upon him, in a sense of an unprofitable retirednesse, in a disconsolate melancholy, and at last, in a stupidity, tending to desperation.

SERMON LXII

Preached upon the Penitentiall Psalmes (Ps. xxxii)

[p. 623]

FOR, certainly, no man is so inclinable to submit himselfe to any burden of labour, of danger, of cost, of dishonour, of law, of sicknesse, as the licentious man is; He refuses none, to come to his ends. Neither is there any tree so loaded with boughs, any one sin that hath so many branches, so many species as this. Shedding of blood we can limit in murder, and manslaughter, and a few more; and other sins in as few names. In this sin of lust, the sexe, the quality, the distance, the manner, and a great many other circumstances, create new names to the sin, and make it a sin of another kinde. And as the sin is a Mule, to beare all these loads, so the sinner in this kind is so too, and (as we finde an example in the Nephew of a Pope) delights to take as many loads of this sin upon him, as he could; to vary, and to multiply the kindes of this sin in one act, He would not satisfie his lust by a fornication, or adultery, or incest, (these were vulgar) but

upon his own sex; and that not upon an ordinary person, but in their account, upon a Prince; And he, a spirituall Prince, A Cardinall; And all this, not by solicitation, but by force: for thus he compiled his sins, He ravished a Cardinall. This is the sin, in which men pack up as much sin as they can, and as though it were a shame to have too little, they belie their own pack, they bragge of sins in this kinde, which they never did, as S. Augustine with a holy and penitent ingenuity confesses of himselfe.

SERMON LXIII

Preached upon the Penitentiall Psalmes (Ps. xxxii)

[pp. 630-632]

NOW the pride of the wicked is to conceale their sorrowes, that God might receive no glory by the discovery of them. And therefore if we should goe about to number their sorrowes, they would have their victory still, and still say to themselves, yet for all his cunning he hath mist; they would ever have some bosomesorrowes, which we could not light upon. Yet we shall not easily misse, nor leave out any, if we remember those men, that even this false and imaginary joy, which they take in concealing their sorrow and affliction, is a new affliction, a new cause of sorrow. We shall make up the number apace, if we remember these men, that all their new sins, and all their new shifts, to put away their sorrowes, are sorrowfull things, and miserable comforters; if their conscience doe present all their sins, the number growes great; And if their own conscience have forgotten them, if God forget nothing that they have thought, or said, or done, in all their lives, are not their occasions of sorrow the more for their forgetting, the more for Gods remembring? Judgements are prepared for the scorners, sayes Solomon, God foresaw their wickednesse from before all times, and even then set himselfe on work, To prepare

judgements for them; And as they are Prepared before, so affliction followeth sinners, sayes the same Wise King; It followes them, and it knowes how to overtake them; eyther by the sword of the Magistrate, or by that which is nearer them, Diseases in their owne bodies, accelerated and complicated by their sins. And then, as affliction is Prepared, and Followes, and Overtakes, so sayes that wise King still, There shall be no end of plagues to the evill man; We know the beginning of their plagues; they are Prepared in Gods Decree, as soone as God saw their sins; we know their continuance, they shall Follow, and they shall Overtake; Their end we doe not know, we cannot know, for they have none. Thus they are Many.

And if we consider farther, the manifold Topiques, and places, from which the sorrowes of the wicked arise, That every inch of their ground is overgrown with that venomous weed, that every place, and every part of time, and every person buddes out a particular occasion of sorrow to him, that he can come into no chamber, but he remembers, In such a place as this, I sinned thus, That he cannot heare a Clock strike, but he remembers At this hour I sinned thus, That he cannot converse with few persons, but he remembers, With such a person I sinned thus, And if he dare goe no farther than to himselfe, he can look scarcely upon any limb of his body, but in that he sees some infirmity, or some deformity, that he imputes to some sin, and must say, By this sin, this is thus: When he can open the Bible in no place, but if he meet a judgement, he must say, Vindicta mihi, This vengeance belongs to me; and if he meet a mercy, he must say, Quid mihi? What have I to doe to take this mercy into my mouth? In this deluge of occasions of sorrow, I must not say with God to Abraham, Look up to heaven, and number the Starres, (for this man cannot look up to heaven) but I must say, Continue thy dejected look, and look downe to the earth, thy earth, and number the graines of dust there, and the sorrowes of the wicked are more than

they. Many are the sorrowes; And as the word as naturally denotes, Great; Great sorrowes are upon the wicked.

That Pill will choak one man, which will slide down with another easily, and work well. That sorrow, that affliction would strangle the wicked, which would purge, and recover the godly. The coare of Adams apple is still in their throat, which the blood of the Messias hath washt away in the righteous; Adams disobedience works in them still, and therefore Gods Physick, the affliction, cannot work. So they are great to them, as Cains punishment was to him, greater than he could beare, because he could not ease himselfe upon the consideration of Gods purpose, in laying that punishment upon him. But it is not onely their indisposition, and impatience, that makes their sorrowes and afflictions great; They are truly so in themselves; as the Holy Ghost expresses it, Is not destruction to the wicked, and strange punishment to the workers of iniquity? A punishment, which we cannot tell how to measure, how to waigh, how to call, A strange punishment; Greater than former examples have presented. There the greatnesse is exprest in the Word; And in Esay it is exprest in the action; When the scourge shall run over you, and passe thorow you, Eritis in conculcationem, You shall be trodden to dust; Which is, as the Prophet cals it there, Flagellum inundans, An affliction that overflowes, and surrounds all, as a deluge, a flood, that shall wash away from thee, even the water of thy Baptisme, and all the power of that, And wash away from thee the blood of thy Saviour, and all his offers of grace to worthy receivers; A flood that shall carry away the Ark it selfe out of thy sight, and leave thee no apprehension of reparation by Gods institution in his Church; A flood that shall dissolve, and wash thee thy selfe into water; Thy sorrowes shall scatter thee into drops, into teares, upon a carnall sense of thy torment, And into drops, into incoherent doubts, and perplexities, and

scruples, in understanding, and conscience, and into desperation at last. And this is the Greatnesse: Solutis doloribus inferni, In another sense then David speaks that of Christ; There it is, that the sorrowes of hell were loosed, that is, were slacked, dissolved by him: But here it is that the sorrowes of hell are loosed, that is, let loose upon thee; and when thou shalt heare Christ say from the Crosse, Behold and see, if ever there were any sorrow like my sorrow, thou shalt finde thy sorrow like his in the Greatnesse, and nothing like his in the Goodnesse: Christ bore that sorrow, that every man might rejoyce, and thou wouldest be the more sorry, if every man had not as much cause of desperate sorrow, as thou hast.

Many, and great are the sor[r]owes of the wicked, and then eternall too, which is more than intimated, in that the Originall hath neither of those particles of supplement, which are in our Translations, no such (shall come) no such (shall be) nor no (shall) at all; but onely, Many sorrowes to the wicked, Many and great now, more and greater hereafter, All for ever, if they amend not.

It is not, They have had sorrowes, but they are overblown; nor that they have them, but patience shall outweare them; nor that they shall have them, but they have a breathing time to gather strength before hand, But as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; Sorrowes upon them, and upon them for ever. Whatsoever any man conceives for ease in this case, it is a false conception; You shall conceive chaffe and bring forth stubble. And this stubble is your vaine hope of a determination of this sorrow; But the wicked shall not be able to lodge such a hope, though this hope, if they could apprehend it, would be but an aggravating of their sorrowes in the end. It is eternall, no determination of time afforded to it. For, They shall bee as the burning of lime, and as thornes cut up shall they bee burnt in the fire. Who amongst us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who amongst us shall dwell with that everlasting burning? It is a devouring fire, and yet it is an everlasting burning. The Prophet asks, Who can dwell there? In that intensenesse who can last? They that must, and that is, All the wicked. Fire is kindled in my wrath, saith God; Yet may not teares quench it? Teares might, if they could be had; But It shall burne to the bottome of hell, saith God there. And Dives that could not procure a drop of water to coole his tongue there, can much lesse procure a repentant teare in that place: There, as S. John speakes, Plagues shall come in one day; Death, and Sorrow, and Famine. But it is in a long day; Short for the suddennesse of comming, for that is come already, which for any thing we know, may come this minute, before we be at an end of this point, or at a period of this sentence: So it is sudden in comming, but long for the enduring. For it is that day, when They shall be burnt with fire, for strong is the Lord God, that will condemne them. That is argument enough of the vehemence of that fire, that the Lord God, who is called the strong God, makes it a Master-piece of his strength, to make that fire.

Art thou able to dispute out this Fire, and to prove that there can be no reall, no materiall fire in Hell, after the dissolution of all materiall things created? If thou be not able to argue away the immortality of thine owne soule, but that that soule must last, nor to argue away the eternity of God himselfe, but that that must last, thou hast but little ease, in making shift to give a figurative interpretation to that fire, and to say, It may be a torment, but it cannot be a fire, since it must be an everlasting torment; nor to give a figurative signification to the Worme, and to say, It may bee a paine, a remorse, but it can bee no worme after the generall dissolution, since that Conscience, in which that remorse, and anguish shall ever live, must live ever: If there bee a figure in the names, and words, of Fire and Wormes, there is an indisputable reality in the sorrow, in the torment, and in the manifoldnesse, and in the weightinesse, and in the everlastingnesse thereof. For in the inchoation of these sorrowes, in this life, and in the consummation of them, in the life to come, The sorrowes of the wicked are many, and great, and eternall.

SERMON LXIV

Preached upon the Penitentiall Psalmes (Ps. li)

[pp. 641-642]

IT is therefore but an imperfect comfort for any man to say, I have overcome tentations to great sins, and my sins have beene but of infirmity, not of malice. For herein, more than in any other contemplation appeares the greatnesse, both of thy danger, and of thy transgression. For, consider what a dangerous, and slippery station thou art in, if after a victory over Giants, thou mayest be overcome by Pigmees; If after thy soule hath beene Canon proofe against strong tentations, she be slaine at last by a Pistoll; And after she hath swom over a tempestuous Sea, shee drowne at last, in a shallow and standing ditch. And as it showes the greatnesse of thy danger, so it aggravates the greatnesse of thy fault; That after thou hast had the experience, that by a good husbanding of those degrees of grace, which God hath afforded thee, thou hast beene able to stand out the great batteries of strong tentations, and seest by that, that thou art much more able to withstand tentations to lesser sins, if thou wilt, yet by disarming thy selfe, by devesting thy garisons, by discontinuing thy watches, meerely by inconsideration, thou sellest thy soule for nothing, for little pleasure, little profit, thou frustratest thy Saviour of that purchase, which he bought with his precious blood, and thou enrichest the Devils treasure as much, with thy single money, thy frequent small sins, as another hath done with his talent; for, as God was well pleased with the widowes two farthings, so is the Devill well pleased, with the negligent mans lesser sins. O who can be confident in his

footing, or in his hold, when *David*, that held out so long, fell, and if we consider but himselfe, irrecoverably, where the temper was weake, and afar off?

SERMON LXV

St. Paul's. 'The first of the Prebend of Cheswick's five

Psalmes.' May 8, 1625

[p. 660]

THE Applause of the people is vanity, Popularity is vanity. At how deare a rate doth that man buy the peoples affections, that payes his owne head for their hats! How cheaply doth he sell his Princes favour, that hath nothing for it, but the peoples breath! And what age doth not see some examples of so ill merchants of their owne honours and lives too! How many men, upon confidence of that flattering gale of winde, the breath and applause of the people, have taken in their anchors, (that is, departed from their true, and safe hold, The right of the Law, and the favour of the Prince) and as soone as they hoysed their sailes, (that is, entred into any by-action) have found the wind in their teeth, that is, Those people whom they trusted in, armed against them! And as it is in Civill, and Secular, so it is in Ecclesiasticall, and Spirituall things too. How many men, by a popular hunting after the applause of the people, in their manner of preaching, and humouring them in their distempers, have made themselves incapable of preferment in the Church where they tooke their Orders, and preached themselves into a necessity of running away into forraine parts, that are receptacles of seditious and schismaticall Separatists, and have been put there, to learne some trade, and become Artificers for their sustentation? The same people that welcommed Christ, from the Mount of Olives, into Jerusalem, upon Sunday, with their Hosannaes to the Sonne of David, upon Friday mocked him in Jerusalem, with their Haile King of the Jews, and blew him out of Jerusalem to Golgotha, with the pestilent breath, with the tempestuous whirlwind of their Crucifiges. And of them, who have called the Master Beelzebub, what shall any servant looke for? Surely men of low degree are vanity.

And then, under the same oath, and asseveration, Surely, as surely as the other, men of high degree are a lie. Doth David meane these men, whom he calls a lie, to be any lesse than those whom hee called vanity? Lesse than vanity, than emptinesse, than nothing, nothing can be; And low, and high are to this purpose, and in this consideration, (compared with God, or considered without God) equally nothing. He that hath the largest patrimony, and space of earth, in the earth, must heare me say, That all that was nothing; And if he ask, But what was this whole Kingdom, what all Europe, what all the World? It was all, not so much as another nothing, but all one and the same nothing as thy dunghill was.

SERMON LXVI

St. Paul's. 'The second of my Prebend Sermons upon my five Psalmes'. Jan. 29, 1625/6

[pp. 664**–**666]

ALL our life is a continual burden, yet we must not groane; A continual squeasing, yet we must not pant; And as in the tendernesse of our childhood, we suffer, and yet are whipt if we cry, so we are complained of, if we complaine, and made delinquents if we call the times ill. And that which adds waight to waight, and multiplies the sadnesse of this consideration, is this, That still the best men have had most laid upon them. As soone as I heare God say, that he hath found an upright man, that fears God, and eschews evill, in the next lines I finde a Commission to Satan, to bring in Sabeans and Chaldeans upon his cattell, and servants, and fire and tempest upon his children, and loathsome diseases upon himselfe. As

soone as I heare God say, That he hath found a man according to his own heart, I see his sonnes ravish his daughters, and then murder one another, and then rebell against the Father, and put him into straites for his life. As soone as I heare God testifie of Christ at his Baptisme, This is my beloved Sonne in whom I am well pleased, I finde that Sonne of his led up by the Spirit, to be tempted of the Devill. And after I heare God ratifie the same testimony againe, at his Transfiguration, (This is my beloved Sonne, in whom I am well pleased) I finde that beloved Sonne of his, deserted, abandoned, and given over to Scribes, and Pharisees, and Publicans, and Herodians, and Priests, and Souldiers, and people, and Judges, and witnesses, and executioners, and he that was called the beloved Sonne of God, and made partaker of the glory of heaven, in this world, in his Transfiguration, is made now the Sewer of all the corruption, of all the sinnes of this world, as no Sonne of God, but a meere man, as no man, but a contemptible worme. As though the greatest weaknesse in this world, were man, and the greatest fault in man were to be good, man is more miserable than other creatures, and good men more miserable than any other men.

2

Let me wither and weare out mine age in a discomfortable, in an unwholesome, in a penurious prison, and so pay my debts with my bones, and recompence the wastfulnesse of my youth, with the beggery of mine age; Let me wither in a spittle under sharpe, and foule, and infamous diseases, and so recompence the wantonnesse of my youth, with that loathsomnesse in mine age; yet, if God with-draw not his spirituall blessings, his Grace, his Patience, If I can call my suffering his Doing, my passion his Action, All this that is temporall, is but a caterpiller got into one corner of my garden, but a mill-dew fallen upon one acre of my Corne; The body of all, the substance of all is safe, as long as the soule is safe. But when I shall

trust to that, which wee call a good spirit, and God shall deject, and empoverish, and evacuate that spirit, when I shall rely upon a morall constancy, and God shall shake, and enfeeble, and enervate, destroy and demolish that constancy; when I shall think to refresh my selfe in the serenity and sweet ayre of a good conscience, and God shall call up the damps and vapours of hell it selfe, and spread a cloud of diffidence, and an impenetrable crust of desperation upon my conscience; when health shall flie from me, and I shall lay hold upon riches to succour me, and comfort me in my sicknesse, and riches shall flie from me, and I shall snatch after favour, and good opinion, to comfort me in my poverty; when even this good opinion shall leave me, and calumnies and misinformations shall prevaile against me; when I shall need peace, because there is none but thou, O Lord, that should stand for me, and then shall finde, that all the wounds that I have, come from thy hand, all the arrowes that stick in me, from thy quiver; when I shall see, that because I have given my selfe to my corrupt nature, thou hast changed thine; and because I am all evill towards thee, therefore thou hast given over being good towards me; When it comes to this height, that the fever is not in the humors, but in the spirits, that mine enemy is not an imaginary enemy, fortune, nor a transitory enemy, malice in great persons, but a reall, and an irresistible, and an inexorable, and an everlasting enemy, The Lord of Hosts himselfe, Almighty God himselfe, the Almighty God himselfe onely knowes the waight of this affliction, and except hee put in that pondus gloriæ, that exceeding waight of an eternall glory, with his owne hand, into the other scale, we are waighed downe, we are swallowed up, irreparably, irrevocably, irrecoverably, irremediably.

SERMON LXVII

St. Paul's. 'In Vesperis.' 'The third of my Prebend Sermons upon my five Psalmes.' Nov. 5th, 1626

[p. 677]

UPON this earth, a man cannot possibly make one step in a straight, and a direct line. The earth it selfe being round, every step wee make upon it, must necessarily bee a segment, an arch of a circle. But yet though no piece of a circle be a straight line, yet if we take any piece, nay if wee take the whole circle, there is no corner, no angle in any piece, in any intire circle. A perfect rectitude we cannot have in any wayes in this world; In every Calling there are some inevitable tentations. But, though wee cannot make up our circle of a straight line, (that is impossible to humane frailty) yet wee may passe on, without angles, and corners, that is, without disguises in our Religion, and without the love of craft, and falsehood, and circumvention in our civill actions. A Compasse is a necessary thing in a Ship, and the helpe of that Compasse brings the Ship home safe, and yet that Compasse hath some variations, it doth not looke directly North; Neither is that starre which we call the North-pole, or by which we know the North-pole, the very Pole it selfe; but we call it so, and we make our uses of it, and our conclusions by it, as if it were so, because it is the neerest starre to that Pole. He that comes as neere uprightnesse, as infirmities admit, is an upright man, though he have some obliquities. To God himselfe we may alwayes go in a direct line, a straight, a perpendicular line; For God is verticall to me, over my head now, and verticall now to them, that are in the East, and West-Indies; To our Antipodes, to them that are under our feet, God is verticall, over their heads, then when he is over ours.

SERMON LXVIII

St. Paul's. 'The fourth of my Prebend Sermons upon my five Psalmes.' Jan. 28th, 1626/7 [p. 694]

тноисн death be but a sleepe, yet it is a sleepe that an Earth-quake cannot wake; And yet there is a Trumpet that will, when that hand of God, that gathered dust to make these bodies, shall crumble these bodies into dust againe, when that soule that evaporated it selfe in unnecessary disputations in this world, shall make such fearfull and distempered conclusions, as to see God onely by absence, (never to see him face to face) And to know God onely by ignorance, (never to know him sicuti est, as he is) (for he is All mercy) And to possesse immortality, and impossibility of dying onely in a continuall dying; when, as a Cabinet whose key were lost, must be broken up, and torne in pieces, before the Jewell that was laid up in it, can be taken out; so thy body, (the Cabinet of thy soule) must be shaked and shivered by violent sicknesse, before that soule can goe out, And when it is thus gone out, must answer for all the imperfections of that body, which body polluted it, And yet, though this soule be such a loser by that body, it is not perfectly well, nor fully satisfied, till it be reunited to that body againe; when thou remembrest, (and, oh, never forget it) that Christ himselfe was heavy in his soule unto Death, That Christ himselfe came to a Si possible, If it be possible, let this Cup passe; That he came to a Quare dereliquisti, a bitter sense of Gods dereliction, and forsaking of him, when thou considerest all this, compose thy selfe for death, but thinke it not a light matter to dye. Death made the Lyon of Judah to roare; and doe not thou thinke, that that which we call going away like a Lambe, doth more testifie a conformity with Christ, than a strong sense, and bitter agony, and colluctation with death, doth. Christ gave us the Rule, in the Example; He taught us what we

should doe, by his doing it; And he pre-admitted a fear-full apprehension of death. A Lambe is a Hieroglyphique of Patience, but not of stupidity. And death was Christs Consummatum est, All ended in death; yet he had sense of death; How much more doth a sad sense of our transmigration belong to us, to whom death is no Consummatum est, but an In principio; our account, and our everlasting state begins but then.

SERMON LXIX

St. Paul's. 'The fifth of my Prebend Sermons upon my five Psalmes.' [1627]

I [p. 702]

WHEN I look upon God, as I am bid to doe in this Text, in those terrible Judgements, which he hath executed upon some men, and see that there is nothing between mee and the same Judgement, (for I have sinned the same sinnes, and God is the same God) I am not able of my selfe to dye that glasse, that spectacle, thorow which I looke upon this God, in what colour I will; whether this glasse shall be black, through my despaire, and so I shall see God in the cloud of my sinnes, or red in the blood of Christ Jesus, and I shall see God in a Bath of the blood of his Sonne, whether I shall see God as a Dove with an Olive branch, (peace to my soule) or as an Eagle, a vulture to prey, and to prey everlastingly upon mee, whether in the deepe floods of Tribulation, spirituall or temporall, I shall see God as an Arke to take mee in, or as a Whale to swallow mee; and if his Whale doe swallow mee, (the Tribulation devour me) whether his purpose bee to restore mee, or to consume me, I, I of my selfe cannot tell. I cannot look upon God, in what line I will, nor take hold of God, by what handle I will; Hee is a terrible God, I take him so; And then I cannot discontinue, I cannot breake off this terriblenesse, and say, Hee hath beene



terrible to that man, and there is an end of his terror; it reaches not to me. Why not to me? In me there is no merit, nor shadow of merit; In God there is no change, nor shadow of change. I am the same sinner, he is the same God; still the same desperate sinner, still the same terrible God.

2 [pp. 702-703]

The true feare of God is true wisedome. It is true Joy; Rejoice in trembling, saith David; There is no rejoycing without this feare; there is no Riches without it; Reverentia Jehovæ, The feare of the Lord is his treasure, and that is the best treasure. Thus farre we are to goe; Let us serve God with reverence, and godly feare, (godly feare is but a Reverence, it is not a Jealousie, a suspition of God.) And let us doe it upon the reason that followes in the same place, For our God is a consuming fire, There is all his terriblenesse; he is a consuming fire to his enemies, but he is our God; and God is love: And therefore to conceive a cruell God, a God that hated us, even to damnation, before we were, (as some, who have departed from the sense and modesty of the Ancients, have adventured to say) or to conceive a God so cruell, as that at our death, or in our way, he will afford us no assurance, that hee is ours, and we his, but let us live and die in anxiety and torture of conscience, in jealousie and suspition of his good purpose towards us in the salvation of our soules, (as those of the Romane Heresie teach) to conceive such a God as from all eternity meant to damne me, or such a God as would never make me know, and be sure that I should bee saved, this is not to professe God to be terrible in his works; For, his Actions are his works, and his Scriptures are his works, and God hath never done, or said any thing to induce so terrible an opinion of him.

했다. 소설 중요한 항상 사람들은 사람들이 되는 사람들이 되었다. 그는 사람들이 사람들이 보고 사람들이 되었다. 그렇게 되었다. 그런 사람들이 함께 함께 보고 있다. 그는 사람들이 되었다. 그런 사람들이 되었다.

SERMON LXX

Whitehall. April 8th, 1621

I

[pp. 711-712]

WE need not quarrell the words of the Poet, Tu quamcunque; Deus tibi fortunaverit horam, Grata sume manu, Thanke God for any good fortune, since the Apostle sayes too, that Godlinesse hath the promise of this life; The godly man shall be fortunate, God will blesse him with good fortune here; but still it is fortune, and chance, in the sight and reason of man, and therefore he hath but found, whatsoever he hath in that kinde. It is intimated in the very word which we use for all worldly things; It is Inventarium, an Inventory; we found them here, and here our successors finde them, when we are gone from hence. Jezabel had an estimation of beauty, and she thought to have drawne the King with that beauty, but she found it, she found it in her box, and in her wardrope, she was not truly fayre. Achitophel had an estimation of wisedome in Counsell, I know not how he found it; he counselled by an example, which no man would follow, he hanged himselfe. Thou wilt not be drawne to confesse, that a man that hath an office is presently wiser than thou, or a man that is Knighted, presently valianter than thou. Men have preferment for those parts, which other men, equall to them in the same things, have not, and therefore they doe but finde them; And to things that are but found, what is our title? Nisi reddantur, rapina est, sayes the Law, If we restore not that which we finde, it is robbery. S. Augustine hath brought it nearer, Qui alienum negat, si posset, tolleret, He that confesseth not that which he hath found of another mans, if he durst, he would have taken it by force. For that which we have found in this world, our calling is the owner, our debts are the owner, our children are the owner; our lusts, our superfluities are no owners: of all the rest, God is the owner, and to this purpose, the poore is God.

2

[p. 714]

We know the receipt, the capacity of the ventricle, the stomach of man, how much it can hold; and wee know the receipt of all the receptacles of blood, how much blood the body can have; so wee do of all the other conduits and cisterns of the body; But this infinite Hive of honey, this insatiable whirlpoole of the covetous mind, no Anatomy, no dissection hath discovered to us. When I looke into the larders, and cellars, and vaults, into the vessels of our body for drink, for blood, for urine, they are pottles, and gallons; when I looke into the furnaces of our spirits, the ventricles of the heart and of the braine, they are not thimbles; for spirituall things, the things of the next world, we have no roome; for temporall things, the things of this world, we have no bounds. How then shall this over-eater bee filled with his honey?

SERMONS LXXI AND LXXII

The Hague. 'Since in my sicknesse at Abrey-hatche in Essex, 1630, revising my short notes of that Sermon, I digested them into these two.' Dec. 19th, 1619

I [p. 725. Sermon lxxi]

Leave thy superfluous desire of having the riches of this world; though thou mayest flatter thy selfe, that thou desirest to have onely that thou mightest leave it, that thou mightest employ it charitably, yet it might prove a net, and stick too close about thee to part with it. Multa relinquitis, si desideriis renunciatis, You leave your nets, if you leave your over-earnest greedinesse of catching; for, when you doe so, you doe not onely fish with a net, (that is, lay hold upon all you can compasse) but, (which is

strange) you fish for a net, even that which you get proves a net to you, and hinders you in the following of Christ, and you are lesse disposed to follow him, when you have got your ends, than before. He that hath least, hath enough to waigh him down from heaven, by an inordinate love of that little which he hath, or in an inordinate and murmuring desire of more. And he that hath most, hath not too much to give for heaven; Tantum valet regnum Dei, quantum tu vales, Heaven is alwayes so much worth, as thou art worth. A poore man may have heaven for a penny, that hath no greater store; and, God lookes, that he to whom he hath given thousands, should lay out thousands upon the purchase of heaven. The market changes, as the plenty of money changes; Heaven costs a rich man more than a poore, because he hath more to give. But in this, rich and poore are both equall, that both must leave themselves without nets, that is, without those things, which, in their own Consciences they know, retard the following of Christ. Whatsoever hinders my present following, that I cannot follow to day, whatsoever may hinder my constant following, that I cannot follow to morrow, and all my life, is a net, and I . am bound to leave that.

And these are the pieces that constitute our first part, the circumstances that invest these persons, *Peter*, and *Andrew*, in their former condition, before, and when Christ called them.

2

[pp. 729-730. Sermon lxxii]

So early, so primary a sin is pride, as that, out of every mercy, and blessing, which God affords us, (and, His mercies are new every morning) we gather Pride; wee are not the more thankfull for them, and yet we are the prouder of them. Nay, we gather Pride, not onely out of those things, which mend and improve us, (Gods blessings and mercies) but out of those actions of our own, that

destroy and ruine us, we gather pride; sins overthrow us, demolish us, destroy and ruine us, and yet we are proud of our sinnes. How many men have we heard boast of their sinnes; and, (as S. Augustine confesses of himselfe) belie themselves, and boast of more sinnes than ever they committed? Out of every thing, out of nothing sin grows. Therefore was this commandment in our text, Sequere, Follow, come after, well placed first, for we are come to see even children strive for place and precedency, and mothers are ready to goe to the Heralds to know how Cradles shall be ranked, which Cradle shall have the highest place; Nay, even in the wombe, there was contention for precedency; Jacob tooke hold of his brother Esaus heele, and would have been borne before him.

And as our pride begins in our Cradle, it continues in our graves and Monuments. It was a good while in the primitive Church, before any were buried in the Church; The best contented themselves with the Churchyards. After, a holy ambition, (may we call it so) a holy Pride brought them ad Limina, to the Church-threshold, to the Church-doore, because some great Martyrs were buried in the Porches, and devout men desired to lie near them, as one Prophet did to lie neare another, (Lay my bones besides his bones.) But now, persons whom the Devill kept from Church all their lives, Separatists, Libertines, that never came to any Church, And persons, whom the Devill brought to Church all their lives, (for, such as come meerly out of the obligation of the Law, and to redeem' that vexation, or out of custome, or company, or curiosity or a perverse and sinister affection to the particular Preacher, though they come to Gods house, come upon the Devils invitation) Such as one Devill, that is, worldly respect, brought to Church in their lives, another Devill, that is, Pride and vain-glory, brings to Church after their deaths, in an affectation of high places, and sumptuous Monuments in the Church. And such as have given nothing at all to any pious uses, or have determined their

almes and their dole which they have given, in that one day of their funerall, and no farther, have given large annuities, perpetuities, for new painting their tombes, and for new flags, and scutcheons, every certaine number of yeares.

O the earlinesse! O the latenesse! how early a Spring, and no Autumne! how fast a growth, and no declination, of this branch of this sin Pride, against which, this first word of ours, Sequere, Follow, come after, is opposed! this love of place, and precedency, it rocks us in our Cradles, it lies down with us in our graves. There are diseases proper to certaine things, Rots to sheepe, Murrain to cattell. There are diseases proper to certaine places, as the Sweat was to us. There are diseases proper to certaine times, as the plague is in divers parts of the Eastern Countryes, where they know assuredly, when it will begin and end. But for this infectious disease of precedency, and love of place, it is run over all places, as well Cloysters as Courts, And over all men, as well spirituall as temporall, And over all times, as well the Apostles as ours.

3 [p. 733. Sermon lxxii]

Forraine crosses, other mens merits are not mine; spontaneous and voluntary crosses, contracted by mine owne sins, are not mine; neither are devious, and remote, and unnecessary crosses, my crosses. Since I am bound to take up my crosse, there must be a crosse that is mine to take up; that is, a crosse prepared for me by God, and laid in my way, which is tentations or tribulations in my calling; and I must not go out of my way to seeke a crosse; for, so it is not mine, nor laid for my taking up. I am not bound to hunt after a persecution, nor to stand it, and not flye, nor to affront a plague, and not remove, nor to open my selfe to an injury, and not defend. I am not bound to starve my selfe by inordinate fasting, nor to teare my flesh by inhumane whippings, and flagellations. I am

bound to take up my Crosse; and that is onely mine which the hand of God hath laid for me, that is, in the way of my Calling, tentations and tribulations incident to that.

SERMON LXXIII

Preached to the King in my Ordinary Wayting at Whitehall.' April 30th, 1626

[pp. 747-748]

GOD hath a progresse house, a removing house here upon earth, His house of prayer; At this houre, God enters into as many of these houses, as are opened for his service at this houre: But his standing house, his house of glory, is that in Heaven, and that he promises them. God himselfe dwelt in Tents in this world, and he gives them a House in Heaven. A House, in the designe and survay whereof, the Holy Ghost himselfe is figurative, the Fathers wanton, and the School-men wilde. The Holy Ghost, in describing this House, fills our contemplation with foundations, and walls, and gates, of gold, of precious stones, and all materialls, that we can call precious. The Holy Ghost is figurative; And the Fathers are wanton in their spirituall elegancies, such as that of S. Augustins, (if that booke be his) Hiems horrens, Æstas torrens, And, Virent prata, vernant sata, and such other harmonious, and melodious, and mellifluous cadences of these waters of life. But the School-men are wild; for as one Author, who is afraid of admitting too great a hollownesse in the Earth, lest then the Earth might not be said to be solid, pronounces that Hell cannot possibly be above three thousand miles in compasse, (and then one of the torments of Hell will be the throng, for their bodies must be there, in their dimensions, as well as their soules) so when the School-men come to measure this house in heaven, (as they will measure it, and the Master, God, and all his Attributes, and tell us how

Allmighty, and how Infinite he is) they pronounce, that every soule in that house shall have more roome to it selfe, than all this world is. We know not that; nor see we that the consolation lyes in that; we rest in this, that it is a House, It hath a foundation, no Earth-quake shall shake it, It hath walls, no Artillery shall batter it, It hath a roofe, no tempest shall pierce it. It is a house that affords security, and that is one beame; And it is *Domus patris*, His Fathers house, a house in which he hath interest, and that is another beame of his Consolation.

It was his Fathers, and so his; And his, and so ours; for we are not joynt purchasers of Heaven with the Saints, but we are co-heires with Christ Jesus. We have not a place there, because they have done more than enough for themselves, but because he hath done enough for them and us too. By death we are gathered to our Fathers in nature; and by death, through his mercy, gathered to his Father also. Where we shall have a full satisfaction, in that wherein S. Philip placed all satisfaction, Ostende nobis patrem, Lord, shew us thy Father, and it is enough. We shall see his Father, and see him made ours in him.

And then a third beame of this Consolation is, That in this house of his Fathers, thus by him made ours, there are Mansions; In which word, the Consolation is not placed, (I doe not say, that there is not truth in it) but the Consolation is not placed in this, That some of these Mansions are below, some above staires, some better seated, better lighted, better vaulted, better fretted, better furnished than others; but onely in this, That they are Mansions; which word, in the Originall, and Latin, and our Language, signifies a Remaining, and denotes the perpetuity, the everlastingnesse of that state. A state but of one Day, because no Night shall over-take, or determine it, but such a Day, as is not of a thousand yeares, which is the longest measure in the Scriptures, but of a thousand millions of millions of generations: Qui nec præceditur hesterno, nec excluditur crastino, A day that

hath no pridie, nor postridie, yesterday doth not usher it in, nor to morrow shall not drive it out. Methusalem, with all his hundreds of yeares, was but a Mushrome of a nights growth, to this day, And all the foure Monarchies, with all their thousands of yeares, And all the powerfull Kings, and all the beautifull Queenes of this world, were but as a bed of flowers, some gathered at six, some at seven, some at eight, All in one Morning, in respect of this Day. In all the two thousand yeares of Nature, before the Law given by Moses, And the two thousand yeares of Law, before the Gospel given by Christ, And the two thousand of Grace, which are running now, (of which last houre we have heard three quarters strike, more than fifteen hundred of this last two thousand spent) In all this six thousand, and in all those which God may be pleased to adde, In domo patris, In this House of his Fathers, there was never heard quarter clock to strike, never seen minute glasse to turne. No time lesse than it selfe would serve to expresse this time, which is intended in this word Mansions; which is also exalted with another beame, that they are Multa, In my Fathers House there are many Mansions.

In this Circumstance, an Essentiall, a Substantiall Circumstance, we would consider the joy of our society, and conversation in heaven, since society and conversation is one great element and ingredient into the joy, which we have in this world. We shall have an association with Christ himselfe; for where he is, it is his promise, that we also shall be. We shall have an association with the Angels, and such a one, as we shall be such as they. We shall have an association with the Saints, and not onely so, to be such as they, but to be they: And with all who come from the East, and from the West, and from the North, and from the South, and sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdome of heaven. Where we shall be so far from being enemies to one another, as that we shall not be strangers to one another: And so far from envying

one another, as that all that every one hath, shall be every others possession: where all soules shall be so intirely knit together, as if all were but one soule, and God so intirely knit to every soule, as if there were as many Gods as soules.

SERMON LXXIV

Whitehall. April 30th, 1620

[p. 753]

FOR the first temporall blessing of peace, we may consider the lovelinesse, the amiablenesse of that, if we looke upon the horror and gastlinesse of warre: either in Effigie, in that picture of warre, which is drawn in every leafe of our own Chronicles, in the blood of so many Princes, and noble families, or if we look upon warre it selfe, at that distance where it cannot hurt us, as God had formerly kindled it amongst our neighbours, and as he hath transferred it now to remoter Nations, whilest we enjoy yet a Goshen in the midst of all those Egypts. In all Cities, disorderly and facinorous men, covet to draw themselves into the skirts and suburbs of those Cities, that so they may be the nearer the spoyle, which they make upon passengers. In all Kingdomes that border upon other Kingdomes, and in Islands which have no other border but the Sea, particular men, who by dwelling in those skirts and borders, may make their profit of spoile, delight in hostility, and have an adversenesse and detestation of peace: but it is not so within: they who till the earth, and breed up cattell, and imploy their industry upon Gods creatures, according to Gods ordinance, feele the benefit and apprehend the sweetnesse, and pray for the continuance of peace.

SERMON LXXV

Whitehall. April 15th 1628

[p. 765]

BUT if the whole space to the Firmament were filled with sand, and we had before us Clavius his number.

how many thousands would be; If all that space were filled with water, and so joyned the waters above with the waters below the Firmament, and we had the number of all those drops of water; And then had every single sand, and every single drop multiplied by the whole number of both, we were still short of numbring the benefits of God, as God; But then, of God in Christ, infinitely, super-infinitely short. To have been once nothing, and to be now co-heire with the Son of God, is such a Circle, such a Compasse, as that no revolutions in this world, to rise from the lowest to the highest, or to fall from the highest to the lowest, can be called or thought any Segment, any Arch, any Point in respect of this Circle; To have once been nothing, and now to be co-heires with the Son of God: That Son of God, who if there had been but one soule to have been saved, would have dyed for that; nay, if all soules had been to be saved, but one, and that that onely had sinned, he would not have contented himselfe with all the rest, but would have dyed for that. And there is the goodnesse, the liberality of our King, our God, our Christ, our Jesus.

SERMON LXXVI

To the Earle of Carlile, and his Company, at Sion.'

[After 1622] [pp. 776–777]

THAT God should let my soule fall out of his hand, into a bottomlesse pit, and roll an unremoveable stone upon it, and leave it to that which it finds there, (and it shall finde that there, which it never imagined, till it came thither) and never thinke more of that soule, never have more to doe with it. That of that providence of God, that studies the life of every weed, and worme, and ant, and spider, and toad, and viper, there should never, never any beame flow out upon me; that that God, who looked upon me, when I was nothing, and called me when I was

not, as though I had been, out of the womb and depth of darknesse, will not looke upon me now, when, though a miserable, and a banished, and a damned creature, yet I am his creature still, and contribute something to his glory, even in my damnation; that that God, who hath often looked upon me in my foulest uncleannesse, and when I had shut out the eye of the day, the Sunne, and the eye of the night, the Taper, and the eyes of all the world, with curtaines and windowes and doores, did yet see me, and see me in mercy, by making me see that he saw me, and sometimes brought me to a present remorse, and (for that time) to a forbearing of that sinne, should so turne himselfe from me, to his glorious Saints and Angels, as that no Saint nor Angel, nor Christ Jesus himselfe, should ever pray him to looke towards me, never remember him, that such a soule there is; that that God, who hath so often said to my soule, Quare morieris? Why wilt thou die? and so often sworne to my soule, Vivit Dominus, As the Lord liveth, I would not have thee dye, but live, will nether let me dye, nor let me live, but dye an everlasting life, and live an everlasting death; that that God, who, when he could not get into me, by standing, and knocking, by his ordinary meanes of entring, by his Word, his mercies, hath applied his judgements, and hath shaked the house, this body, with agues and palsies, and set this house on fire, with fevers and calentures, and frighted the Master of the house, my soule, with horrors, and heavy apprehensions, and so made an entrance into me; That that God should frustrate all his owne purposes and practises upon me, and leave me, and cast me away, as though I had cost him nothing, that this God at last, should let this soule goe away, as a smoake, as a vapour, as a bubble, and that then this soule cannot be a smoake, a vapour, nor a bubble, but must lie in darknesse, as long as the Lord of light is light it selfe, and never sparke of that light reach to my soule; What Tophet is not Paradise, what Brimstone is not Amber, what gnashing is not a

comfort, what gnawing of the worme is not a tickling, what torment is not a marriage bed to this damnation, to be secluded eternally, eternally, eternally from the sight of God? Especially to us, for as the perpetuall losse of that is most heavy, with which we have been best acquainted, and to which wee have been most accustomed; so shall this damnation, which consists in the losse of the sight and presence of God, be heavier to us than others, because God hath so graciously, and so evidently, and so diversly appeared to us, in his pillar of fire, in the light of prosperity, and in the pillar of the Cloud, in hiding himselfe for a while from us; we that have seene him in all the parts of this Commission, in his Word, in his Sacraments, and in good example, and not beleeved, shall be further removed from his sight, in the next world, than they to whom he never appeared in this. But Vincenti et credenti, to him that beleeves aright, and overcomes all tentations to a wrong beliefe, God shall give the accomplishment of fulnesse, and fulnesse of joy, and joy rooted in glory, and glory established in eternity, and this eternity is God; To him that beleeves and overcomes, God shall give himselfe in an everlasting presence and fruition, Amen.

SERMON LXXIX

St. Pauls. [c. 1620-22]

I

[pp. 809-810]

NOW if we looke for this early mercy from God, we must rise betimes too, and meet God early. God hath promised to give Matutinam stellam, the Morning-star; but they must be up betimes in the morning, that will take the Morning-star. He himselfe who is it, hath told us who is this Morning star; I Jesus am the bright and Morning starre. God will give us Jesus; Him, and all his, all his teares, all his blood, all his merits; But to whom, and

upon what conditions? That is expressed there, Vincenti dabo, To him that overcommeth I will give the Morning-star. Our life is a warfare, our whole life; It is not onely with lusts in our youth, and ambitions in our middle yeares, and indevotions in our age, but with agonies in our body, and tentations in our spirit upon our death-bed, that we are to fight; and he cannot be said to overcome, that fights not out the whole battell. If he enter not the field in the morning, that is, apply not himselfe to Gods service in his youth, If hee continue not to the Evening, If hee faint in the way, and grow remisse in Gods service, for collaterall respects, God will overcome his cause, and his glory shall stand fast, but that man can scarce be said to have overcome.

It is the counsell of the Wise man, Prevent the Sunne to give thanks to God, and at the day-spring pray unto him. You see still, how these two duties are marshalled, and disposed; First Praise, and then Prayer, but both early: And it is placed in the Lamentations, as though it were a lamentable negligence to have omitted it, It is good for a man, that he beare his yoake in his youth. Rise as early as you can, you cannot be up before God; no, nor before God raise you: Howsoever you prevent this Sunne, the Sunne of the Firmament, yet the Sonne of Heaven hath prevented you, for without his preventing Grace you could not stirre. Have any of you slept out their Morning, resisted his private motions to private Prayer at home, neglected his callings so? Though a man doe sleepe out his forenoone, the Sunne goes on his course, and comes to his Meridionall splendor, though that man have not looked towards it. That Sonne which hath risen to you at home, in those private motions, hath gone on his course, and hath shined out here, in this house of God, upon Wednesday, and upon Friday, and upon every day of holy Convocation; All this, at home, and here, yee have slept out and neglected. Now, upon the Sabbath, and in these holy Exercises, this Sonne shines out as at

noone, the Grace of God is in the Exaltation, exhibited in the powerfullest and effectuallest way of his Ordinance, and if you will but awake now, rise now, meet God now, now at noone, God will call even this early. Have any of you slept out the whole day, and are come in that drowsinesse to your evening, to the closing of your eyes, to the end of your dayes? Yet rise now, and God shall call even this an early rising; If you can make shift to deceive your owne soules and say, We never heard God call us; If you neglected your former callings so, as that you have forgot that you have been called; yet, is there one amongst you, that denies that God calls him now? If he neglect this calling now, to morrow he may forget that he was called to day, or remember it with such a terror, and shall blow a dampe, and a consternation upon his soule, and a lethargy worse than his former sleepe; but if he will wake now, and rise now, though this be late in his evening, in his age, yet God shall call this early. Bee but able to say with Esay this night, My soule hath desired thee in the night, and thou maist be bold to say with David to morrow morning, Satura nos mane, Satisfie us early with thy mercy, and he shall doe it.

But yet no prayer of ours, howsoever made in the best disposition, in the best testimony of a rectified conscience, must limit God his time, or appoint him, in what morning, or what houre in the morning, God shall come to our deliverance. The Sonne of man was not the lesse the Sonne of God, nor the lesse a beloved Sonne, though God hid from him the knowledge of the day of the generall Judgement. Thou art not the lesse the servant of God, nor the lesse rewarded by him, though he keepe from thee the knowledge of thy deliverance from any particular calamity. All Gods deliverances are in the morning, because there is a perpetuall night, and an invincible darknesse upon us, till he deliver us. God is the God of that Climate, where the night is six Moneths long, as well as of this, where it is but halfe so many houres. The

highest Hill hinders not the roundnesse of the earth, the earth is round for all that hill; The lowest vaults, and mines hinder not the solidnesse of the earth, the earth is solid for all that; Much lesse hath a yeare, or ten yeares, or all our threescore and ten, any proportion at all to eternity; And therefore God comes early in a sort to me though I lose abundance of my reward by so long lingring, if he come not till hee open me the gate of heaven, by the key of death. There are Indies at my right hand, in the East; but there are Indies at my left hand too, in the West. There are testimonies of Gods love to us, in our East, in our beginnings; but if God continue tribulation upon us to our West, to our ends, and give us the light of his presence then, if he appeare to us at our transmigration, certainly he was favourable to us all our peregrination, and though he shew himselfe late, hee was our friend early. The Prayer is, that he would come early, but it is, if it be rightly formed, upon both these conditions; first, that I rise early to meet him, and then that I magnifie his houre as early, whensoever he shall be pleased to come.

[pp. 814-816]

God shall never take from me, my Shamach, my internal gladnesse and consolation, in his undeceivable and undeceiving Spirit, that he is mine, and I am his; And this joy, this gladnesse, in my way, and in my end, shall establish me; for that is that which is intended in the next, and last word, Omnibus diebus, we shall Rejoyce and be Glad all our dayes.

Nothing but this testimony, That the Spirit beares witnesse with my spirit, that upon my prayer, so conditioned, of praise, and prayer, I shall still prevaile with God, could imprint in me, this joy, all my dayes. The scales of his favour, in outward blessings, fayle me in the dayes of shipwracke, in the dayes of fire, in the dayes of displacing my potent friends, or raysing mine adversaries; In such

dayes I cannot rejoyce, and be glad. The seales of his favour, in inward blessings, and holy cheerfulnesse, fayle me in a present remorse after a sinne newly committed. But yet in the strength of a Christian hope, as I can pronounce out of the grounds of Nature, in an Eclipse of the Sunne, that the Sunne shall returne to his splendor againe, I can pronounce out of the grounds of Gods Word, (and Gods Word is much better assurance, than the grounds of Nature, for God can and does shake the grounds of Nature by Miracles, but no Jod of his Word shall ever perish) that I shall returne againe on my hearty penitence, if I delay it not, and rejoyce and be glad all my dayes, that is, what kinde of day soever overtake me. In the dayes of our youth, when the joyes of this world take up all the roome, there shall be roome for this holy Joy, that my recreations were harmlesse, and my conversation innocent; and certainly to be able to say, that in my recreations, in my conversation, I neither ministred occasion of tentation to another, nor exposed my selfe to tentations from another, is a faire beame of this rejoycing in the dayes of my youth. In the dayes of our Age, when we become incapable, insensible of the joyes of this world, yet this holy joy shall season us, not with a sinfull delight in the memory of our former sinnes, but with a rejuveniscence, a new and a fresh youth, in being come so neere to another, to an immortall life. In the dayes of our mirth, and of laughter, this holy joy shall enter; And as the Sunne may say to the starres at Noone, How frivoulous and impertinent a thing is your light now? So this joy shall say unto laughter, Thou art mad, and unto mirth, what dost thou? And in the mid-night of sadnesse, and dejection of spirit, this joy shall shine out, and chide away that sadnesse, with Davids holy charme, My soule, why art thou cast downe, why art thou disquieted within me? In those dayes, which Job speaks of, Prævenerunt me dies afflictionis meæ, Miseries are come upon me before their time; My intemperances have hastned age, my riotousnesse

hath hastned poverty, my neglecting of due officiousnesse and respect towards great persons hath hastned contempt upon me, Afflictions which I suspected not, thought not of, have prevented my feares; and then in those dayes, which Job speaks of againe, Possident me dies afflictionis, Studied and premeditated plots and practises swallowe mee, possesse me intirely, In all these dayes, I shall not onely have a Zoar to flie to, if I can get out of Sodom, joy, if I can overcome my sorrow; There shall not be a Goshen bordering upon my Egypt, joy, if I can passe beyond, or besides my sorrow, but I shall have a Goshen in my Egypt, nay my very Egypt shall be my Goshen, I shall not onely have joy, though I have sorrow, but therefore; my very sorrow shall be the occasion of joy; I shall not onely have a Sabbath after my six dayes labor, but Omnibus diebus, a Sabbath shall enlighten every day, and inanimate every minute of every day: And as my soule is as well in my foot, as in my hand, though all the waight and oppression lie upon the foot, and all action upon the hand, so these beames of joy shall appeare as well in my pillar of cloud, as in theirs of fire; in my adversity, as well as in their prosperity; And when their Sun shall set at Noone, mine shall rise at midnight; they shall have damps in their glory, and I joyfull exaltions in my dejections.

And to end with the end of all, In die mortis, In the day of my death, and that which is beyond the end of all, and without end in it selfe, The day of Judgement, If I have the testimony of a rectified conscience, that I have accustomed my selfe to that accesse to God, by prayer, and such prayer, as though it have had a body of supplication, and desire of future things, yet the soule and spirit of that prayer, that is, my principall intention in that prayer, hath been praise and thanksgiving, If I be involved in S. Chrysostoms Patent, Orantes, non natura, sed dispensatione Angeli fiunt, That those who pray so, that is, pray by way of praise, (which is the most proper office of Angels) as they shall be better than Angels in the next world, (for

they shall be glorifying spirits, as the Angels are, but they shall also be glorified bodies, which the Angels shall never bee) so in this world they shall be as Angels, because they are employed in the office of Angels, to pray by way of praise, If, as S. Basil reads those words of that Psalme, not spiritus meus, but respiratio mea laudet Dominum, Not onely my spirit, but my very breath, not my heart onely, but my tongue, and my hands bee accustomed to glorifie God, In die mortis, in the day of my death, when a mist of sorrow, and of sighes shall fill my chamber, and a cloude exhaled and condensed from teares, shall bee the curtaines of my bed, when those that love me, shall be sorry to see mee die, and the devill himselfe that hates me, sorry to see me die so, in the favour of God; And In die Judicii, In the day of Judgement, when as all Time shall cease, so all measures shall cease; The joy, and the sorrow that shall be then, shall be eternall, no end, and infinite, no measure, no limitation, when every circumstance of sinne shall aggravate the condemnation of the unrepentant sinner, and the very substance of my sinne shall bee washed away, in the blood of my Saviour, when I shall see them, who sinned for my sake, perish eternally, because they proceeded in that sinne, and I my selfe, who occasioned their sin received into glory, because God upon my prayer, and repentance had satisfied me early with his mercy, early, that is, before my transmigration, In omnibus diebus, In all these dayes, the dayes of youth, and the wantonnesses of that, the dayes of age, and the tastlesnesse of that, the dayes of mirth, and the sportfulnesse of that, and of inordinate melancholy, and the disconsolatenesse of that, the days of such miseries, as astonish us with their suddennesse, and of such as aggravate their owne waight with a heavy expectation; In the day of Death, which pieces up that circle, and in that day which enters another circle that hath no pieces, but is one equall everlastingnesse, the day of Judgement, Either I shall rejoyce, be able to declare my faith, and

zeale to the assistance of others, or at least be glad in mine owne heart, in a firme hope of mine owne salvation.

SERMON LXXX

Preached at the funeral of Sir William Cokayne, Knight,
Alderman of London.' Dec. 12th, 1626

1

JOH. II. 21

Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died.

[pp. 816-817]

GOD made the first Marriage, and man made the first Divorce; God married the Body and Soule in the Creation, and man divorced the Body and Soule by death through sinne, in his fall. God doth not admit, not justifie, not authorize such Super-inductions upon such Divorces, as some have imagined; That the soule departing from one body, should become the soule of another body, in a perpetuall revolution and transmigration of soules through bodies, which hath been the giddinesse of some Philosophers to think; Or that the body of the dead should become the body of an evill spirit, that that spirit might at his will, and to his purposes informe, and inanimate that dead body; God allowes no such Superinductions, no such second Marriages upon such divorces by death, no such disposition of soule or body, after their dissolution by death. But because God hath made the band of Marriage indissoluble but by death, farther than man can die, this divorce cannot fall upon man; As farre as man is immortall, man is a married man still, still in possession of a soule, and a body too; And man is for ever immortall in both; Immortall in his soule by Preservation, and immortall in his body by Reparation in the Resurrection. For, though they be separated à Thoro et Mensa, from Bed and Board, they are not divorced;

Though the soule be at the Table of the Lambe, in Glory, and the body but at the table of the Serpent, in dust; Though the soule be in lecto florido, in that bed which is alwayes green, in an everlasting spring, in Abrahams Bosome; And the body but in that green-bed, whose covering is but a yard and a halfe of Turfe, and a Rugge of grasse, and the sheet but a winding sheet, yet they are not divorced; they shall returne to one another againe, in an inseparable re-union in the Resurrection.

[p. 818]

How imperfect is all our knowledge! What one thing doe we know perfectly? Whether wee consider Arts, or Sciences, the servant knows but according to the proportion of his Masters knowledge in that Art, and the Scholar knows but according to the proportion of his Masters knowledge in that Science; Young men mend not their sight by using old mens Spectacles; and yet we looke upon Nature, but with Aristotles Spectacles, and upon the body of man, but with Galens, and upon the frame of the world, but with Ptolomies Spectacles. Almost all knowledge is rather like a child that is embalmed to make Mummy, than that is nursed to make a Man; rather conserved in the stature of the first age, than growne to be greater; And if there be any addition to knowledge, it is rather a new knowledge, than a greater knowledge; rather a singularity in a desire of proposing something that was not knowne at all before, than an emproving, an advancing, a multiplying of former inceptions; and by that meanes, no knowledge comes to be perfect. One Philosopher thinks he is dived to the bottome, when he sayes, he knows nothing but this, That he knows nothing; and yet another thinks, that he hath expressed more knowledge than he, in saying, That he knows not so much as that, That he knows nothing. S. Paul found that to be all knowledge, To know Christ; And Mahomet thinks himselfe wise therefore, because he

knows not, acknowledges not Christ, as S. Paul does. Though a man knew not, that every sin casts another shovell of Brimstone upon him in Hell, yet if he knew that every riotous feast cuts off a year, and every wanton night seaven years of his seventy in this world, it were some degree towards perfection in knowledge. He that purchases a Mannor, will thinke to have an exact Survey of the Land: But who thinks of taking so exact a survey of his Conscience, how that money was got, that purchased that Mannor? We call that a mans meanes, which he hath; But that is truly his meanes, what way he came by it. And yet how few are there, (when a state comes to any great proportion) that know that; that know what they have, what they are worth? We have seen great Wills, dilated into glorious uses, and into pious uses, and then too narrow an estate to reach to it; And we have seen Wills, where the Testator thinks he hath bequeathed all, and he hath not knowne halfe of his own worth. When thou knowest a wife, a sonne, a servant, a friend no better, but that that wife betrayes thy bed, and that sonne thine estate, and that servant thy credit, and that friend thy secret, what canst thou say thou knowest? But we must not insist upon this Consideration of knowledge; for, though knowledge be of a spirituall nature, yet it is but as a terrestriall Spirit, conversant upon Earth; Spirituall things, of a more rarified nature than knowledge, even faith it selfe, and all that grows from that in us, falls within this Rule, which we have in hand, That even in spirituall things, nothing is perfect.

3 [p. 820]

When we consider with a religious seriousnesse the manifold weaknesses of the strongest devotions in time of Prayer, it is a sad consideration. I throw my selfe downe in my Chamber, and I call in, and invite God, and his Angels thither, and when they are there, I neglect God and his Angels, for the noise of a Flie, for the ratling of a

Coach, for the whining of a doore; I talke on, in the same posture of praying; Eyes lifted up; knees bowed downe; as though I prayed to God; and, if God, or his Angels should aske me, when I thought last of God in that prayer, I cannot tell: Sometimes I finde that I had forgot what I was about, but when I began to forget it, I cannot tell. A memory of yesterdays pleasures, a feare of to morrows dangers, a straw under my knee, a noise in mine eare, a light in mine eye, an any thing, a nothing, a fancy, a Chimera in my braine, troubles me in my prayer. So certainely is there nothing, nothing in spirituall things, perfect in this world.

[pp. 823-826]

I need not call in new Philosophy, that denies a settlednesse, an acquiescence in the very body of the Earth, but makes the Earth to move in that place, where we thought the Sunne had moved; I need not that helpe, that the Earth it selfe is in Motion, to prove this, That nothing upon Earth is permanent; The Assertion will stand of it selfe, till some man assigne me some instance, something that a man may relie upon, and find permanent. Consider the greatest Bodies upon Earth, The Monarchies; Objects, which one would thinke, Destiny might stand and stare at, but not shake; Consider the smallest bodies upon Earth, The haires of our head, Objects, which one would thinke, Destiny would not observe, or could not discerne; And yet, Destiny, (to speak to a naturall man) And God, (to speake to a Christian) is no more troubled to make a Monarchy ruinous, than to make a haire gray. Nay, nothing needs be done to either, by God, or Destiny; A Monarchy will ruine, as a haire will grow gray, of it In the Elements themselves, of which all subelementary things are composed, there is no acquiescence, but a vicissitudinary transmutation into one another; Ayre condensed becomes water, a more solid body, And Ayre rarified becomes fire, a body more disputable, and

in-apparant. It is so in the Conditions of men too; A Merchant condensed, kneaded and packed up in a great estate, becomes a Lord; And a Merchant rarified, blown up by a perfidious Factor, or by a riotous Sonne, evaporates into ayre, into nothing, and is not seen. And if there were any thing permanent and durable in this world, yet we got nothing by it, because howsoever that might last in it selfe, yet we could not last to enjoy it; If our goods were not amongst Moveables, yet we our selves are; if they could stay with us, yet we cannot stay with them; which is another Consideration in this part.

The world is a great Volume, and man the Index of that Booke; Even in the body of man, you may turne to the whole world; This body is an Illustration of all Nature; Gods recapitulation of all that he had said before in his Fiat lux, and Fiat firmamentum, and in all the rest, said or done, in all the six dayes. Propose this body to thy consideration in the highest exaltation thereof; as it is the Temple of the Holy Ghost: Nay, not in a Metaphor, or comparison of a Temple, or any other similitudinary thing, but as it was really and truly the very body of God, in the person of Christ, and yet this body must wither, must decay, must languish, must perish. When Goliah had armed and fortified this body, And Jezabel had painted and perfumed this body, And Dives had pampered and larded this body, As God said to Ezekiel, when he brought him to the dry bones, Fili hominis, Sonne of Man doest thou thinke these bones can live? They said in their hearts to all the world, Can these bodies die? And they are dead. Jezabels dust is not Ambar, nor Golialis dust Terra sigillata, Medicinall; nor does the Serpent, whose meat they are both, finde any better relish in Dives dust, than in Lazarus. But as in our former part, where our foundation was, That in nothing, no spirituall thing, there was any perfectnesse, which we illustrated in the weaknesses of Knowledge, and Faith, and Hope, and Charity, yet we concluded, that for all those defects, God accepted those their religious services; So in this part, where our foundation is, That nothing in temporall things is permanent, as we have illustrated that, by the decay of that which is Gods noblest piece in Nature, The body of man; so we shall also conclude that, with this goodnesse of God, that for all this dissolution, and putrefaction, he affords this Body a Resurrection.

The Gentils, and their Poets, describe the sad state of Death so, Nox una obeunda, That it is one everlasting Night; To them, a Night; But to a Christian, it is Dies Mortis, and Dies Resurrectionis, The day of Death, and The day of Resurrection; We die in the light, in the sight of Gods presence, and we rise in the light, in the sight of his very Essence. Nay, Gods corrections, and judgements upon us in this life, are still expressed so, Dies visitationis, still it is a Day, though a Day of visitation; and still we may discerne God to be in the action. The Lord of Life was the first that named Death; Morte morieris, sayes God, Thou shalt die the Death. I doe the lesse feare, or abhorre Death, because I finde it in his mouth; Even a malediction hath a sweetnesse in his mouth; for there is a blessing wrapped up in it; a mercy in every correction, a Resurrection upon every Death. When Jezabels beauty, exalted to that height which it had by art, or higher than that, to that height which it had in her own opinion, shall be infinitely multiplied upon every Body; And as God shall know no man from his own Sonne, so as not to see the very righteousnesse of his own Sonne upon that man; So the Angels shall know no man from Christ, so as not to desire to looke upon that mans face, because the most deformed wretch that is there, shall have the very beauty of Christ himselfe; So shall Goliahs armour, and Dives fulnesse, be doubled, and redoubled upon us, And every thing that we can call good, shall first be infinitely exalted in the goodnesse, and then infinitely multiplied in the proportion, and againe infinitely extended in the duration. And since we are in an action of preparing this dead

Brother of ours to that state, (for the Funerall is the Easter-eve, The Buriall is the depositing of that man for the Resurrection) As we have held you, with Doctrine of Mortification, by extending the Text, from Martha to this occasion; so shall we dismisse you with Consolation, by a like occasionall inverting the Text, from passion in Martha's mouth, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my Brother had not dyed, to joy in ours, Lord, because thou wast here, our Brother is not dead.

The Lord was with him in all these steps; with him in his life; with him in his death; He is with him in his funerals, and he shall be with him in his Resurrection; and therefore, because the Lord was with him, our Brother is not dead. He was with him in the beginning of his life, in this manifestation, That though he were of Parents of a good, of a great Estate, yet his possibility and his expectation from them, did not slacken his own industry; which is a Canker that eats into, nay that hath eat up many a family in this City, that relying wholly upon what the Father hath done, the Sonne does nothing for himselfe. And truly, it falls out too often, that he that labours not for more, does not keepe his own. God imprinted in him an industrious disposition, though such hopes from such parents might have excused some slacknesse, and God prospered his industry so, as that when his Fathers estate came to a distribution by death, he needed it not. God was with him, as with David in a Dilatation, and then in a Repletion; God enlarged him, and then he filled him; He gave him a large and a comprehensive understanding, and with it, A publique heart; And such as perchance in his way of education, and in our narrow and contracted times, in which every man determines himselfe in himselfe, and scarce looks farther, it would be hard to finde many Examples of such largenesse. You have, I thinke, a phrase of Driving a Trade; And you have, I know, a practise of Driving away Trade, by other use of money; And you have lost a man, that drove a great Trade, the right way in making the best use of our home-commodity. To fetch in Wine, and Spice, and Silke, is but a drawing of Trade; The right driving of trade, is, to vent our owne outward; And yet, for the drawing in of that, which might justly seeme most behoofefull, that is, of Arts, and Manufactures, to be imployed upon our owne Commodity within the Kingdome, he did his part, diligently, at least, if not vehemently, if not passionately. This City is a great Theater, and he Acted great and various parts in it; And all well; And when he went higher, (as he was often heard in Parliaments, at Councell tables, and in more private accesses to the late King of ever blessed memory) as, for that comprehension of those businesses, which he pretended to understand, no man doubts, for no man lacks arguments and evidences of his ability therein, So for his manner of expressing his intentions, and digesting and uttering his purposes, I have sometimes heard the greatest Master of Language and Judgement, which these times, or any other did, or doe, or shall give, (that good and great King of ours) say of him, That he never heard any man of his breeding, handle businesses more rationally, more pertinently, more elegantly, more perswasively; And when his purpose was, to do a grace to a Preacher, of very good abilities, and good note in his owne Chappell, I have heard him say, that his language, and accent, and manner of delivering himselfe, was like this man. This man hath God accompanied all his life; and by performance thereof seemes to have made that Covenant with him, which he made to Abraham, Multiplicabote vehementer, I will multiply thee exceedingly. He multiplied his estate so, as was fit to endow many and great Children; and he multiplied his Children so, both in their number, and in their quality, as they were fit to receive a great Estate. God was with him all the way, In a Pillar of Fire, in the brightnesse of prosperity, and in the Pillar of Clouds too, in many darke, and sad, and heavy crosses: So great a

Ship, required a great Ballast, So many blessings, many crosses; And he had them, and sailed on his course the steadier for them; The Cloud as well as the Fire, was a Pillar to him; His crosses, as well as his blessings established his assurance in God; And so, in all the course of his life, The Lord was here, and therefore our Brother is not dead; not dead in the evidences and testimonies of life; for he, whom the world hath just cause to celebrate, for things done, when he was alive, is alive still in their celebration.

The Lord was here, that is, with him at his death too. He was served with the Processe here in the City, but his cause was heard in the Country; Here he sickned, There he languished, and dyed there. In his sicknesse there, those that assisted him, are witnesses, of his many expressings, of a religious and a constant heart towards God, and of his pious joyning with them, even in the holy declaration of kneeling, then, when they, in favour of his weaknesse, would disswade him from kneeling. I must not defraud him of this testimony for my selfe, that into this place where we are now met, I have observed him to enter with much reverence, and compose himselfe in this place with much declaration of devotion. And truly it is that reverence, which those persons who are of the same ranke that he was in the City, that reverence that they use in this place, when they come hither, is that that makes us, who have now the administration of this Quire, glad, that our Predecessors, but a very few yeares before our time, (and not before all our times neither) admitted these Honourable and worshipfull Persons of this City, to sit in this Quire, so, as they do upon Sundayes: The Church receives an honour in it; But the honour is more in their reverence, than in their presence; though in that too: And they receive an honour, and an ease in it; and therefore they do piously towards God, and prudently for themselves, and gratefully towards us, in giving us, by their reverent comportment here, so just occasion of con-

tinuing that honour, and that ease to them here, which to lesse reverend, and unrespective persons, we should be lesse willing to doe. To returne to him in his sicknesse; He had but one dayes labour, and all the rest were Sabbaths, one day in his sicknesse he converted to businesse; Thus; He called his family, and friends together; Thankfully he acknowledged Gods manifold blessings, and his own sins as penitently: And then, to those who were to have the disposing of his estate, joyntly with his Children, he recommended his servants, and the poore, and the Hospitals, and the Prisons, which, according to his purpose, have beene all taken into consideration; And after this (which was his Valediction to the world) he seemed alwaies loath to returne to any worldly businesse, His last Commandement to Wife and Children was Christs last commandement to his Spouse the Church, in the Apostles, To love one another. He blest them, and the Estate devolved upon them, unto them: And by Gods grace shall prove as true a Prophet to them in that blessing, as he was to himselfe, when in entring his last bed, two dayes before his Death, he said, Help me off with my earthly habit, and let me go to my last bed. Where, in the second night after, he said, Little know ye what paine I feele this night, yet I know, I shall have joy in the morning; And in that morning he dyed. The forme in which he implored his Saviour, was evermore, towards his end, this, Christ Jesus, which dyed on the Crosse, forgive me my sins; He have mercy upon me: And his last and dying words were the repetition of the name of Jesus; And when he had not strength to utter that name distinctly and perfectly, they might heare it from within him, as from a man a far off; even then, when his hollow and remote naming of Jesus, was rather a certifying of them, that he was with his Jesus, than a prayer that he might come to him. And so The Lord was here, here with him in his Death; and because the Lord was here, our Brother is not dead; not dead in the eyes and eares of God; for

as the blood of Abel speaks yet, so doth the zeale of Gods Saints; and their last prayers (though we heare them not) God continues still; and they pray in Heaven, as the Martyrs under the Altar, even till the Resurrection.

He is with him now too; Here in his Funerals. Buriall, and Christian Buriall, and Solemne Buriall are all evidences, and testimonies of Gods presence. God forbid we should conclude, or argue an absence of God, from the want of Solemne Buriall, or Christian Buriall, or any Buriall; But neither must we deny it, to be an evidence of his favour and presence, where he is pleased to afford these. So God makes that the seale of all his blessings to Abraham, That he should be buried in a good age; God established Jacob with that promise, That his Son Joseph should have care of his Funerals: And Joseph does cause his servants, The Physitians, to embalme him, when he was dead. Of Christ it was Prophecied, That he should have a glorious Buriall; And therefore Christ interprets well that profuse, and prodigall piety of the Woman that poured out the Oyntment upon him, That she did it to Bury him; And so shall Joseph of Arimathea be ever celebrated, for his care in celebrating Christs Funerals. If we were to send a Son, or a friend, to take possession of any place in Court, or forraine parts, we would send him out in the best equipage: Let us not grudge to set downe our friends, in the Anti-chamber of Heaven, the Grave, in as good manner, as without vaine-gloriousnesse, and wastfulnesse we may; And, in inclining them, to whom that care belongs, to expresse that care as they doe this day, The Lord is with him, even in this Funerall; And because The Lord is here, our brother is not dead; Not dead in the memories and estimation of men.

And lastly, that we may have God present in all his Manifestations, Hee that was, and is, and is to come, was with him, in his life and death, and is with him in this holy Solemnity, and shall bee with him againe in the Resurrection. God sayes to Jacob, I will goe downe with

thee into Egypt, and I will also surely bring thee up againe. God goes downe with a good man into the Grave, and will surely bring him up againe. When? The Angel promised to returne to Abraham and Sarah, for the assurance of the birth of Isaac, according to the time of life; that is, in such time, as by nature a woman may have a childe. God will returne to us in the Grave, according to the time of life; that is, in such time, as he, by his gracious Decree, hath fixed for the Resurrection. And in the meane time, no more than the God-head departed from the dead body of our Saviour, in the grave, doth his power, and his presence depart from our dead bodies in that darknesse; But that which Moses said to the whole Congregation, I say to you all, both to you that heare me, and to him that does not, All ye that did cleave unto the Lord your God, are alive, every one of you, this day; Even hee, whom wee call dead, is alive this day. In the presence of God, we lay him downe; In the power of God, he shall rise; In the person of Christ, he is risen already. And so into the same hands that have received his soule, we commend his body; beseeching his blessed Spirit, that as our charity enclines us to hope confidently of his good estate, our faith may assure us of the same happinesse, in our owne behalfe; And that for all our sakes, but especially for his own glory, he will be pleased to hasten the consummation of all, in that kingdome which that Son of God hath purchased for us, with the inestimable price of his incorruptible blood. Amen.

PASSAGES FROM FIFTY SERMONS. 1649

SERMON I

At the Earl of Bridgewaters house in London at the marriage of his daughter. Nov. 19th, 1627

[p. 3]

THERE are so many evidences of the immortality of the soule, even to a naturall mans reason, that it required not an Article of the Creed, to fix this notion of the Immortality of the soule. But the Resurrection of the Body is discernible by no other light, but that of Faith, nor could be fixed by any lesse assurance than an Article of the Creed. Where be all the splinters of that Bone, which a shot hath shivered and scattered in the Ayre? Where be all the Atoms of that flesh, which a Corrasive hath eat away, or a Consumption hath breath'd, and exhal'd away from our arms, and other Limbs? In what wrinkle, in what furrow, in what bowel of the earth, ly all the graines of the ashes of a body burnt a thousand years since? In what corner, in what ventricle of the sea, lies all the jelly of a Body drowned in the generall flood? What cohaerence, what sympathy, what dependence maintaines any relation, any correspondence, between that arm that was lost in Europe, and that legge that was lost in Afrique or Asia, scores of yeers between? One humour of our dead body produces worms, and those worms suck and exhaust all other humour, and then all dies, and all dries, and molders into dust, and that dust is blowen into the River, and that puddled water tumbled into the sea, and that ebs and flows in infinite revolutions, and still, still God knows in what Cabinet every seed-Pearle lies, in what part of the world every graine of every mans dust lies; and, sibilat populum suum, (as his Prophet speaks in another case) he whispers, he hisses, he beckens for the bodies of his Saints, and in the twinckling of an eye, that body that was scattered over all the elements, is sate down at the right hand of God, in a glorious resurrection. A Dropsie hath extended me to an enormous corpulency, and unwieldinesse; a Consumption hath attenuated me to a feeble macilency and leannesse, and God raises me a body, such as it should have been, if these infirmities had not interven'd and deformed it.

SERMON XIV

Lincolns Inne [after 1616] [pp. 113-114]

Corruption in the skin, says Job; In the outward beauty, These be the Records of velim, these be the parchmins, the endictments, and the evidences that shall condemn many of us, at the last day, our own skins; we have the book of God, the Law, written in our own hearts; we have the image of God imprinted in our own souls; wee have the character, and seal of God stamped in us, in our baptism; and, all this is bound up in this velim, in this parchmin, in this skin of ours, and we neglect book, and image, and character, and seal, and all for the covering. It is not a clear case, if we consider the originall words properly, That Jesabel did paint; and yet all translators, and expositors have taken a just occasion, out of the ambiguity of those words, to cry down that abomination of painting. It is not a clear case, if we consider the propriety of the words, That Absolon was hanged by the hair of the head; and yet the Fathers and others have made use of that indifferency, and verisimilitude, to explode that abomination, of cherishing and curling haire, to the enveagling, and ensnaring, and entangling of others; Judicium patietur æternum, says Saint Hierome, Thou art guilty of a murder, though no body die; Quia vinum attulisti, si fuisset qui bibisset; Thou hast poyson'd a cup, if any would drink, thou hast prepar'd a tentation, if any would swallow it. Tertullian thought he had done enough, when he had writ his book De Habitu muliebri, against the excesse of women in clothes, but he was fain

to adde another with more vehemence, De cultu fæminarum, that went beyond their clothes to their skin. And he concludes, Illud ambitionis crimen, there's vain-glory in their excesse of clothes, but, Hoc prostitutionis, there's prostitution in drawing the eye to the skin. Pliny says, that when their thin silke stuffes were first invented at Rome, Excogitatum ad fæminas denudandas; It was but an invention that women might go naked in clothes, for their skins might bee seen through those clothes, those thinne stuffes: Our women are not so carefull, but they expose their nakednesse professedly, and paint it, to cast bird-lime for the passengers eye. Beloved, good dyet makes the best Complexion, and a good Conscience is a continuall feast; A cheerfull heart makes the best blood, and peace with God is the true cheerfulnesse of heart. Thy Saviour neglected his skin so much, as that at last, he scarse had any; all was torn with the whips, and scourges; and thy skin shall come to that absolute corruption, as that, though a hundred years after thou art buryed, one may find thy bones, and say, this was a tall man, this was a strong man, yet we shall soon be past saying, upon any relique of thy skinne, This was a fair man; Corruption seises the skinne, all outward beauty quickly, and so it does the body, the whole frame and constitution, which is another consideration; After my skinne, my Body.

If the whole body were an eye, or an ear, where were the body, says Saint Paul; but, when of the whole body there is neither eye nor ear, nor any member left, where is the body? And what should an eye do there, where there is nothing to be seen but loathsomnesse; or a nose there, where there is nothing to be smelt, but putrefaction; or an ear, where in the grave they doe not praise God? Doth not that body that boasted but yesterday of that priviledge above all creatures, that it onely could goe upright, lie to day as flat upon the earth as the body of a horse, or of a dogge? And doth it not to morrow lose his other privi-

ledge, of looking up to heaven? Is it not farther remov'd from the eye of heaven, the Sunne, than any dogge, or horse, by being cover'd with the earth, which they are not? Painters have presented to us with some horrour, the sceleton, the frame of the bones of a mans body; but the state of a body, in the dissolution of the grave, no pencil can present to us. Between that excrementall jelly that thy body is made of at first, and that jelly which thy body dissolves to at last; there is not so noysome, so putrid a thing in nature. This skinne, (this outward beauty) this body, (this whole constitution) must be destroy'd, says Job, in the next place.

The word is well chosen, by which all this is expressed, in this text, Nakaph, which is a word of as heavy a signification, to expresse an utter abolition, and annihilation, as perchance can be found in all the Scriptures. Tremellius hath mollifyed it in his translation; there is but one Confodere, to pierce. And yet it is such a piercing, such a sapping, such an undermining, such a demolishing of a fort or Castle, as may justly remove us from any high valuation, or any great confidence, in that skinne, and in that body, upon which this Confoderint must fall. But, in the great Bible it is Contriverint, Thy skinne, and thy body shall be ground away, trod away upon the ground. Aske where that iron is that is ground off of a knife, or axe; Aske that marble that is worn off of the threshold in the Church-porch by continuall treading, and with that iron, and with that marble, thou mayst finde thy Fathers skinne, and body; Contrita sunt, The knife, the marble, the skinne, the body are ground away, trod away, they are destroy'd, who knows the revolutions of dust? Dust upon the Kings high-way, and dust upon the Kings grave, are both, or neither, Dust Royall, and may change places; who knows the revolutions of dust? Even in the dead body of Christ Jesus himself, one dram of the decree of his Father, one sheet, one sentence of the prediction of the Prophets preserv'd his body from corruption, and

incineration, more than all Josephs new tombs, and fine linnen, and great proportion of spices could have done. O, who can expresse this inexpressible mystery? The soul of Christ Jesus, which took no harm by him, contracted no Originall sin, in coming to him, was guilty of no more sin, when it went out, than when it came from the breath and bosome of God; yet this soul left this body in death. And the Divinity, the Godhead, incomparably better than that soul, which soul was incomparably better than all the Saints, and Angels in heaven, that Divinity, that God-head did not forsake the body, though it were dead. If we might compare things infinite in themselves; it was nothing so much, that God did assume mans nature, as that God did still cleave to that man, then when he was no man, in the separation of body and soul, in the grave. But fall we from incomprehensible mysteries; for, there is mortification enough, (and mortification is vivification, and aedification) in this obvious consideration; skinne and body, beauty and substance must be destroy'd; And, Destroyed by wormes, which is another descent in this humiliation, and exinanition of man, in death; After my skinne, wormes shall destroy this body.

I will not insist long upon this, because it is not in the Originall; In the Originall there is no mention of wormes. But because in other places of Job there is, (They shall lye down alike in the dust, and the worms shall cover them) (The womb shal forget them, and the worm shal feed sweetly on them; and because the word Destroying is presented in that form and number, Contriverint, when they shall destroy, they and no other persons, no other creatures named) both our later translations, (for indeed, our first translation hath no mention of wormes) and so very many others, even Tremellius that adheres most to the letter of the Hebrew, have filled up this place, with that addition, Destroyed by worms. It makes the destruction the more contemptible; Thou that wouldest not admit the beames of the Sunne upon thy skinne, and yet hast admitted the

spirit of lust, and unchast solicitations to breath upon thee, in execrable oathes, and blasphemies, to vicious purposes; Thou, whose body hath (as farre as it can) putrefyed and corrupted even the body of thy Saviour, in an unworthy receiving thereof, in this skinne, in this body, must be the food of worms, the prey of destroying worms. After a low birth thou mayst passe an honourable life, after a sentence of an ignominious death, thou mayst have an honourable end; But, in the grave canst thou make these worms silke worms? They were bold and early worms that eat up Herod before he dyed; They are bold and everlasting worms, which after thy skinne and body is destroyed, shall remain as long as God remains, in an eternall gnawing of thy conscience; long, long after the destroying of skinne and body, by bodily worms.

SERMON XIX

Lincolns Inne [after 1616]

[pp. 155-156]

AFTER wee have parled with a tentation, debating whether we should embrace it or no, and entertain'd some discourse with it, though some tendernesse, some remorse, make us turn our back upon it, and depart a little from it, yet the arrow overtakes us; some reclinations, some retrospects we have, a little of Lots wife is in us, a little sociablenesse, and conversation, a little point of honour, not to be false to former promises, a little false gratitude, and thankfulnesse, in respect of former obligations, a little of the compassion and charity of Hell, that another should not be miserable, for want of us, a little of this, which is but the good nature of the Devill, arrests us, stops us, fixes us, till the arrow, the tentation shoot us in the back, even when wee had a purpose of departing from that sin, and kils us over again. [p. 158]

Every tentation, every tribulation is not deadly. But their multiplicity disorders us, discomposes us, unsettles us, and so hazards us. Not onely every periodicall variation of our years, youth and age, but every day hath a divers arrow, every houre of the day, a divers tentation. An old man wonders then, how an arrow from an eye could wound him, when he was young, and how love could make him doe those things which hee did then; And an arrow from the tongue of inferiour people, that which we make shift to call honour, wounds him deeper now; and ambition makes him doe as strange things now, as love did then; A fair day shoots arrows of visits, and comedies, and conversation, and so wee goe abroad: and a foul day shoots arrows of gaming, or chambering, and wantonnesse, and so we stay at home.

SERMON XX

Lincolns Inne [after 1616]

I

[p. 166]

FIRE and Aire, Water and Earth, are not the Elements of man; Inward decay, and outward violence, bodily pain, and sorrow of heart may be rather styled his Elements; And though he be destroyed by these, yet he consists of nothing but these. As the good qualities of all creatures are not for their own use, (for the Sun sees not his own glory, nor the Rose smells not her own breath: but all their good is for man) so the ill conditions of the creature, are not directed upon themselves, (the Toad poisons not it selfe, nor does the Viper bite it self) but all their ill powrs down upon man. As though man could be a Microcosm, a world in himself, no other way, except all the misery of the world fell upon him.

Behold God hath walled us with mud walls, and wet mud walls, that waste away faster, than God meant at first, they should. And by sinnes, this flesh, that is but the loame and plaster of thy Tabernacle, thy body, that,

all, that, that in the intire substance is corrupted. Those Gummes, and spices, which should embalme thy flesh, when thou art dead, are spent upon that diseased body whilest thou art alive: Thou seemest, in the eye of the world, to walk in silks, and thou doest but walke in searcloth; Thou hast a desire to please some eyes, when thou hast much to doe, not to displease every Nose; and thou wilt solicite an adulterous entrance into their beds, who, if they should but see thee goe into thine own bed, would need no other mortification, nor answer to thy solicitation. Thou pursuest the works of the flesh, and hast none, for thy flesh is but dust held together by plaisters; Dissolution and putrefaction is gone over thee alive; Thou hast over liv'd thine own death, and art become thine own ghost, and thine own hell; No soundnesse in all thy flesh; and yet beyond all these, beyond the generall miserable condition of man, and the highest of humane miseries, sicknesse, and sicknesse over all the parts, and so over them all, as that it hath putrefied them all, there is another degree, which followes in our Text, and David calls Trouble, There is no soundnesse in my flesh, nor rest in my bones.

SERMON XXI

Lincolns Inne [after 1616] [p. 181]

FOR, this plurality, this multiplicity of sin, hath found first a spunginesse in the soul, an aptnesse to receive any liquor, to embrace any sin, that is offered to it; and after a while, a hunger and thirst in the soul, to hunt, and pant and draw after a tentation, and not to be able to endure any vacuum, any discontinuance, or intermission of sinne: and hee will come to think it a melancholique thing, still to stand in fear of Hell; a sordid, a yeomanly thing, still to be plowing, and weeding, and worming a conscience; a mechanicall thing, still to be removing logs, or filing iron, still to be busied in removing occasions of tentation, or filing and clearing particular

actions: and, at last he will come to that case, which S. Augustine out of an abundant ingenuity, and tendernesse, and compunction, confesses of himself, Ne vituperarer, vitiosior fiebam, I was fain to sin, lest I should lose my credit, and be under-valued; Et ubi non suberat, quo admisso, aequarer perditis, when I had no means to doe some sins, whereby I might be equall to my fellow, Fingebam me fecisse quod non feceram, ne viderer abjectior, quo innocentior, I would bely myself, and say I had done that, which I never did, lest I should be under-valued for not having done it. Audiebam eos exaltantes flagitia, sayes that tender blessed Father, I saw it was thought wit, to make Sonnets of their own sinnes, Et libebat facere, non libidine facti, sed libidine laudis, I sinn'd, not for the pleasure I had in the sin, but for the pride that I had to write feelingly of it. O what a Leviathan is sin, how vast, how immense a body! And then, what a spawner, how numerous! Between these two, the denying of sins, which we have done, and the bragging of sins, which we have not done, what a space, what a compasse is there, for millions of millions of sins!

SERMON XXIII

Lincolns Inne [after 1616]

I

[p. 194]

THE covetous man lies still, and attends his quarter days, and studies the endorsements of his bonds, and he wonders that the ambitious man can endure the shufflings and thrustings of Courts, and can measure his happinesse by the smile of a greater man: And, he that does so, wonders as much, that this covetous man can date his happinesse by an Almanack, and such revolutions, and though he have quick returns of receipt, yet scarce affords himself bread to live till that day come, and though all his joy be in his bonds, yet denies himself a candles end to look upon them. Hilly ways are wearisome ways, and

and tire the licentious man; Carnall pleasures are dirty ways, and tire the licentious man; Desires of gain, are thorny ways, and tire the covetous man; Aemulations of higher men, are dark and blinde ways, and tire the envious man; Every way, that is out of the way, wearies us; But, lassati sumus; sed lassis non datur requies; we labour, and have no rest, when we have done; we are wearied with our sins, and have no satisfaction in them; we goe to bed to night, weary of our sinfull labours, and we will rise freshly to morrow, to the same sinfull labours again; And when a sinner does so little remember yesterday, how little does he consider to morrow? He that forgets what he hath done, foresees not what he shall suffer: so sin is a burden; it crookens us, it wearies us.

[p. 196]

They were sins, his sins, many sinnes, the sinnes of the world; and then, as in his Type, David, Supergressæ, his sins, these sins were got above him, And not as Davids, or ours, by an insensible growth, and swelling of a Tide in course of time, but this inundation of all the sins of all places, and times, and persons, was upon him in an instant, in a minute; in such a point as admits, and requires a subtile, and a serious consideration; for it is eternity; which though it doe infinitely exceed all time, yet is in this consideration, lesse than any part of time, that it is indivisible, eternity is so; and though it last for ever, is all at once, eternity is so. And from this point, this timelesse time, time that is all time, time that is no time, from all eternity, all the sins of the world were gone over him.

SERMON XXVI

To the King at White-Hall.

The first Sunday in Lent [1626/7?]

I

[p. 219]

WHAT can be certain in this world, if even the mercy of God admit a variation? what can be endlesse here,

if even the mercy of God receive a determination? and sin doth vary the nature, sin doth determine even the infinitenesse of the mercy of God himself, for though The childe shall die a hundred yeares old, yet the sinner being a hundred years old shall be accursed. Disconsolate soul, dejected spirit, bruised and broken, ground and trodden, attenuated, evaporated, annihilated heart come back; heare thy reprieve, and sue for thy pardon; God will not take thee away in thy sins, thou shalt have time to repent, The childe shall die a hundred years old. But then lame and decrepit soul, gray and inveterate sinner, behold the full ears of corn blasted with a mildew, behold this long day shutting up in such a night, as shall never see light more, the night of death; in which, the deadliest pang of thy Death will be thine Immortality: In this especially shalt thou die, that thou canst not die, when thou art dead; but must live dead for ever: for The sinner being a hundred yeers old, shall be accursed, he shall be so for ever.

2 [p. 219]

God antidates no malediction: Till there be a sinner, no malediction; nay not till there be an inveterate sinner; A sinner of a hundred yeares, at least, such a sinner, as would be so, if God would spare him a hundred yeares here. And upon such a sinner, God thunders out this Prosternation, this Consternation, in this one word of our Text, which involves and inwraps all kinds of miseries, feeblenesse in body, infatuation in mind, evacuation of power, dishonour in fame, eclipses in favour, ruine in fortune, dejection in spirit, He shall be accursed. Where, because in this second part we are in the Region and Sphear of maledictions, we cannot consider this future, He shall be, as a future of favour, a prorogation, a deferring of the malediction: He shall be, is not, he shall be hereafter, but not yet: but it is a future of continuation; He shall be accursed, that is, he shall be so for ever.

3

[p. 222]

Long life is a blessing, as it is an image of eternity: as Kings are blessings, because they are Images of God. And as to speak properly, a King that possest the whole earth, hath no proportion at all to God, (he is not a dramme, not a grain, not an atome to God) so neither if a thousand Methusalems were put in one life, had that long life any proportion to eternity; for Finite and Infinite have no proportion to one another. But yet when we say so, That the King is nothing to God, we speak then between God and the King; and we say that, onely to assist the Kings Religious humiliation of himself in the presence of God. But when we speak between the King and our selves his Subjects, there we raise our selves to a just reverence of him, by taking knowledge that he is the Image of God to us. So though long life be nothing to eternity, yet because we need such Glasses and such Images, as God shews us himself in the King, so he shewes us his eternitie in a long life.

4

[p. 227]

How men do bear it, we know not; what passes between God and those men, upon whom the curse of God lieth, in their dark horrours at midnight, they would not have us know, because it is part of their curse, to envy God that glory. But we may consider in some part the insupportablenesse of that weight, if we proceed but so farre, as to accommodate to God, that which is ordinarily said of naturall things. Corruptio optimi pessima; when the best things change their nature, they become worst. When God, who is all sweetnesse, shall have learned frowardnesse from us, as David speaks; and being all rectitude, shall have learned perversenesse and crookednesse from us, as Moses speaks; and being all providence, shall have learned negligence from us: when God who is all Blessing, hath learned to curse of us, and being of

himself spread as an universall Hony-combe over All, takes in an impression, a tincture, an infusion of gall from us, what extraction of Wormwood can be so bitter, what exaltation of fire can, be so raging, what multiplying of talents can be so heavy, what stifnesse of destiny can be so inevitable, what confection of gnawing worms, of gnashing teeth, of howling cries, of scalding brimstone, of palpable darknesse, can be so, so insupportable, so inexpressible, so in-imaginable, as the curse and malediction of God? And therefore let not us by our works provoke, nor by our words teach God to curse.

5 [p. 227]

This is the Anathema Maran-atha, accursed till the Lord come; and when the Lord cometh, he cometh not to reverse, nor to alleviate, but to ratifie and aggravate that curse. As soon as Christ curst the fig-tree, it withered, and it never recovered: for saith that Gospell, he curst it In æternum, for ever. In the course of our sinne, the Holy Ghost hath put here a number of yeares, a hundred yeares: We sinne long, as long as we can, but yet sinne hath an end. But in this curse of God in the Text, there is no number; it is an indefinite future; He shall be accursed: A mile of cyphers or figures, added to the former hundred, would not make up a minute of this eternity. Men have calculated how many particular graines of sand, would fill up all the vast space between the Earth and the Firmament: and we find, that a few lines of cyphers will designe and expresse that number. But if every grain of sand were that number, and multiplied again by that number, yet all that, all that inexpressible, inconsiderable number, made not up one minute of this eternity; neither would this curse, be a minute the shorter for having been indured so many Generations, as there were grains of sand in that number.

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[p. 228]

But we are now in the work of an houre, and no more. If there be a minute of sand left, (There is not) If there be a minute of patience left, heare me say, This minute that is left, is that eternitie which we speake of; upon this minute dependeth that eternity: And this minute, God is in this Congregation, and puts his eare to every one of your hearts, and hearkens what you will bid him say to yourselves: whether he shall blesse you for your acceptation, or curse you for your refusall of him this minute: for this minute makes up your Century, your hundred yeares, your eternity, because it may be your last minute. We need not call that a Fable, but a Parable, where we heare, That a Mother to still her froward childe told him, she would cast him to the Wolf, the Wolf should have him; and the Wolf which was at the doore, and within hearing, waited, and hoped he should have the childe indeed: but the childe being still'd, and the Mother pleased, then she saith, so shall we kill the Wolf, the Wolf shall have none of my childe, and then the Wolf stole away. No metaphor, no comparison is too high, none too low, too triviall, to imprint in you a sense of Gods everlasting goodnesse towards you. God bids your Mother the Church, and us her Servants for your Souls, to denounce his judgements upon your sinnes, and we do it; and the executioner Satan, beleeves us, before you beleeve us, and is ready on his part. Be you also ready on your part, to lay hold upon those conditions, which are annext to all Gods maledictions, Repentance of former, preclusion against future sinnes, and we shall be alwayes ready, on our part to assist you with the Power of our Intercession, to deliver you with the Keies of our Absolution, and to establish you with the seales of Reconciliation, and so disappoint that Wolf, that roaring Lion, that seeks whom he may devour: Go in Peace, and be this your Peace, to know this, Maledictus qui pendet in Cruce, God hath laid

the whole curse belonging to us upon him, that hangs upon the Crosse; But Benedictus qui pendet in pendentem; To all them that hang upon him, that hangeth there, God offereth now, all those blessings, which he that hangeth there hath purchased with the inestimable price of his Incorruptible blood; And to this glorious Sonne of God, who hath suffered all this, and to the most Almighty Father, who hath done all this, and to the blessed Spirit of God, who offereth now to apply all this, be ascribed by us, and by the whole Church, All power, praise, might, majesty, glory, and dominion, now and for evermore Amen.

SERMON XXVII

To the King at Whitehall, May 6th, 1627

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[p. 230]

THE first thing that God made, was light; The last thing, that he hath reserved to doe, is the manifestation of the light of his Essence in our Glorification. And for Publication of himselfe here, by the way, he hath constituted a Church, in a Visibility, in an eminency, as a City upon a hill; And in this Church, his Ordinance is Ordinance indeed; his Ordinance of preaching batters the soule, and by that breach, the Spirit enters; His Ministers are an Earth-quake, and shake an earthly soule; They are the sonnes of thunder, and scatter a cloudy conscience; They are as the fall of waters, and carry with them whole Congregations; 3000 at a Sermon, 5000 at a Sermon, a whole City, such a City as Nineveh at a Sermon; and they are as the roaring of a Lion, where the Lion of the tribe of Juda, cries down the Lion that seekes whom he may devour; that is, Orthodoxall and fundamentall truths, are established against clamorous, and vociferant innovations. Therefore what Christ tels us in the darke, he bids us speake in the light; and what he saies in our eare, he bids us preach on the house-top. Nothing is Gospell, not

Evangelium good message, if it be not put into a Messengers mouth, and delivered by him; nothing is conducible to his end, nor available to our salvation, except it be avowable doctrine, doctrine that may be spoke alowd, though it awake them, that sleep in their sinne, and make them the more froward, for being so awaked.

God hath made all things in a Roundnesse, from the round superficies of this earth, which we tread here, to the round convexity of those heavens, which (as long as they shal have any beeing) shall be our footstool, when we come to heaven, God hath wrapped up all things in Circles, and then a Circle hath no Angles; there are no Corners in a Circle.

[p. 235]

This whisperer wounds thee, and with a stilletta of gold, he strangles thee with scarfes of silk, he smothers thee with the down of Phœnixes, he stifles thee with a perfume of Ambar, he destroys thee by praising thee, overthrows thee by exalting thee, and undoes thee by trusting thee; By trusting thee with those secrets that bring thee into a desperate perplexity, Aut alium accusare in subsidium tui, (as the Patriarch, and Oracle of Statesmen, Tacitus, says) Either to betray another, that pretends to have trusted thee, or to perish thy selfe, for the saving of another, that plotted to betray thee. And therefore, if you can heare a good Organ at Church, and have the musique of a domestique peace at home, peace in thy walls, peace in thy bosome, never hearken after the musique of sphears, never hunt after the knowledge of higher secrets, than appertaine to thee; But since Christ hath made you Regale Sacerdotium, Kings and Priests, in your proportion, Take heed what you hear, in derogation of either the State, or the Church.

SERMON XXX

'To the Countesse of Bedford, then at Harrington House,'

Jan. 7th, 1620/1 [p. 270]

LOOKE upon the water, and we are as that, and as that spilt upon the ground: Looke to the earth, and we are not like that, but we are earth it self: At our Tables we feed upon the dead, and in the Temple we tread upon the dead: and when we meet in a Church, God hath made many echoes, many testimonies of our death, in the walls, and in the windowes, and he onely knowes, whether he will not make another testimony of our mortality, of the youngest amongst us, before we part, and make the very place of our buriall, our death-bed.

SERMON XXXI

I

[pp. 275-276]

HOW different are the wayes of God, from the ways of man! the eyes of God from the eyes of man! and the wayes and eyes of a godly man, from the eyes, and wayes of a man of this world! We looke still upon high persons, and after high places, and from those heights, we thinke, we see far; but he that will see this object, must lye low; it is best discerned in the dark, in a heavy, and a calamitous fortune. The naturall way is upward; I can better know a man upon the top of a steeple, than if he were halfe that depth in a well; but yet for higher objects, I can better see the stars of heaven, in the bottome of a well, than if I stood upon the highest steeple upon earth. If I twist a cable of infinite fadomes in length, if there be no ship to ride by it, nor anchor to hold by it, what use is there of it? If Mannor thrust Mannor, and title flow into title, and bags powre out into chests, if I have no anchor, (faith in Christ) if I have not a ship to carry to a haven, (a soule to save) what's my long cable to me? If I adde number to number,

a span, a mile long, if at the end of all that long line of numbers, there be nothing that notes, pounds, or crownes, or shillings; what's that long number, but so many millions of millions of nothing? If my span of life become a mile of life, my penny a pound, my pint a gallon, my acre a sheere; yet if there be nothing of the next world at the end, so much peace of conscience, so much joy, so much glory, still all is but nothing multiplied, and that is still nothing at all. 'Tis the end that qualifies all; and what kinde of man I shall be at my end, upon my death-bed, what trembling hands, and what lost legs, what deafe eares, and what gummy eyes, I shall have then, I know; and the nearer I come to that disposition, in my life, (the more mortified I am) the better I am disposed to see this object, future glory. God made the Sun, and Moon, and Stars, glorious lights for man to see by; but mans infirmity requires spectacles; and affliction does that office. Gods meaning was, that by the sun-shine of prosperity, and by the beames of honour, and temporall blessings, a man should see farre into him; but I know not how he is come to need spectacles; scarse any man sees much in this matter, till affliction shew it him.

[p. 278]

How many times go we to Comedies, to Masques, to places of great and noble resort, nay even to Church onely to see the company? If I had no other errand to heaven, but the communion of Saints, the fellowship of the faithfull, [T]o see that flock of Lambs, Innocent, unbaptized children, recompensed with the twice-baptized Martyrs, (baptized in water, and baptized in their owne blood) and that middle sort, the children baptized in blood, and not in the water, that rescued Christ Jesus, by their death, under Herod; to see the Prophets and the Evangelists, and not know one from the other, by their writings, for they all write the same things (for prophecy is but antidated Gospell, and Gospell but postdated prophecy;) to see holy

Matrons saved by the bearing, and bringing up of children, and holy Virgins, saved by restoring their bodies in the integrity, that they received them, sit all upon one seate; to see Princes, and Subjects crowned all with one crowne, and rich and poore inherit one portion; to see this scene, this Court, this Church, this Catholique Church, not onely Easterne and Westerne, but Militant and Triumphant Church, all in one roome together, to see this Communion of Saints, this fellowship of the faithfull, is worth all the paynes, that that sight costs us in this world.

SERMON XXXIII

Denmark house, some few days before the body of King James was removed from thence, to his buriall,'

April 26, 1625 [pp. 300-304]

HERE, at your coming hither now, you have two glasses, wherein you may see your selves from head to foot; One in the Text, your Head, Christ Jesus, represented unto you, in the name and person of Solomon, Behold King Solomon crowned, &c. And another, under your feet, in the dissolution of this great Monarch, our Royall Master, now layd lower by death than any of us, his Subjects and servants.

First then, behold your selves in that first glasse, Behold King Solomon; Solomon the sonne of David, but not the Son of Bathsheba, but of a better mother, the most blessed Virgin Mary. For, Solomon, in this text, is not a proper Name, but an Appellative; a significative word: Solomon is pacificus, the Peacemaker, and our peace is made in, and by Christ Jesus: and he is that Solomon, whom we are called upon to see here. Now, as Saint Paul says, that he would know nothing but Christ, (that's his first abridgement) and then he would know nothing of Christ, but him crucifyed, (and that's the re-abridgement) so we seek no other glasse, to see our selves in, but Christ, nor any other thing in this glasse, but his Humiliation.

What need we? Even that, his lowest humiliation, his death, is expressed here, in three words of exaltation, It is a Crown, it is a Mariage, it is the gladnesse of heart: Behold King Solomon crowned, &c.

The Crown, which we are called to see him crowned with, his mother put upon him; The Crown which his Father gave him, was that glory, wherewith he was glorifyed, with the Father, from all eternity, in his divine nature: And the Crown wherewith his Father crowned his Humane nature, was the glory given to that, in his Ascension. His Mother could give him no such Crown: she her selfe had no Crown, but that, which he gave her. The Crown that she gave him, was that substance, that he received from her, our flesh, our nature, our humanity; and this, Athanasius, and this, Saint Ambrose, calls the Crown, wherewith his mother crowned him, in this text, his infirm, his humane nature. Or, the Crown wherewith his Mother crowned him, was that Crown, to which, that infirme nature which he tooke from her, submitted him, which was his passion, his Crown of thornes; for so Tertullian, and divers others take this Crown of his, from her, to be his Crown of thorns: Woe to the Crown of pride, whose beauty is a fading flower, says the Prophet; But blessed be this Crown of Humiliation, whose flower cannot fade. Then was there truly a Rose amongst Thorns, when through his Crown of Thorns, you might see his title, Jesus Nazarenus: for, in that very name Nazarenus, is involved the signification of a flower; the very word signifies a flower. Esay's flower in the Crown of pride fades, and is removed; This flower in the Crown of Thornes fades not, nor could be removed; for, for all the importunity of the Jews, Pilate would not suffer that title to be removed, or to be changed; still Nazarenus remained, and still a rose amongst thorns. You know the curse of the earth, Thorns and thistles shall it bring forth unto thee; It did so to our Solomon here, it brought forth thornes to Christ, and he made a Crown of those thorns,

not onely for himself, but for us too, Omnes aculei mortis, in Dominici Corporis tolerantia, obtusi sunt, All the thorns of life and death, are broken, or blunted upon the head of our Solomon, and now, even our thorns, make up our Crown, our tribulation in life, our dissolution in death, conduce to our glory: Behold him crowned with his Mothers Crown, for even that brought him to his Fathers Crown, his humiliation to exaltation, his passion to glory.

Behold your Solomon, your Saviour again, and you shall see another beam of Comfort, in your tribulations from his; for even this Humiliation of his, is called his Espousals, his marriage, Behold him crowned in the day of his Espousals. His Spouse is the Church, His marriage is the uniting of himselfe to this Spouse, in his becomming Head of the Church. The great City, the heavenly Jerusalem, is called The Bride, and The Lambs wife, in the Revelation: And he is the Head of this body, the Bridegroom of this Bride, the Head of this Church, as he is The first-borne of the Dead; Death, that dissolves all ours, made up this marriage. His Death is his Marriage, and upon his Death flowed out from his side, those two Elements of the Church, water and bloud; The Sacraments of Baptisme, and of the Communion of himself. Behold then this Solomon crowned and married; both words of Exaltation, and Exultation, and both by Death; and trust him for working the same effects upon thee; That thou (though by Death) shalt be crowned with a Crown of Glory, and married to him, in whose right and merit thou shalt have that Crown.

And Behold him once again, and you shall see not a beam, but a stream of comfort; for this day, which is the day of death, he calls here The day of the gladnesse of his heart. Behold him crowned in the day of the gladnesse of his heart. The fulnesse, the compasse, the two Hemispheres of Heaven, are often designed to us, in these two names, Joy and Glory: If the Crosse of Christ, the Death of Christ, present us both these, how neare doth it bring, how fully doth it deliver Heaven it self to us in this life?

And then we heare the Apostle say, We see Jesus, for the suffering of Death, crowned with Honour and Glory: There is half Heaven got by Death, Glory. And then, for the joy that was set before him, he indured the Crosse; There is the other half, Joy; All Heaven purchased by Death. And therefore, if any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed, saith the Apostle; but let him glorifie God, In isto Nomine, as the vulgate read it; In that behalfe, as we translate it. But, In isto Nomine, saith S. Augustine: Let us glorifie God, in that Name; Non solum in nomine Christiani, sed Chri[sti]ani patientis, not onely because he is a Christian in his Baptisme, but a Christian in a second Baptisme, a Baptisme of bloud; not onely as he hath received Christ, in accepting his Institution, but because he hath conformed himself to Christ, in fulfilling his sufferings. And therefore, though we admit naturall and humane sorrow, in the calamities which overtake us, and surround us in this life: (for as all glasses will gather drops and tears from externall causes, so this very glasse which we looke upon now, our Solomon in the Text, our Saviour, had those sadnesses of heart toward his Passion, and Agonies in his passion) yet count it all Joy when you fall into tentations, saith the Apostle: All Joy, that is, both the interest, and the principall, hath the earnest and the bargain; for if you can conceive joy in your tribulations in this world, how shall that joy be multiplied unto you, when no tribulation shall be mingled with it? There is not a better evidence, nor a more binding earnest of everlasting Joy in the next world, than to find Joy of heart in the tribulations of this; fixe thy self therefore upon this first glasse, this Solomon, thy Saviour, Behold King Solomon crownd, &c. and by conforming thy self to his holy sadnesse, and humiliation, thou shalt also become like him, in his Joy, and Glory.

But then the hand of God, hath not set up, but laid down another Glasse, wherein thou maist see thy self; a glasse that reflects thy self, and nothing but thy selfe. Christ,

who was the other glasse, is like thee in every thing, but not absolutely, for sinne is excepted; but in this glasse presented now (The Body of our Royall, but dead Master and Soveraigne) we cannot, we doe not except sinne. Not onely the greatest man is subject to naturall infirmities, (Christ himself was so) but the holiest man is subject to Originall and Actuall sinne, as thou art, and so a fit glasse for thee, to see thy self in. Jeat showes a man his face, as well as Crystall; nay, a Crystall glasse will not show a man his face, except it be steeled, except it be darkned on the backside: Christ as he was a pure Crystall glasse, as he was God, had not been a glasse for us, to have seen our selves in, except he had been steeled, darkened with our humane nature; Neither was he ever so throughly darkened, as that he could present us wholly to our selves, because he had no sinne, without seeing of which we do not see our selves. Those therefore that are like thee in all things, subject to humane infirmities, subject to sinnes, and yet are translated, and translated by Death, to everlasting Joy, and Glory, are nearest and clearest glasses for thee, to see thy self in; and such is this glasse, which God hath proposed to thee, in this house. And therefore, change the word of the Text, in a letter or two, from Egredimini, to Ingredimini; never goe forth to see, but Go in and see a Solomon crowned with his mothers crown, &c. And when you shall find that hand that has signed to one of you a Patent for Title, to another for Pension, to another for Pardon, to another for Dispensation, Dead: That hand that settled Possessions by his Seale, in the Keeper, and rectified Honours by the sword, in his Marshall, and distributed relief to the Poore, in his Almoner, and Health to the Diseased, by his immediate Touch, Dead: That Hand that ballanced his own three Kingdomes so equally, as that none of them complained of one another, nor of him; and carried the Keyes of all the Christian world, and locked up, and let out Armies in their due season, Dead; how poore, how faint, how pale,

how momenta[r]y, how transitory, how empty, how frivolous, how Dead things, must you necessarily thinke Titles, and Possessions, and Favours, and all, when you see that Hand, which was the hand of Destinie, of Christian Destinie, of the Almighty God, lie dead! It was not so hard a hand when we touched it last, nor so cold a hand when we kissed it last: That hand which was wont to wipe all teares from all our eyes, doth now but presse and squeaze us as so many spunges, filled one with one, another with another cause of teares. Teares that can have no other banke to bound them, but the declared and manifested will of God: For, till our teares flow to that heighth, that they might be called a murmuring against the declared will of God, it is against our Allegiance, it is Disloyaltie, to give our teares any stop, any termination, any measure. It was a great part of Anna's prayse, That she departed not from the Temple, day nor night; visit Gods Temple often in the day, meet him in his owne House, and depart not from his Temples, (The dead bodies of his Saints are his Temples still) even at midnight; at midnight remember them, who resolve into dust, and make them thy glasses to see thy self in. Looke now especially upon him whom God hath presented to thee now, and with as much cheerfulnesse as ever thou heardst him say, Remember my Favours, or remember my Commandements; heare him say now with the wise man, Remember my Judgement, for thine also shall be so; yesterday for me, and to day for thee; He doth not say to morrow, but to Day, for thee. Looke upon him as a beame of that Sunne, as an abridgement of that Solomon in the Text; for every Christian truely reconciled to God, and signed with his hand in the Absolution, and sealed with his bloud in the Sacrament, (and this was his case) is a beame, and an abridgement of Christ himselfe. Behold him therefore, Crowned with the Crown that his Mother gives him: His Mother, The Earth. In antient times, when they used to reward Souldiers with particular kinds of Crowns, there was a great dignity in Corona

graminea, in a Crown of Grasse: That denoted a Conquest, or a Defence of that land. He that hath but Coronan Gramineam, a turfe of grasse in a Church yard, hath a Crown from his Mother, and even in that buriall taketh seisure of the Resurrection, as by a turfe of grasse men give seisure of land. He is crowned in the day of his Marriage; for though it be a day of Divorce of us from him, and of Divorce of his body from his soul, yet neither of these Divorces breake the Marriage: His soule is married to him that made it, and his body and soul shall meet again, and all we, both then in that Glory where we shall acknowledge, that there is no way to this Marriage, but this Divorce, nor to Life, but by Death. And lastly, he is Crowned in the day of the Gladnesse of his heart: He leaveth that heart, which was accustomed to the halfe joyes of the earth, in the earth; and he hath enlarged his heart to a greater capacity of Joy, and Glory, and God hath filled it according to that new capacity. And therefore, to end all with the Apostles words, I would not have you to be ignorant, Brethren, concerning them, which are asleepe, that ye sorrow not, as others that have no hope; for if ye beleeve that Jesus died, and rose again, even so them also, which sleepe in him, will God bring with him. But when you have performed this Ingredimini, that you have gone in, and mourned upon him, and performed the Egredimini, you have gone forth, and laid his Sacred body, in Consecrated Dust, and come then to another Egredimini, to a going forth in many severall wayes: some to the service of their new Master, and some to the enjoying of their Fortunes conferred by their old; some to the raising of new Hopes, some to the burying of old, and all; some to new, and busie endeavours in Court, some to contented retirings in the Countrey; let none of us, goe so farre from him, or from one another, in any of our wayes, but that all we that have served him, may meet once a day, the first time we see the Sunne, in the eares of almighty God, with humble and hearty prayer, that he will be

pleased to hasten that day, in which it shall be an addition, even to the joy of that place, as perfect as it is, and as infinite as it is, to see that face againe, and to see those eyes open there, which we have seen closed here. Amen.

SERMON XXXVI

St. Pauls. Christmas-day. 1621

[pp. 324-327]

THE reason therefore of Man, must first be satisfied; but the way of such satisfaction must be this, to make him see, That this World, a frame of so much harmony, so much concinnitie and conveniencie, and such a correspondence, and subordination in the parts thereof, must necessarily have had a workeman, for nothing can make it selfe: That no such workeman would deliver over a frame, and worke, of so much Majestie, to be governed by Fortune, casually, but would still retain the Administration thereof in his owne hands: That if he doe so, if he made the World, and sustaine it still by his watchfull Providence, there belongeth a worship and service to him, for doing so: That therefore he hath certainly revealed to man, what kinde of worship, and service, shall be acceptable to him: That this manifestation of his Will, must be permanent, it must be written, there must be a Scripture, which is his Word and his Will: And that therefore, from that Scripture, from that Word of God, all Articles of our Beliefe are to bee drawne.

If then his Reason confessing all this, aske farther proofe, how he shall know that these Scriptures accepted by the Christian Church, are the true Scriptures, let him bring any other Booke which pretendeth to be the Word of God, into comparison with these; It is true, we have not a Demonstration; not such an Evidence as that one and two, are three, to prove these to be Scriptures of God; God hath not proceeded in that manner, to drive our Reason into a pound, and to force it by a peremptory

necessitie to accept these for Scriptures, for then, here had been no exercise of our Will, and our assent, if we could not have resisted. But yet these Scriptures have so orderly, so sweet, and so powerfull a working upon the reason, and the understanding, as if any third man, who were utterly discharged of all preconceptions and anticipations in matter of Religion, one who were altogether neutrall, disinteressed, unconcerned in either party, nothing towards a Turke, and as little toward a Christian, should heare a Christian pleade for his Bible, and a Turke for his Alcoran, and should weigh the evidence of both; the Majesty of the Style, the punctuall accomplishment of the Prophecies, the harmony and concurrence of the foure Evangelists, the consent and unanimity of the Christian Church ever since, and many other such reasons, he would be drawne such an Historicall, such a Gramaticall, such a Logicall beliefe of our Bible, as to preferre it before any other, that could be pretended to be the Word of God. He would believe it, and he would know why he did so. For let no man thinke that God hath given him so much ease here, as to save him by believing he knoweth not what, or why. Knowledge cannot save us, but we cannot be saved without Knowledge; Faith is not on this side Knowledge, but beyond it; we must necessarily come to Knowledge first, though we must not stay at it, when we are come thither. For, a regenerate Christian, being now a new Creature, hath also a new facultie of Reason: and so believeth the Mysteries of Religion, out of another Reason, than as a meere natural Man, he believed naturall and morall things. He believeth them for their own sake, by Faith, though he take Knowledge of them before, by that common Reason, and by those humane Arguments, which worke upon other men, in naturall or morall things. Divers men may walke by the Sea side, and the same beames of the Sunne giving light to them all, one gathereth by the benefit of that light pebles, or speckled shells, for curious vanitie, and another gathers precious Pearle, or medicinall Ambar, by the same light. So the common light of reason illumins us all; but one imployes this light upon the searching of impertinent vanities, another by a better use of the same light, finds out the Mysteries of Religion: and when he hath found them, loves them, not for the lights sake, but for the naturall and true worth of the thing it self. Some men by the benefit of this light of Reason, have found out things profitable and usefull to the whole world; As in particular, Printing, by which the learning of the whole world is communicable to one another, and our minds and our inventions, our wits and compositions may trade and have commerce together, and we may participate of one anothers understandings, as well as of our Clothes, and Wines, and Oyles, and other Merchandize: So by the benefit of this light of reason, they have found out Artillery, by which warres come to quicker ends than heretofore, and the great expence of bloud is avoyded: for the numbers of men slain now, since the invention of Artillery, are much lesse than before, when the sword was the executioner. Others, by the benefit of this light have searched and found the secret corners of gaine, and profit, wheresoever they lie. They have found wherein the weakenesse of another man consisteth, and made their profit of that, by circumventing him in a bargain: They have found his riotous, and wastefull inclination, and they have fed and fomented that disorder, and kept open that leake, to their advantage, and the others ruine. They have found where was the easiest, and the most accessible way, to sollicite the Chastitie of a woman, whether Discourse, Musicke, or Presents, and according to that discovery, they have pursued hers, and their own eternall destruction. By the benefit of this light, men see through the darkest, and most impervious places that are, that is, Courts of Princes, and the greatest Officers in Courts; and can submit themselves to second, and to advance the humours of men in great place, and so make their profit

of the weakenesses which they have discovered in these great men. All the wayes, both of Wisdome, and of Craft lie open to this light, this light of naturall reason: But when they have gone all these wayes by the benefit of this light, they have got no further, than to have walked by a tempestuous Sea, and to have gathered pebles, and speckled cockle shells. Their light seems to be great out of the same reason, that a Torch in a misty night, seemeth greater than in a clear, because it hath kindled and inflamed much thicke and grosse Ayre round about it. So the light and wisedome of worldly men, seemeth great, because he hath kindled an admiration, or an applause in Aiery flatterers, not because it is so in deed.

But, if thou canst take this light of reason that is in thee, this poore snuffe, that is almost out in thee, thy faint and dimme knowledge of God, that riseth out of this light of nature, if thou canst in those embers, those cold ashes, finde out one small coale, and wilt take the paines to kneell downe, and blow that coale with thy devout Prayers, and light thee a little candle, (a desire to reade that Booke, which they call the Scriptures, and the Gospell, and the Word of God;) If with that little candle thou canst creep humbly into low and poore places, if thou canst finde thy Saviour in a Manger, and in his swathing clouts, in his humiliation, and blesse God for that beginning, if thou canst finde him flying into Egypt, and finde in thy selfe a disposition to accompany him in a persecution, in a banishment, if not a bodily banishment, a locall banishment, yet a reall, a spirituall banishment, a banishment from those sinnes, and that sinnefull conversation, which thou hast loved more than thy Parents, or Countrey, or thine owne body, which perchance thou hast consumed, and destroyed with that sinne; if thou canst finde him contenting and containing himselfe at home in his fathers house, and not breaking out, no not about the worke of our salvation, till the due time was come, when it was to be done. And if according to that example, thou

canst contain thy selfe in that station and vocation in which God hath planted thee, and not, through a hasty and precipitate zeale, breake out to an imaginary, and intempestive, and unseasonable Reformation, either in Civill or Ecclesiasticall businesse, which belong not to thee; if with this little poore light, these first degrees of Knowledge and Faith, thou canst follow him into the Garden, and gather up some of the droppes of his precious Bloud and sweat, which he shed for thy soule, if thou canst follow him to Jerusalem, and pick up some of those teares, which he shed upon that City, and upon thy soule; if thou canst follow him to the place of his scourging, and to his crucifying, and provide thee some of that balme, which must cure thy soule; if after all this, thou canst turne this little light inward, and canst thereby discerne where thy diseases, and thy wounds, and thy corruptions are, and canst apply those teares, and blood and balme to them, (all this is, That if thou attend the light of naturall reason, and cherish that, and exalt that, so that that bring thee to a love of the Scriptures, and that love to a beleefe of the truth thereof, and that historicall faith to a faith of application, of appropriation, that as all those things were certainly done, so they were certainly done for thee) thou shalt never envy the lustre and glory of the great lights of worldly men, which are great by the infirmity of others, or by their own opinion, great because others think them great, or because they think themselves so, but thou shalt finde, that howsoever they magnifie their lights, their wit, their learning, their industry, their fortune, their favour, and sacrifice to their owne nets, yet thou shalt see, that thou by thy small light hast gathered Pearle and Amber, and they by their great lights nothing but shels and pebles; they have determined the light of nature, upon the booke of nature, this world, and thou hast carried the light of nature higher, thy naturall reason, and even humane arguments, have brought thee to reade the Scriptures, and to that love, God hath set to the seale

of faith. Their light shall set at noone; even in their heighth, some heavy crosse shall cast a damp upon their soule, and cut off all their succours, and devest them of all comforts, and thy light shall grow up, from a faire hope, to a modest assurance and infallibility, that that light shall never go out, nor the works of darknesse, nor the Prince of darknesse ever prevaile upon thee, but as thy light of reason is exalted by faith here, so thy light of faith shall be exalted into the light of glory, and fruition in the Kingdome of heaven. Before the sunne was made, there was a light which did that office of distinguishing night and day; but when the sunne was created, that did all the offices of the former light, and more. Reason is that first, and primogeniall light, and goes no farther in a naturall man; but in a man regenerate by faith, that light does all that reason did, and more; and all his Morall, and Civill, and Domestique, and indifferent actions, (though they be never done without Reason) yet their principall scope, and marke is the glory of God, and though they seeme but Morall, or Civill, or domestique, yet they have a deeper tincture, a heavenly nature, a relation to God, in them.

SERMON XXXVIII

St. Pauls. Oct. 13th, 1622 [p. 352]

Elephant into so little a forme, but that that Elephant, when it is at the least, will still be greater than an Ant at the life, and the greatest. Sinne hath diminished man shrowdly, and brought him into a narrower compasse; but yet, his naturall immortality, (his soule cannot dye) and his spirituall possibility, even to the last gaspe, of spending that immortality in the kingdome of glory, and living for ever with God, (for otherwise, our immortality were the heaviest part of our curse) exalt this valley, this clod of earth, to a noble heighth. How ill husbands then of this dignity are we by sinne, to forfeit it by submitting

our selves to inferior things! either to gold, than which every worme, (because a worme hath life, and gold hath none) is in nature, more estimable, and more precious: Or, to that which is lesse than gold, to Beauty; for there went neither labour, nor study, nor cost to the making of that; (the Father cannot diet himselfe so, nor the mother so, as to be sure of a faire child) but it is a thing that hapned by chance, wheresoever it is; and, as there are Diamonds of divers waters, so men enthrall themselves in one clime to a black, in another to a white beauty. To that which is lesse than gold or Beauty, voice, opinion, fame, honour, we sell our selves. And though the good opinion of good men, by good ways, be worth our study, yet popular applause, and the voice of inconsiderate men, is too cheape a price to set our selves at. And yet, it is hardly got too; for as a ship that lies in harbour within land, sometimes needs most of the points of the Compasse, to bring her forth: so if a man surrender himselfe wholly to the opinion of other men, and have not his Criterium, his touchstone within him, he will need both North and South, all the points of the Compasse, the breath of all men; because, as there are contrary Elements in every body, so there are contrary factions in every place, and when one side cries him up, the other will depresse him, and he shall, (if not shipwrack) lie still. But yet we doe forfeit our dignity, for that which is lesse than all, than Gold, than Beauty, than Honour; for sinne; sinne which is but a privation, (as darknesse is but a privation) and privations are nothing.

SERMON XL

St. Pauls.

1

[p. 366]

I BRING not a Star-chamber with me up into the Pulpit, to punish a forgery, if you counterfeit a zeale in coming hither now; nor an Exchequer, to punish usurious

contracts, though made in the Church; nor a high Commission, to punish incontinencies, if they be promoted by wanton interchange of looks, in this place. Onely by my prayers, which he hath promised to accompany and prosper in his service, I can diffuse his overshadowing Spirit over all the corners of this Congregation, and pray that Publican, that stands below afar off, and dares not lift his eyes to heaven, to receive a chearfull confidence, that his sinnes are forgiven him; and pray that Pharisee, that stands above, and onely thanks God, that he is not like other men, to believe himself to be, if not a rebellious, yet an unprofitable servant. I can onely tell them, that neither of them is in the right way of reconciliation to God, Nec qui impugnant gratiam, nec qui superbè gratias agunt, neither he who by a diffidence hinders the working of Gods grace, nor he that thanks God in such a fashion, as though all that he had received, were not of meer mercy, but between a debt and a benefit, and that he had either merited before, or paid God after, in pious works, for all, and for more than he hath received at Gods hand.

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What an Organe hath that man tuned, how hath he brought all things in the world to a Comfort, and what a blessed Anthem doth he sing to that Organe, that is at peace with God! His Rye-bread is Manna, and his Beefe is Quailes, his day-labours are thrustings at the narrow gate into Heaven, and his night watchings are extasies and evocations of his soule into the presence and communion of Saints, his sweat is Pearls, and his bloud is Rubies, it is at peace with God. No man that is at suite in himselfe, no man that carrieth a Westminster in his bosome, and is Plaintiffe and Defendant too, no man that serveth himselfe with [a] Process out of his owne Conscience, for every nights pleasure that he taketh, in the morning, and for every dayes pound that he getteth, in the evening, hath any of the pleasure, or profit, that may be had in this life;

nor any that is not at peace with God. That peace we bring you; how will you receive us?

3

[p. 372]

Amongst naturall Creatures, because howsoever they differ in bignesse, yet they have some proportion to one another, we consider that some very little creatures, contemptible in themselves, are yet called enemies to great creatures, as the Mouse is to the Elephant. (For the greatest Creature is not Infinite, nor the least is not Nothing.) But shall man, betweene whom and nothing, there went but a word, Let us make Man, That Nothing, which is infinitely lesse than a Mathematicall point, than an imaginary Atome, shall this Man, this yesterdayes Nothing, this to morrow worse than Nothing, be capable of that honour, that dishonourable honour, that confounding honour, to be the enemy of God, of God who is not onely a multiplied Elephant, millions of Elephants multiplied into one, but a multiplied World, a multiplied All, All that can be conceived by us, infinite many times over; Nay, (if we may dare to say so,) a multiplied God, a God that hath the Millions of the Heathens gods in himselfe alone, shall this man be an enemy to this God? Man cannot be allowed so high a sinne as enmity with God. The Devil himselfe is but a slave to God, and shall Man be called his enemy? It is true, if we consider the infinite disproportion between them, he cannot; but to many sad purposes, and in many heavy applications Man is an enemy to God. Job could goe no higher in expressing his misery, Why hidest thou thy face, and holdest me for thine enemy? and againe, Behold, he findeth occasions against me, and counteth me for his enemy. So Man is an enemy to God; And then to adhere to an enemy, is to become an enemy; for Man to adhere to Man, to ascribe any thing to the power of his naturall faculties, to thinke of any beame of clearnesse in his own understanding, or any line of rectitude in his owne will, this is to accumulate and

multiply enmities against God, and to assemble and muster up more, and more m[e]n, to fight against God.

SERMON XLII

St. Pauls. In the Evening. Nov. 23rd, 1628

[p. 390]

HE that oppresses the poor, digs in a dunghill for wormes; And he departs from that posture, which God, in nature gave him, that is, erect, to look upward; for his eye is always down, upon them, that lie in the dust, under his feet. Certainly, he that seares up himselfe, and makes himselfe insensible of the cries, and curses of the poor here in this world, does but prepare himselfe for the howlings, and gnashings of teeth, in the world to come. It is the Serpents taste, the Serpents diet, Dust shalt thou eate all the days of thy life; and he feeds but on dust, that oppresses the poor. And as there is evidently, more inhumanity, more violation of nature, in this oppression, than in emulation, so may there well seem to be more impiety, and more violation of God himselfe, by that word, which the holy Ghost chooses in the next place, which is Reproach, He that oppresses the poor, reproaches his Maker

SERMON XLIV

St. Paul's Crosse. Nov. 22nd, 1629

T

[p. 416]

ward dignity and reverence, that accompanies Riches, and the Godly, the righteous man is not incapable of these; Nay, they belong rather to him, than to the ungodly: Non decent stultum divitiæ, (as the Vulgate reades that place) Riches doe not become a fool. But because, for all that, though Riches doe not become a fool, yet fools doe become rich; our Translations read that place thus: joy, pleasure, delight, is not seemly for a fool; Though the fool,

the ungodly man, may bee rich, yet a right joy, a holy delight in riches, belongs onely to the wise, to the righteous. The Patriarchs in the Old Testament, many examples in the New, are testimonies to us of the compatibility of riches, and righteousnesse; that they may, that they have often met in one person. For, is fraud, and circumvention so sure a way, of attaining Gods blessings, as industry, and conscientiousnesse is? Or is God so likely to concurre with the fraudulent, the deceitfull man, as with the laborious, and religious? Was not Ananias, with his disguises, more suddenly destroyed, than Job, and more irrecoverably? And cannot a Star-chamber, or an Exchequer, leave an ungodly man as poor, as a storm at sea, in a ship-wracke, or a fire at land, in a lightning, can doe the godly? Murmure not, be not scandalized, nor offended in him, if God hath exposed the riches of this world, as well, rather to the godly, than the wicked.

2 [pp. 420–422]

Blessednesse it self, is God himselfe; our blessednesse is our possession; our union with God. In what consists this? A great limbe of the Schoole with their Thomas, place this blessednesse, this union with God, In visione, in this, That in heaven I shall see God, see God essentially, God face to face, God as he is. We do not see one another so, in this world; In this world we see but outsides; In heaven I shall see God, and God essentially. But then another great branch of the Schoole, with their Scotus, place this blessednesse, this union with God, in Amore, in this, that in heaven, I shall love God. Now love presumes knowledge; for Amari nisi nota non possunt, we can love nothing, but that which we do, or think we do understand. There, in heaven, I shall know God, so, as that I shall be admitted, not onely to an Adoration of God, to an admiration of God, to a prosternation, and reverence before God, but to an affection, to an office, of more familiarity towards God, of more equality with God, I

shall love God. But even love it selfe, as noble a passion as it is, is but a paine, except we enjoy that we love; and therefore another branch of the Schoole, with their Aureolus, place this blessednesse, this union of our souls with God, in Gaudio, in our joy, that is, in our enjoying of God. In this world we enjoy nothing; enjoying presumes perpetuity; and here, all things are fluid, transitory: There I shall enjoy, and possesse for ever, God himself. But yet, every one of these, to see God, or to love God, or to enjoy God, have seemed to some too narrow to comprehend this blessednesse, beyond which, nothing can be proposed; and therefore another limbe of the Schoole, with their Bonaventure, place this blessednesse in all these together. And truly, if any of those did exclude any of these, so, as that I might see God, and not love him, or love God, and not enjoy him, it could not well be called blessednesse; but he that hath any one of these, hath every one, all: And therefore the greatest part concurre, and safely, In visione, That vision is beatification, to see God, as he is, is that blessednesse.

There then, in heaven, I shall have continuitatem Intuendi; It is not onely vision, but Intuition, not onely a seeing, but a beholding, a contemplating of God, and that in Continuitate, I shall have an un-interrupted, an unintermitted, an un-discontinued sight of God; I shall looke, and never looke off; not looke, and looke againe, as here, but looke, and looke still, for that is, Continuitas intuendi. There my soule shall have Inconcussam quietem; we need owe Plato nothing; but we may thank Plato for this expression, if he meant so much by this Inconcussa quies, That in heaven my soule shall sleep, not onely without trouble, and startling, but without rocking, without any other help, than that peace, which is in it selfe; My soule shall be thoroughly awake, and thoroughly asleep too; still busie, active, diligent, and yet still at rest. But the Apostle will exceed the Philosopher, St. Paul will exceed Plato, as he does when he sayes, I shall be unus

spiritus cum Deo, I shall be still but the servant of my God, and yet I shall be the same spirit with that God. When? Dies quem tanquam supremum reformidas, æterni natalis est, sayes the Morall mans Oracle, Seneca. Our last day is our first day, our Saturday is our Sunday, our Eve is our Holyday, our sun-setting is our morning, the day of our death, is the first day of our eternall life. The next day after that, which is the day of judgement, Veniet dies, quae me mihi revelabit, comes that day that shall show me to my selfe; here I never saw my selfe, but in disguises: There, Then, I shall see my selfe, and see God too. Totam lucem, et Totus lux aspiciam; I shall see the whole light; Here I see some parts of the ayre enlightned by the Sunne, but I do not see the whole light of the Sunne; There I shal see God intirely, all God, totam lucem, and totus lux, I my self shal be al light to see that light by. Here, I have one faculty enlightned, and another left in darknesse: mine understanding sometimes cleared, my will, at the same time perverted. There, I shall be all light, no shadow upon me; my soule invested with the light of joy, and my body in the light of glory. How glorious is God, as he looks down upon us, through the Sunne! How glorious in that glasse of his! How glorious is God, as he looks out amongst us through the King! How glorious in that Image of his! How glorious is God, as he calls up our eyes to him, in the beauty, and splendor, and service of the Church! How glorious in that spouse of his! But how glorious shall I conceive this light to be, cum suo loco viderim, when I shall see it, in his owne place. In that Spheare, which though a Spheare, is a Center too; In that place, which, though a place, is all, and every where. I shall see it, in the face of that God, who is all face, all manifestation, all Innotescence to me, (for, facies Dei est, qua Deus nobis innotescit, that's Gods face to us, by which God manifests himselfe to us) I shall see this light in his face, who is all face, and yet all hand, all application, and communication, and delivery of all himselfe to all his

Saints. This is Beatitudo in Auge, blessednesse in the Meridionall height, blessednesse in the South point, in a perpetuall Summer solstice, beyond which nothing can be proposed, to see God so, Then, There. And yet the farmers of heaven and hell, the merchants of soules, the Romane Church, make this blessednesse, but an under degree, but a kinde of apprentiship; after they have beatified, declared a man to be blessed in the fruition of God in heaven, if that man, in that inferiour state doe good service to that Church, that they see much profit will rise, by the devotion, and concurrence of men, to the worship of that person, then they will proceed to a Canonization; and so, he that in his Novitiat, and years of probation was but blessed Ignatius, and blessed Xavier, is lately become Saint Xavier, and Saint Ignatius. And so they pervert the right order, and method, which is first to come to Sanctification, and then to Beatification, first to holinesse, and then to blessednesse. And in this method, our blessed God bee pleased to proceed with us, by the operation of his holy Spirit, to bring us to Sanctification here, and by the merits and intercession of his glorious Sonne, to Beatification hereafter. That so not being offended in him, but resting in those meanes and seales, of reconciliation, which thou hast instituted in thy Church, wee may have life, and life more abundantly, life of grace here, and life of glory there, in that kingdome, which thy Sonne, our Saviour Christ Jesus hath purchased for us, with the inestimable price of his incorruptible bloud. Amen.

SERMON XLVII

St. Dunstans. 'Upon the commemoration of a Parishioner, a Benefactor to that Parish.' [after 1624]

PEACE is a blessed state, but it must be the peace of God; for, Simeon and Levi are brethren, they agree

well enough together; but they are instruments of evill; and, in that case, the better agreement, the worse. So, war is a fearfull state; but not so, if it be the war of God, undertaken for his cause, or by his Word. Many times, a State suffers by the security of a Peace, and gains by the watchfulness of a War. Wo be to that man that is so at peace, as that the spirit fights not against the flesh in him; and wo to them too, who would make them friends, or reconcile them, betweene whom, God hath perpetuated an everlasting war, The seed of the woman, and the seed of the Serpent, Christ and Beliall, Truth and Superstition. Till God proclaimed a warre between them, the Serpent did easily overthrow them, but therefore God brought it to a war, that man might stand upon his guard. And so it was a Mercy.

But the greatest mercy is in the last, and that which belongs most directly, (though all conduce pertinently and usefully to our present occasion;) Dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life. He must eat dust, that is, our bodies, and carnall affections; Hee was at a richer diet, he was in better pasture before; before, he fed upon souls too; But for that his head was bruised, in the promise of a Messias, who delivers our souls from his tyranny; But the dust, the body, that body, which for all the precious ransome, and the rich, and large mercy of the Messias, must die, that dust is left to the Serpent, to Satan, that is, to that dissolution, and that putrefaction, which he hath induced upon man, in death. He eats but our dust, in our death, when he hath brought us to that; that is a mercy; nay he eats up our dust before our death, which is a greater mercy; our carnal affections, our concupiscencies are eaten up, and devoured by him; and so, even his eating is a sweeping, a cleansing, a purging of us. Many times we are the better for his tentations. My discerning a storm, makes me put on a cloak. My discerning a tentation, makes me see my weaknesse, and fly to my strength. Nay, I am somtimes the safer, and the readier

for a victory, by having been overcome by him. The sense, and the remorse of a sin, after I have fallen into it, puts me into a better state, and establishes better conditions between God and me than were before, when I felt no tentations to sin.

2 [p. 445]

In this state of dust, and so in the territory of the Serpent, the Tyrant of the dead, lies this dead brother of ours, and hath lien some years, who occasions our meeting now, and yearly upon this day, and whose soul, we doubt not, is in the hands of God, who is the God of the living. And having gathered a good Gomer of Manna, a good measure of temporall blessings in this life, and derived a fair measure thereof, upon them, whom nature and law directed it upon, (and in whom we beseech God to blesse it) hath also distributed something to the poor of this Parish, yearly, this day, and something to a meeting for the conserving of neighbourly love, and something for this exercise. In which, no doubt, his intention was not so much to be yearly remembred himself, as that his posterity, and his neighbours might be yearly remembred to doe as he had done. For, this is truly to glorifie God in his Saints, to sanctifie our selves in their examples; To celebrate them, is to imitate them. For, as it is probably conceived, and agreeably to Gods Justice, that they that write wanton books, or make wanton pictures, have additions of torment, as often as other men are corrupted with their books, or their pictures : so may they, who have left permanent examples of good works, well be beleeved, to receive additions of glory and joy, when others are led by that to do the like: And so, they who are extracted, and derived from him, and they who dwelt about him, may assist their own happiness, and enlarge his, by following his good example in good proportions. Amen.

PASSAGES FROM TWENTY-SIX SERMONS

SERMON IV

Whitehall. Before the King. Feb. 16th 1620/1

[pp. 57-58]

IT is not enough to hear Sermons; it is not enough to live a morall honest life; but take it in the midst, and that extends to all; for there is no believing without hearing, nor working without believing. Be pleased to consider this great work of believing, in the matter, what it was that was to be believed: That that Jesus, whose age they knew, must be antidated so far, as that they must believe him to be elder than Abraham: That that Jesus, whose Father and Mother, and Brothers and Sisters, they knew, must be believed to be of another Family, and to have a Father in another place; and yet he to be as old as his Father; And to have another proceeding from him, and yet he to be no older than that person who proceeded from him: That that Jesus, whom they knew to be that Carpenters Son, and knew his work, must be believ'd to have set up a frame, that reached to heaven, out of which no man could, and in which any man might be saved: was it not as easie to believe, that those teares which they saw upon his cheeks, were Pearles; that those drops of Blood, which they saw upon his back were Rubies; That that spittle, which they saw upon his face, was ennamel: that those hands which they saw buffet him, were reached out to place him in a Throne: And that that Voyce which they heard cry, Crucifige, Crucifie him, was a Vivat Rex, Long live Jesus of Nazareth King of the Jewes; As to believe that from that man, that worm, and no man, ingloriously traduced as a Conjuror, ingloriously apprehended as a Thief, ingloriously executed a Traytor; they should look for glory, and all glory, and everlasting glory? And from that melancholick man, who was never seen to laugh in all his life, and whose soul was heavy unto death; they

should look for joy, and all joy, and everlasting joy: And for salvation, and everlasting salvation from him, who could not save himself from the Ignominy, from the Torment, from the Death of the Crosse?

SERMON V

Whitehall. To the King. Feb. 12th, 1629/30

[p. 61]

I HAVE seen Minute-glasses; Glasses so short-liv'd. If I were to preach upon this Texte, to such a glass, it were enough for half the Sermon; enough to show the worldly man his Treasure, and the Object of his heart (for, where your Treasure is, there will your Heart be also) to call his eye to that Minute-glass, and to tell him, There flows, there flies your Treasure, and your Heart with it. But if I had a Secular Glass, a Glass that would run an age; if the two Hemispheres of the World were composed in the form of such a Glass, and all the World calcin'd and burnt to ashes, and all the ashes, and sands, and atoms of the World put into that Glass, it would not be enough to tell the godly man what his Treasure, and the Object of his Heart is. A Parrot, or a Stare, docile Birds, and of pregnant imitation, will sooner be brought to relate to us the wisdom of a Council Table, than any Ambrose, or any Chrysostome, Men that have Gold and Honey in their Names, shall tell us what the Sweetness, what the Treasure of Heaven is, and what that mans peace, that hath set his Heart upon that Treasure.

SERMON VI

Whitehall. April 21st, 1616

[pp. 82-83]

How desperate a state art thou in, if nothing will convert thee, but a speedie execution, after which, there is no possibility, no room left for a Conversion! God is the Lord of hosts, and he can proceed by Martial

Law: he can hang thee upon the next tree; he can choak thee with a crum, with a drop, at a voluptuous feast; he can sink down the Stage and the Player, The bed of wantonness, and the wanton actor, into the jaws of the earth, into the mouth of hell: he can surprise thee, even in the act of sin; and dost thou long for such a speedy execution, for such an expedition? Thou canst not lack Examples, that he hath done so upon others, and will no proof serve thee, but a speedy judgement upon thy self? Scatter thy thoughts no farther then; contract them in thy self, and consider Gods speedy execution upon thy soul, and upon thy body, and upon thy soul and body together. Was not Gods judgement executed speedily enough upon thy soul, when in the same instant that it was created, and conceiv'd, and infus'd, it was put to a necessity of contracting Original sin, and so submitted to the penalty of Adam's disobedience, the first minute? Was not Gods judgement speedily enough executed upon thy body, if before it had any temporal life, it had a spiritual death; a sinful conception, before any inanimation? If hereditary diseases from thy parents, Gouts and Epilepsies, were in thee, before the diseases of thine own purchase, the effects of thy licentiousness and thy riot; and that from the first minute that thou beganst to live, thou beganst to die too? Are not the judgements of God speedily enough executed upon thy soul and body together, every day, when as soon as thou commitst a sin, thou ar[t] presently left to thine Impenitence, to thine Insensibleness, and Obduration? Nay, the judgement is more speedy than so: for, that very sin it self, was a punishment of thy former sins.

SERMON XV

Whitehall. Feb. 29, 1627/8

1

[p. 205]

HE that will dy with Christ upon Good-Friday, must hear his own bell toll all Lent; he that will be partaker of his passion at last, must conform himself to his discipline of prayer and fasting before. Is there any man, that in his chamber hears a bell toll for another man, and does not kneel down to pray for that dying man? and then when his charity breaths out upon another man, does he not also reflect upon himself, and dispose himself as if he were in the state of that dying man? We begin to hear Christs bell toll now, and is not our bell in the chime? We must be in his grave, before we come to his resurrection, and we must be in his death-bed before we come to his grave: we must do as he did, fast and pray, before we can say as he said, that In manus tuas, Into thy hands O Lord I commend my Spirit. You would not go into a Medicinal Bath without some preparatives; presume not upon that Bath, the blood of Christ Jesus, in the Sacrament then, without preparatives neither. Neither say to your selves, we shall have preparatives enough, warnings enough, many more Sermons before it come to that, and so it is too soon yet; you are not sure you shall have more; not sure you shall have all this; not sure you shall be affected with any. If you be, when you are, remember that as in that good Custome in these Cities, you hear cheerful street musick in the winter mornings, but yet there was a sad and doleful bell-man, that wak'd you, and call'd upon you two or three hours before that musick came; so for all that blessed musick which the servants of God shall present to you in this place, it may be of use, that a poor bell-man wak'd you before, and though but by his noyse, prepared you for their musick.

² [pp. 216 (214)–219]

Here I shall only present to you two Pictures, two pictures in little: two pictures of dying men; and every man is like one of these, and may know himself by it; he that dies in the Bath of a peaceable, and he that dies upon the wrack of a distracted conscience. When the devil imprints in a man, a mortuum me esse non curo, I care

not though I were dead, it were but a candle blown out, and there were an end of it all, where the Devil imprints that imagination: God will imprint an Emori nolo, a loathness to die, and fearful apprehension at his transmigration: As God expresses the bitterness of death, in an ingemination, morte morietur, in a conduplication of deaths, he shall die, and die, die twice over; So ægrotando ægrotabit, in sicknesse he shall be sick, twice sick, bodysick and soul-sick too, sense-sick and conscience-sick together; when, as the sinnes of his body have cast sicknesses and death upon his Soule, so the inordinate sadnesse of his Soule, shall aggravate and actuate the sicknesse of his body. His Physitian ministers, and wonders it works not; He imputes that to flegme, and ministers against that, and wonders again that it works not: He goes over all the humors, and all his Medicines, and nothing works, for there lies at his Patients heart a dampe that hinders the concurrence of all his faculties, to the intention of the Physitian, or the virtue of the Physick. Loose not, O blessed Apostle, thy question upon this Man, O Death where is thy Sting? O Grave where is thy victory? for the sting of Death is in every limb of his body, and his very body, is a victorious grave upon his Soule: And as his Carcas and his Coffin shall lie equally insensible in his grave, so his Soule, which is but a Carcas, and his body, which is but a Coffin of that Carcas, shall be equally miserable upon his Death-bed; And Satan's Commissions upon him shall not be signed by Succession, as upon Job, first against his goods, and then his Servants, and then his children, and then himselfe; but not at all upon his life; but he shall apprehend all at once, Ruine upon himselfe and all his, ruine upon himselfe and all him, even upon his life; both his lives, the life of this, and the life of the next world too. Yet a drop would redeeme a shoure, and a Sigh now a Storme then: Yet a teare from the eye, would save the bleeding of the heart, and a word from

the mouth now, a roaring, or (which may be worse) a silence of consternation, of stupefaction, or obduration at that last houre. Truly, if the death of the wicked ended in Death, yet to scape that manner of death were worthy a Religious life. To see the house fall, and yet be afraid to goe out of it; To leave an injur'd world, and meet an incensed God; To see oppression and wrong in all thy professions, and to foresee ruine and wastefulnesse in all thy Posterity; and Lands gotten by one sin in the Father, molder away by another in the Sonne; to see true figures of horror, and ly, and fancy worse; To begin to see thy sins but then, and finde every sin (at first sight) in the proportion of a Gyant, able to crush thee into despair; To see the Blood of Christ, imputed, not to thee, but to thy Sinnes; To see Christ crucified, and not crucifyed for thee, but crucified by thee; To heare this blood speake, not better things, than the blood of Abel, but lowder for vengeance than the blood of Abel did; This is his picture that hath been Nothing, that hath done nothing, that hath proposed no Stephen, No Law to regulate, No example to certifie his Conscience: But to him that hath done this, Death is but a Sleepe.

Many have wondred at that note of Saint Chrysostom's, That till Christ's time death was called death, plainly, literally death, but after Christ, death was called but sleepe; for, indeede, in the old-Testament before Christ, I thinke there is no one metaphor so often used, as Sleepe for Death, and that the Dead are said to Sleepe: Therefore wee wonder sometimes, that Saint Chrysostome should say so: But this may be that which that holy Father intended in that Note, that they in the old-Testament, who are said to have slept in Death, are such as then, by Faith, did apprehend, and were fixed upon Christ; such as were all the good men of the old-Testament, and so there will not bee many instances against Saint Chrysostome's note, That to those that die in Christ, Death is but a Sleepe; to all others, Death is Death,

literally Death. Now of this dying Man, that dies in Christ, that dies the Death of the Righteous, that embraces Death as a Sleepe, must wee give you a Picture too.

There is not a minute left to do it; not a minutes sand; Is there a minutes patience? Bee pleased to remember that those Pictures which are deliver'd in a minute, from a print upon a paper, had many dayes, weeks, Moneths time for the graving of those Pictures in the Copper; So this Picture of that dying Man, that dies in Christ, that dies the death of the Righteous, that embraces Death as a Sleepe, was graving all his life; All his publique actions were the lights, and all his private the shadowes of this Picture. And when this Picture comes to the Presse, this Man to the streights and agonies of Death, thus he lies, thus he looks, this he is. His understanding and his will is all one faculty; He understands Gods purpose upon him, and he would not have God's purpose turned any other way; hee sees God will dissolve him, and he would faine be dissolved, to be with Christ; His understanding and his will is all one faculty; His memory and his foresight are fixt, and concentred upon one object, upon goodnesse; Hee remembers that hee hath proceeded in the sinceritie of a good Conscience in all the wayes of his calling, and he foresees that his good name shall have the Testimony, and his Posterity the support of the good men of this world; His sicknesse shall be but a fomentation to supple and open his Body for the issuing of his Soule; and his Soule shall goe forth, not as one that gave over his house, but as one that travelled to see and learne better Architecture, and meant to returne and re-edifie that house, according to those better Rules: And as those thoughts which possesse us most awake, meete us againe when we are asleepe; So his holy-thoughts, having been alwaies conversant upon the directing of his family, the education of his Children, the discharge of his place, the safety of the State, the happinesse of the King all his life;

when he is faln asleepe in Death, all his Dreames in that blessed Sleepe, all his devotions in heaven shall be upon the same Subjects, and he shal solicite him that sits upon the Throne, and the Lamb, God for Christ Jesus sake, to blesse all these with his particular blessings: for, so God giveth his beloved sleep, so as that they enjoy the next world and assist this.

So then, the Death of the Righteous is a sleepe; first, as it delivers them to a present rest. Now men sleepe not well fasting; Nor does a fasting Conscience, a Conscience that is not nourish'd with a Testimony of having done well, come to this Sleepe; but dulcis sommus operanti, The sleepe of a labouring man is sweete. To him that laboureth in his calling, even this sleepe of Death is welcome. When thou lyest downe thou shalt not be afraid, saith Salomon; when thy Physician sayes, Sir, you must keepe your bed, thou shalt not be afraid of that sick-bed; And then it followes, And thy sleepe shall be sweet unto thee; Thy sicknesse welcome, and thy death too; for, in those two David seems to involve all, I will both lay me downe in Peace, and sleep; imbrace patiently my death-bed and Death it selfe.

So then this death is a sleepe, as it delivers us to a present Rest; And then, lastly, it is so also as it promises a future waiting in a glorious Resurrection. To the wicked it is far from both: Of them God sayes, I will make them drunke, and they shall sleepe a perpetuall sleepe and not awake; They shall have no part in the Second Resurrection. But for them that have slept in Christ, as Christ sayd of Lazarus, Lazarus Sleepeth, but I goe that I may wake him out of sleep, he shall say to his father; Let me goe that I may wake them who have slept so long in expectation of my coming: And Those that sleep in Jesus Christ (saith the Apostle) will bring God with him; not only fetch them out of the dust when he comes, but bring them with him, that is, declare that they have beene in his hands ever since they departed out of this world.

They shall awake as Jacob did, and say as Jacob said, Surely the Lord is in this place, and this is no other but the house of God, and the gate of heaven, And into that gate they shall enter, and in that house they shall dwell, where there shall be no Cloud nor Sun, no darknesse nor dazling, but one equall light, no noyse nor silence, but one equall musick, no fears nor hopes, but one equal possession, no foes nor friends, but an equall communion and Identity, no ends nor beginnings; but one equall eternity. Keepe us Lord so awake in the duties of our Callings, that we may thus sleepe in thy Peace, and wake in thy glory, and change that infallibility which thou affordest us here, to an Actuall and undeterminable possession of that Kingdome which thy Sonne our Saviour Christ Jesus hath purchased for us, with the inestimable price of his incorruptible Blood. Amen.

SERMON XXI

St. Dunstans. 'The First Sermon after Our Dispersion by the Sickness.' Jan. 15th, 1625/6

[p. 295]

MEN whose lust carried them into the jaws of infection in lewd houses, and seeking one sore perished with another; men whose rapine and covetousness broke into houses, and seeking the Wardrobes of others, found their own winding-sheet, in the infection of that house where they stole their own death; men who sought no other way to divert sadness, but strong drink in riotous houses, and there drank up Davids cup of Malediction, the cup of Condemned men, of death, in the infection of that place. For these men that died in their sins, that sinned in their dying, that sought and hunted after death so sinfully, we have little comfort of such men, in the phrase of this Text, They were dead; for they are dead still: As Moses said of the Egyptians, I am afraid we may say of these men, We shall see them no more for ever.

2

[pp. 297-298]

As between two men of equal age, if one sleep, and the other wake all night, yet they rise both of an equal age in the morning; so they who shall have slept out a long night of many ages in the grave, and they who shall be caught up in the clouds, to meet the Lord Jesus in the aire, at the last day, shall enter all at once in their bodies into Heaven. No antiquity, no seniority for their bodies; neither can their souls who went before, be said to have been there a minute before ours, because we shall all be in a place that reckons not by minutes. Clocks and Sundials were but a late invention upon earth; but the Sun it self, and the earth it self, was but a late invention in heaven. God had been an infinite, a super-infinite, an unimaginable space, millions of millions of unimaginable spaces in heaven, before the Creation. And our afternoon shall be as long as Gods forenoon; for, as God never saw beginning, so we shall never see end; but they whom we tread upon now, and we whom others shall tread upon hereafter, shall meet at once, where, though we were dead, dead in our several houses, dead in a sinful Egypt, dead in our family, dead in our selves, dead in the Grave, yet we shall be received, with that consolation, and glorious consolation, you were dead, but are alive. Enter ye blessed into the Kingdom, prepared for you, from the beginning. Amen.

SERMON XXIV

Paul's Cross. 'To the Lords of the Council, and other Honorable Persons. It being the Anniversary of the King's coming to the Crown, and his Majesty being then gone into Scotland.' March 24th, 1616/7

[pp. 332-333]

so also must he that affects this pureness of heart, and studies the preserving of it, sweep down every cob-

web that hangs about it. Scurrile and obscene language; yea, mis-interpretable words, such as may bear an ill sense; pleasurable conversation, and all such little entanglings, which though he think too weak to hold him, yet they foul him. And let him that is subject to these smaller sins, remember, that as a spider builds always where he knows there is most access and haunt of flies, so the Devil that hath cast these light cobwebs into thy heart, knows that that heart is made of vanities and levities; and he that gathers into his treasure whatsoever thou wast'st out of thine, how negligent soever thou be, he keeps thy reckoning exactly, and will produce against thee at last as many lascivious glaunces as shall make up an Adultery, as many covetous wishes as shall make up a Robery, as many angry words as shall make up a Murder; and thou shalt have dropt and crumbled away thy soul, with as much irrecoverableness, as if thou hadst poured it out all at once; and thy merry sins, thy laughing sins, shall grow to be crying sins, even in the ears of God; and though thou drown thy soul here, drop after drop, it shall not burn spark after spark, but have all the fire, and all at once, and all eternally, in one intire and intense torment.

SERMON XXV

The Spital. April 22, 1622

[p. 363 (361)]

our God is not out of breath, because he hath blown one tempest, and swallowed a Navy: Our God hath not burnt out his eyes, because he hath looked upon a Train of Powder: In the light of Heaven, and in the darkness of hell, he sees alike; he sees not onely all Machinations of hands, when things come to action; but all Imaginations of hearts, when they are in their first Consultations; past, and present, and future, distinguish not his Quando; all is one time to him: Mountains and

Vallies, Sea and Land, distinguish not his Ubi; all is one place to him: When I begin, says God to Eli, I will make an end; not onely that all Gods purposes shall have their certain end, but that even then, when he begins, he makes an end: from the very beginning, imprints an infallible assurance, that whom he loves, he loves to the end: as a Circle is printed all at once, so his beginning and ending is all one.

[pp. 366-367]

The drowning of the first world, and the repairing that again; the burning of this world, and establishing another in heaven, do not so much strain a mans Reason, as the Creation, a Creation of all out of nothing. For, for the repairing of the world after the Flood, compared to the Creation, it was eight to nothing; eight persons to begin a world upon, then; but in the Creation, none. And for the glory which we receive in the next world, it is (in some sort) as the stamping of a print upon a Coyn; the metal is there already, a body and a soul to receive glory: but at the Creation, there was no soul to receive glory, no body to receive a soul, no stuff, no matter, to make a body of. The less any thing is, the less we know it: how invisible, how [un]intelligible a thing then, is this Nothing! We say in the School, Deus cognoscibilior Angelis, We have better means to know the nature of God, than of Angels, because God hath appeared and manifested himself more in actions, than Angels have done: we know what they are, by knowing what they have done; and it is very little that is related to us what Angels have done: what then is there that can bring this Nothing to our understanding? what hath that done? A Leviathan, a Whale, from a grain of Spawn; an Oke from a buried Akehorn, is a great; but a great world from nothing, is a strange improvement. We wonder to see a man rise from nothing to a great Estate; but that Nothing is but nothing in comparison; but absolutely nothing, meerly nothing, is

more incomprehensible than any thing, than all things together. It is a state (if a man may call it a state) that the Devil himself in the midst of his torments, cannot wish.

3 [p. 385]

The light of the knowledge of the glory of this world, is a good, and a great peece of learning. To know, that all the glory of man, is as the flower of grass: that even the glory, and all the glory, of man, of all mankind, is but a flower, and but as a flower; somewhat less than the Proto-type, than the Original, than the flower it self; and all this but as the flower of grass neither, no very beautiful flower to the eye, no very fragrant flower to the smell: To know, that for the glory of Moab, Auferetur, it shall be contemned, consumed; and for the glory of Jacob it self, Attenuabitur, It shall be extenuated, that the glory of Gods enemies shall be brought to nothing, and the glory of his servants shall be brought low in this word: To know how near nothing, how meer nothing, all the glory of this world is, is a good, a great degree of learning.

(pp. 389–392**)**

Some things the Angels do know by the dignity of their Nature, by their Creation, which we know not; as we know many things which inferior Creatures do not; and such things all the Angels, good and bad know. Some things they know by the Grace of their confirmation, by which they have more given them, than they had by Nature in their Creation; and those things only the Angels that stood, but all they, do know. Some things they know by Revelation, when God is pleased to manifest them unto them; and so some of the Angels know that, which the rest, though confirm'd, doe not know. By Creation, they know as his Subjects; by Confirmation, they know as his servants; by Revelation, they know as his Councel. Now,

Erimus sicut Angeli, says Christ, There we shall be as the Angels: The knowledge which I have by Nature, shall have no Clouds; here it hath: that which I have by Grace, shall have no reluctation, no resistance; here it hath: That which I have by Revelation, shall have no suspition, no jealousie; here it hath: sometimes it is hard to distinguish between a respiration from God, and a suggestion from the Devil. There our curiosity shall have this noble satisfaction, we shall know how the Angels know, by knowing as they know. We shall not pass from Author, to Author, as in a Grammar School, nor from Art to Art, as in an University; but, as that General which Knighted his whole Army, God shall Create us all Doctors in a minute. That great Library, those infinite Volumes of the Books of Creatures, shall be taken away, quite away, no more Nature; those reverend Manuscripts, written with Gods own hand, the Scriptures themselves, shall be taken away, quite away; no more preaching, no more reading of the Scriptures, and that great School-Mistress, Experience, and Observation shall be remov'd, no new thing to be done, and in an instant, I shall know more, than they all could reveal unto me. I shall know, not only as I know already, that a Bee-hive, that an Ant-hill is the same Book in Decimo sexto, as a Kingdom is in Folio, That a flower that lives but a day, is an abridgment of that King, that lives out his threescore and ten yeers; but I shall know too, that all these Ants, and Bees, and Flowers, and Kings, and Kingdoms, howsoever they may be Examples, and Comparisons to one another, yet they are all as nothing, altogether nothing, less than nothing, infinitely less than nothing, to that which shall then be the subject of my knowledge, for, it is the knowledge of the glory of God.

DEATH'S DUELL

or, A CONSOLATION TO THE SOULE, AGAINST THE DYING LIFE, AND LIVING DEATH OF THE BODY

Delivered in a Sermon at White-Hall, before the Kings Majesty, in the beginning of Lent [Feb. 25], 1630. Being his last Sermon, and called by his Majesties household The Doctors Owne Funerall Sermon

TO THE READER

[Preface to the 1st edition (1632) by Richard Redmer, the publisher.]

This Sermon was, by Sacred Authoritie, stiled the Authors owne funeral Sermon. Most fitly: whether wee respect the time, or the matter. It was preached not many dayes before his death; as if, having done this, there remained nothing for him to doe, but to die: And the matter is, of Death; the occasion and subject of all funerall Sermons. It hath beene observed of this Reverent Man, That his Faculty in Preaching continually encreased: and, That as hee exceeded others at first; so, at last hee exceeded himselfe. This is his last Sermon; I will not say, it is therefore his best; because, all his were excellent. Yet thus much: A dying Mans words, if they concerne our selves, doe usually make the deepest impression, as being spoken most feelingly, and with least affectation. Now, whom doth it not concerne to learn, both the danger, and benefit of death? Death is every mans enemy, and intends hurt to all; though to many, hee be occasion of greatest goods. This enemy wee must all combate dying; whom hee living did almost conquer; having discovered the utmost of his power, the utmost of his crueltie. May wee make such use of this and other the like preparatives, That neither death, whensoever it shall come, may seeme terrible; nor life tedious, how long soever it shall last.

PSALME 68. VERS. 20. In fine.

And unto God the (LORD) belong the issues of death.
i.e. From death.

BUILDINGS stand by the benefit of their foundations that susteine and support them, and of their butteresses that comprehend and embrace them, and of their contignations that knit and unite them: The foundations suffer them not to sinke, the butteresses suffer them not to swerve, and the contignation and knitting suffers them not to cleave; The body of our building is in the former part of this verse: It is this; hee that is our God is the God of salvation; ad salutes, of salvations in the plurall, so it is in the originall; the God that gives us spirituall and temporall salvation too. But of this building, the foundation, the butteresses, the contignations are in this part of the verse, which constitutes our text, and in the three divers acceptations of the words amongst our expositors. Unto God the Lord belong the issues from death. For first the foundation of this building, (that our God is the God of all salvations) is laid in this; That unto this God the Lord belong the issues of death, that is, it is in his power to give us an issue and deliverance, even then when wee are brought to the jawes and teeth of death, and to the lippes of that whirlepoole, the grave. And so in this acceptation, this exitus mortis, this issue of death is liberatio à morte, a deliverance from death, and this is the most obvious and most ordinary acceptation of these words, and that upon which our translation laies hold, The issues from death. And then secondly the butteresses that comprehend and settle this building, That hee that is our God, is the God of all salvations, are thus raised; Unto God the Lord belong the issues of death, that is, the disposition and manner of our death: what kinde of issue and transmigration wee shall have out of this world, whether prepared or sudden, whether violent or naturall, whether in our perfect senses or shaken and disordered by sicknes,

there is no condemnation to bee argued out of that, no Judgement to bee made upon that, for howsoever they dye, precious in his sight is the death of his saints, and with him are the issues of death, the wayes of our departing out of this life are in his hands. And so in this sense of the words, this exitus mortis, the issue of death, is liberatio in morte, A deliverance in death; Not that God will deliver us from dying, but that hee will have a care of us in the houre of death, of what kinde soever our passage be. And in this sense and acceptation of the words, the naturall frame and contexture doth well and pregnantly administer unto us; And then lastly the contignation and knitting of this building, that hee that is our God is the God of all salvations, consists in this, Unto this God the Lord belong the issues of death, that is, that this God the Lord having united and knit both natures in one, and being God, having also come into this world, in our flesh, he could have no other meanes to save us, he could have no other issue out of this world, nor returne to his former glory, but by death; And so in this sense, this exitus mortis, this issue of death, is liberatio per mortem, a deliverance by death, by the death of this God our Lord Christ Jesus. And this is Saint Augustines acceptation of the words, and those many and great persons that have adhered to him. In all these three lines then, we shall looke upon these words; First, as the God of power, the Almighty Father rescues his servants from the jawes of death: And then as the God of mercy, the glorious Sonne rescued us, by taking upon himselfe this issue of death: And then betweene these two, as the God of comfort, the holy Ghost rescues us from all discomfort by his blessed impressions before hand, that what manner of death soever be ordeined for us, yet this exitus mortis shall bee introitus in vitam, our issue in death shall be an entrance into everlasting life. And these three considerations, our deliverance à morte, in morte, per mortem, from death, in death, and by death, will abundantly doe all the offices of the foundations, of the butteresses, of

the contignation of this our building; That he that is our God, is the God of all salvations, because unto this God the Lord belong the issues of death.

First, then, we consider this exitus mortis, to bee liberatio à morte, that with God the Lord are the issues of death, and therefore in all our deaths, and deadly calamities of this life, wee may justly hope of a good issue from him. And all our periods and transitions in this life, are so many passages from death to death; our very birth and entrance into this life, is exitus à morte, an issue from death, for in our mothers wombe wee are dead so, as that wee doe not know wee live, not so much as wee doe in our sleepe, neither is there any grave so close, or so putrid a prison, as the wombe would be unto us, if we stayed in it beyond our time, or dyed there before our time. In the grave the wormes doe not kill us, wee breed and feed, and then kill those wormes which wee our selves produc'd. wombe the dead child kills the Mother that conceived it, and is a murtherer, nay a parricide, even after it is dead. And if wee bee not dead so in the wombe, so as that being dead wee kill her that gave us our first life, our life of vegetation, yet wee are dead so, as Davids Idols are dead. In the wombe wee have eyes and see not, eares and heare not; There in the wombe wee are fitted for workes of darknes, all the while deprived of light: And there in the wombe wee are taught cruelty, by being fed with blood, and may be damned, though we be never borne. Of our very making in the wombe, David sayes, I am wonderfully and fearefully made, and, Such knowledge is too excellent for me, for even that is the Lords doing, and it is wonderfull in our eyes; Ipsefecit nos, it is hee that hath made us, and not wee our selves nor our parents neither; Thy hands have made me and fashioned me round about, saith Job, and (as the originall word is) thou hast taken paines about me, and yet, sayes he, thou doest destroy me. Though I bee the Master-peece of the greatest Master (man is so), yet if thou doe no more for me, if thou leave me where thou madest mee, destruction will

follow. The wombe which should be the house of life, becomes death it selfe, if God leave us there. That which God threatens so often, the shutting of the womb, is not so heavy, nor so discomfortable a curse in the first, as in the latter shutting, nor in the shutting of barrennes, as in the shutting of weakenes, when children are come to the birth, and there is not strength to bring forth.

It is the exaltation of misery, to fall from a neare hope of happines. And in that vehement imprecation, the Prophet expresses the highest of Gods anger, give them & Lord, what wilt thou give them? give them a miscarying wombe. Therefore as soone as wee are men, (that is, inanimated, quickned in the womb) thogh we cannot our selves, our parents have reason to say in our behalf, wretched man that he is, who shall deliver him from this body of death? for even the wombe is a body of death, if there bee no deliverer. It must be he that said to Jeremy, Before I formed thee I knew thee, and before thou camest out of the wombe I sanctified thee. Wee are not sure that there was no kinde of shippe nor boate to fish in, nor to passe by, till God prescribed Noah that absolute form of the Arke. That word which the holy Ghost by Moses useth for the Arke, is common to all kinde of boates, Thebah, and is the same word that Moses useth for the boate that he was exposed in, That his mother layed him in an arke of bulrushes. But we are sure that Eve had no Midwife when she was delivered of Cain, therefore shee might well say, possedi virum à Domino, I have gotten a man from the Lord, wholly, entirely from the Lord; It is the Lord that enabled me to conceive, The Lord that infus'd a quickening soule into that conception, the Lord that brought into the world that which himself had quickened, without all this might Eve say, My body had bene but the house of death, and Domini Domini sunt exitus mortis, to God the Lord belong the issues of death.

But then this exitus a morte, is but introitus in mortem, this issue, this deliverance from that death, the death of the

wombe, is an entrance, a delivering over to another death, the manifold deathes of this world. Wee have a winding sheete in our Mothers wombe, which growes with us from our conception, and wee come into the world, wound up in that winding sheet, for wee come to seeke a grave; And as prisoners discharg'd of actions may lie for fees, so when the wombe hath discharg'd us, yet we are bound to it by cordes of flesh by such a string, as that wee cannot goe thence, nor stay there; wee celebrate our owne funeralls with cries, even at our birth; as though our threescore and ten years life were spent in our mothers labour, and our circle made up in the first point thereof, we begge our Baptisme, with another Sacrament, with teares; And we come into a world that lasts many ages, but wee last not; in domo Patris, says our Saviour, speaking of heaven, multæ mansiones, there are many mansions, divers and durable, so that if a man cannot possesse a martyrs house, (he hath shed no blood for Christ) yet hee may have a Confessors, he hath bene ready to glorifie God in the shedding of his blood. And if a woman cannot possesse a virgins house (she hath embrac'd the holy state of mariage) yet she may have a matrons house, she hath brought forth and brought up children in the feare of God. In domo patris, in my fathers house, in heaven there are many mansions; but here upon earth the sonne of man hath not where to lay his head, sayes he himselfe. Nonne terram dedit filiis hominum? how then hath God given this earth to the sonnes of men? hee hath given them earth for their materialls to bee made of earth, and hee hath given them earth for their grave and sepulture, to returne and resolve to earth, but not for their possession: Here wee have no continuing citty, nay no cottage that continues, nay no persons, no bodies that continue. Whatsoever moved Saint Jerome to call the journies of the Israelites, in the wildernes, mansions; The word (the word is Nasang) signifies but a journey, but a peregrination. Even the Israel of God hath no mansions; but journies, pilgrimages

in this life. By that measure did Jacob measure his life to Pharaoh; the dayes of the years of my pilgrimage. And though the Apostle would not say morimur, that, whilest wee are in the body wee are dead, yet hee sayes, Peregrinamur, whilest wee are in the body, wee are but in a pilgrimage, and wee are absent from the Lord; hee might have said dead, for this whole world is but an universall churchyard, but one common grave, and the life and motion that the greatest persons have in it, is but as the shaking of buried bodies in the grave, by an earth-quake. That which we call life, is but Hebdomada mortium, a weeke of deaths, seaven dayes, seaven periods of our life spent in dying, a dying seaven times over; and there is an end. Our birth dies in infancy, and our infancy dies in youth, and youth and the rest die in age, and age also dies, and determines all. Nor doe all these, youth out of infancy, or age out of youth arise so, as a Phænix out of the ashes of another Phænix formerly dead, but as a waspe or a serpent out of a caryon, or as a Snake out of dung. Our youth is worse than our infancy, and our age worse than our youth. Our youth is hungry and thirsty, after those sinnes, which our infancy knew not; And our age is sory and angry, that it cannot pursue those sinnes which our youth did; and besides, al the way, so many deaths, that is, so many deadly calamities accompany every condition, and every period of this life, as that death it selfe would bee an ease to them that suffer them: Upon this sense doth Job wish that God had not given him an issue from the first death, from the wombe, Wherefore hast thou brought me forth out of the wombe? O that I had given up the Ghost, and no eye seene me! I should have beene as though I had not beene. And not only the impatient Israelites in their murmuring (would to God wee had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt) but Eliah himselfe, when he fled from Jesabell, and went for his life, as that text sayes, under the Juniper tree, requested that hee might die, and said, it is enough now, O Lord, take away my life. So Jonah justifies his impatience,

nay his anger towards God himselfe. Now & Lord take, I beseech thee, my life from mee, for it is better to die than to live. And when God asked him, doest thou well to be angry for this, he replies, I doe well to be angry, even unto death. How much worse a death than death, is this life, which so good men would so often change for death! But if my case bee as Saint Paules case, quotidie morior, that I die dayly, that something heavier than death falls upon me every day; If my case be Davids case, tota die mortificamur; all the day long wee are killed, that not onely every day, but every houre of the day some thing heavier than death falls upon me, though that bee true of me, Conceptus in peccatis, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sinne did my mother conseive me, (there I dyed one death), though that be true of me (Natus filius iræ) I was borne not onely the child of sinne, but the child of wrath, of the wrath of God for sinne, which is a heavier death; Yet Domini Domini sunt exitus mortis, with God the Lord are the issues of death, and after a Job, and a Joseph, and a Jeremie, and a Daniel, I cannot doubt of a deliverance. And if no other deliverance conduce more to his glory and my good, yet he hath the keys of death, and hee can let me out at that dore, that is, deliver me from the manifold deaths of this world, the omni die and the tota die, the every days death and every houres death, by that one death, the finall dissolution of body and soule, the end of all. But then is that the end of all? Is that dissolution of body and soule, the last death that the body shall suffer? (for of spirituall death wee speake not now) It is not. Though this be exitus à morte, It is introitus in mortem; though it bee an issue from the manifold deaths of this world, yet it is an entrance into the death of corruption and putrefaction and vermiculation and incineration, and dispersion in and from the grave, in which every dead man dies over againe. It was a prerogative peculiar to Christ, not to die this death, not to see corruption: what gave him this priviledge? Not Josephs great proportion of gummes and spices, that might

have preserved his body from corruption and incineration longer than he needed it, longer than three dayes, but would not have done it for ever: what preserved him then? did his exemption and freedome from originall sinne preserve him from this corruption and incineration? 'tis true that original sinne hath induced this corruption and incineration upon us; If wee had not sinned in Adam, mortality had not put on immortality, (as the Apostle speakes) nor, corruption had not put on incorruption, but we had had our transmigration from this to the other world, without any mortality, any corruption at all. But yet since Christ tooke sinne upon him, so farre as made him mortall, he had it so farre too, as might have made him see this corruption and incineration, though he had no originall sinne in himself; what preserv'd him then? Did the hypostaticall union of both natures, God and Man, preserve him from this corruption and incineration? 'tis true that this was a most powerfull embalming, to be embalmd with the divine nature itselfe, to bee embalmd with eternity, was able to preserve him from corruption and incineration for ever. And he was embalmd so, embalmd with the divine nature it selfe, even in his body as well as in his soule; for the Godhead, the divine nature did not depart, but remained still united to his dead body in the grave; But yet for al this powerful embalming, this hypostaticall union of both natures, we see Christ did die; and for all this union which made him God and Man, hee became no man (for the union of the body and soule makes the man, and hee whose soule and body are separated by death as long as that state lasts is properly no man.) And therefore as in him the dissolution of body and soule was no dissolution of the hypostaticall union; so is there nothing that constraines us to say, that though the flesh of Christ had seene corruption and incineration in the grave, this had bene any dissolution of the hyposticall union, for the divine nature, the Godhead might have remained with all the Elements and principles of Christs body, as well as it did

with the two constitutive parts of his person, his body and his soul. This incorruption then was not in Josephs gummes and spices, nor was it in Christs innocency, and exemption from originall sin, nor was it (that is, it is not necessary to say it was) in the hypostaticall union. But this incorruptiblenes of his flesh is most conveniently plac'd in that, Non dabis, thou wilt not suffer thy holy one to see curruption. Wee looke no further for causes or reasons in the mysteries of religion, but to the will and pleasure of God: Christ himselfe limited his inquisition in that ita est, even so Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight. Christs body did not see corruption, therefore, because God had decreed it shold not. The humble soule (and onely the humble soule is the religious soule) rests himselfe upon Gods purposes and the decrees of God, which he hath declared and manifested not such as are conceived and imagined in our selves, though upon some probability, some veresimilitude. So in our present case Peter proceeds in his Sermon at Jerusalem, and so Paul in his at Antioch. They preached Christ to have bene risen without seeing corruption not onely because God had decreed it, but because he had manifested that decree in his Prophet. Therefore doth Saint Paul cite by speciall number the second Psalme for that decree; And therefore both Saint Peter and S. Paul cite for it that place in the 16. Psalme, for when God declares his decree and purpose in the expresse words of his Prophet, or when he declares it in the reall execution of the decree, then he makes it ours, then he manifests it to us. And therfore as the Mysteries of our Religion, are not the objects of our reason, but by faith we rest on Gods decree and purpose, (It is so ô God, because it is thy will, it should be so) so Gods decrees are ever to be considered in the manifestation thereof. All manifestation is either in the word of God, or in the execution of the decree; And when these two concur and meete, it is the strongest demonstration that can be: when therefore I finde those markes of adoption and spiritual filiation, which are delivered in the

word of God to be upon me, when I finde that reall execution of his good purpose upon me, as that actually I doe live under the obedience, and under the conditions which are evidences of adoption and spiritual filiation; Then so long as I see these markes and live so; I may safely comfort my selfe in a holy certitude and a modest infallibility of my adoption. Christ determines himself in that, the purpose of God was manifest to him: S. Peter and S. Paul determine themselves in those two wayes of knowing the purpose of God, the word of God before, the execution of the decree in the fulnes of time. It was prophecyed before, say they, and it is performed now, Christ is risen without seeing corruption. Now this which is so singularly peculiar to him, that his flesh should not see corruption, at his second coming, his coming to Judgement, shall extend to all that are then alive, their flesh shall not see corruption, because as th' Apostle sayes, and sayes as a secret, as a mystery; Behold I shew you a mistery, we shall not all sleepe, (that is, not continue in the state of the dead in the grave,) but wee shall all be changed in an instant, we shall have a dissolution, and in the same instant a redintegration, a recompacting of body and soule, and that shall be truely a death and truely a resurrection, but no sleeping in corruption; But for us that die now and sleepe in the state of the dead, we must al passe this posthume death, this death after death, nay this death after buriall, this dissolution after dissolution, this death of corruption and putrifaction, of vermiculation and incineration, of dissolution and dispersion in and from the grave, when these bodies that have beene the children of royall parents, and the parents of royall children, must say with Job, Corruption thou art my father, and to the Worme thou art my mother and my sister. Miserable riddle, when the same worme must bee my mother, and my sister, and my selfe. Miserable incest, when I must bee maried to my mother and my sister, and bee both father and mother to my owne mother and sister, beget and beare that worme which is all that miserable penury; when my mouth

shall be filled with dust, and the worme shall feed, and feed sweetely upon me, when the ambitious man shall have no satisfaction, if the poorest alive tread upon him, nor the poorest receive any contentment in being made equall to Princes, for they shall bee equall but in dust. One dyeth at his full strength, being wholly at ease and in quiet, and another dies in the bitternes of his soul, and never eates with pleasure, but they lye downe alike in the dust, and the worme covers them; In Job and in Esay, it covers them and is spred under them, the worme is spred under thee, and the worme covers thee, There's the Mats and the Carpets that lie under, and there's the State and the Canapye, that hangs over the greatest of the sons of men; Even those bodies that were the temples of the holy Ghost, come to this dilapidation, to ruine, to rubbidge, to dust, even the Israel of the Lord, and Jacob himselfe hath no other specification, no other denomination, but that vermis Jacob, thou worme of Jacob. Truely the consideration of this posthume death, this death after buriall, that after God, (with whom are the issues of death) hath delivered me from the death of the wombe, by bringing mee into the world, and from the manifold deaths of the world, by laying me in the grave, I must die againe in an Incineration of this flesh, and in a dispersion of that dust. That that Monarch, who spred over many nations alive, must in his dust lie in a corner of that sheete of lead, and there, but so long as that lead will laste, and that privat and retir'd man, that thought himselfe his owne for ever, and never came forth, must in his dust of the grave bee published, and (such are the revolutions of the graves) bee mingled with the dust of every high way, and of every dunghill, and swallowed in every puddle and pond: This is the most inglorious and contemptible vilification, the most deadly and peremptory nullification of man, that wee can consider; God seemes to have caried the declaration of his power to a great height, when hee sets the Prophet Ezechiel in the valley of drye bones, and says, Sonne of man can these bones live? as

though it had bene impossible, and yet they did; The Lord layed Sinewes upon them, and flesh, and breathed into them, and they did live: But in that case there were bones to bee seene, something visible, of which it might be said, can this thing live? But in this death of incineration, and dispersion of dust, wee see nothing that wee call that mans; If we say, can this dust live? perchance it cannot, it may bee the meere dust of the earth, which never did live, never shall. It may be the dust of that mans worme, which did live, but shall no more. It may bee the dust of another man, that concernes not him of whom it is askt. This death of incineration and dispersion, is, to naturall reason, the most irrecoverable death of all, and yet Domini Domini sunt exitus mortis, unto God the Lord belong the issues of death, and by recompacting this dust into the same body, and reinanimating the same body with the same soule, hee shall in a blessed and glorious resurrection give mee such an issue from this death, as shal never passe into any other death, but establish me into a life that shall last as long as the Lord of life himself.

And so have you that that belongs to the first acceptation of these words, (unto God the Lord belong the issues of death) That though from the wombe to the grave and in the grave it selfe wee passe from death to death, yet, as Daniel speakes, the Lord our God is able to deliver us, and hee will deliver us.

And so wee passe unto our second accommodation of these words (unto God the Lord belong the issues of death) That it belongs to God, and not to man to passe a judgement upon us at our death, or to conclude a dereliction on Gods part upon the manner thereof.

Those indications which the Physitians receive, and those presagitions which they give for death or recovery in the patient, they receive and they give out of the grounds and the rules of their art: But we have no such rule or art to give a presagition of spirituall death and damnation upon any such indication as wee see in any dying man;

wee see often enough to be sory, but not to despaire; wee may bee deceived both wayes; wee use to comfort our selfe in the death of a friend, if it be testified that he went away like a Lambe, that is, without any reluctation. But, God knowes, that [he] may bee accompanied with a dangerous damp and stupefaction, and insensibility of his present state. Our blessed Saviour suffered coluctations with death, and a sadnes even in his soule to death, and an agony even to a bloody sweate in his body, and expostulations with God, and exclamations upon the crosse. He was a devout man, who said upon his death bed, or dead turfe (for hee was an Heremit) septuaginta annis Domino servivisti, et mori times? hast thou served a good Master threescore and ten yeares, and now art thou loath to goe into his presence? yet Hilarion was loath; Barlaam was a devout man (an Heremit too) that said that day hee died. Cogita te hodie cæpisse servire Domino, et hodie finiturum. Consider this to be the first days service that ever thou didst thy Master, to glorifie him in a Christianly and a constant death, and if thy first day be thy last day too, how soone dost thou come to recieve thy wages? yet Barlaam could have beene content to have staid longer for it: Make no ill conclusions upon any mans loathnes to die, for the mercies of God worke momentarily in minutes, and many times insensibly to bystanders or any other than the party departing. And then upon violent deaths inflicted, as upon malefactors, Christ himselfe hath forbidden us by his owne death to make any ill conclusion; for his owne death had those impressions in it; He was reputed, he was executed as a malefactor, and no doubt many of them who concurred to his death, did beleeve him to bee so; Of sudden death there are scarce examples to be found in the scriptures upon good men, for death in battaile cannot be called sudden death; But God governes not by examples, but by rules, and therefore make no ill conclusion upon sudden death nor upon distempers neither, though perchance accompanied with some words of diffidence and

distrust in the mercies of God: The tree lies as it falles its true, but it is not the last stroake that fells the tree, nor the last word nor gaspe that qualifies the soule. Stil pray wee for a peaceable life against violent death, and for time of repentance against sudden death, and for sober and modest assurance against distemperd and diffident death, but never make ill conclusions upon persons overtaken with such deaths; Domini Domini sunt exitus mortis, to God the Lord belong the issues of death. And he received Sampson, who went out of this world in such a manner (consider it actively, consider it passively in his owne death, and in those whom he slew with himselfe) as was subject to interpretation hard enough. Yet the holy Ghost hath moved S. Paul to celebrate Sampson in his great Catalogue, and so doth all the Church: Our criticall day is not the very day of our death: but the whole course of our life. I thanke him that prayes for me when the Bell tolles, but I thank him much more that Catechises mee, or preaches to mee, or instructs mee how to live. Fac hoc et vives, there's my securitie, the mouth of the Lord hath said it, doe this and thou shalt live: But though I doe it, yet I shall die too, die a bodily, a naturall death. But God never mentions, never seems to consider that death, the bodily, the naturall death. God doth not say, live well and thou shalt die well, that is, an easie, a quiet death; But live well here, and thou shalt live well for ever. As the first part of a sentence peeces wel with the last, and never respects, never hearkens after the parenthesis that comes betweene, so doth a good life here flowe into an eternall life, without any consideration, what manner of death wee dye: But whether the gate of my prison be opened with an oyld key (by a gentle and preparing sicknes), or the gate bee hewen downe by a violent death, or the gate bee burnt downe by a raging and frantique feaver, a gate into heaven I shall have, for from the Lord is the cause of my life, and with God the Lord are the issues of death. And further wee cary not this second acceptation of the words, as this issue of death is

diberatio in morte, Gods care that the soule be safe, what agonies soever the body suffers in the houre of death.

But passe to our third part and last part; as this issue of death is liberatio per mortem, a deliverance by the death of another, by the death of Christ. Sufferentiam Job audiisti, et vidisti finem Domini, sayes Saint James 5. 11. You have heard of the patience of Job, says he, All this while you have done that, for in every man, calamitous, miserable man, a Job speakes; Now see the end of the Lord, saith that Apostle, which is not that end that the Lord propos'd to himselfe (salvation to us) nor the end which he proposes to us (conformitie to him) but see the end of the Lord, sayes he, The end, that the Lord himselfe came to, Death and a painefull and a shamefull death. But why did he die? and why die so? Quia Domini Domini sunt exitus mortis (as Saint Augustine interpreting this text answeres that question) because to this God our Lord belong'd the issues of death. Quid apertius diceretur? sayes hee there, what can bee more obvious, more manifest than this sense of these words. In the former part of this verse, it is said; He that is our God, is the God of salvation, Deus salvos faciendi, so hee reads it, the God that must save us. Who can that be, sayes he, but Jesus? for therefore that name was given him, because he was to save us. And to this Jesus, sayes he, this Saviour, belong the issues of death; Nec oportuit eum de hac vita alios exitus habere quam mortis. Being come into this life in our mortal nature, He could not goe out of it any other way but by death. Ideo dictum, sayes he, therefore it is said, To God the Lord belong the issues of death; ut ostenderetur moriendo nos salvos facturum, to shew that his way to save us was to die. And from this text doth Saint Isodore prove, that Christ was truely Man, (which as many sects of heretiques denied, as that he was truely God) because to him, though he were Dominus Dominus (as the text doubles it) God the Lord, yet to him, to God the Lord belong'd the issues of death, oportuit eum pati more can not be said, than Christ himselfe sayes of himselfe; These things Christ ought to suffer, hee had no other way but by death: So then this part of our Sermon must needes be a passion Sermon; since all his life was a continuall passion, all our Lent may well bee a continuall good Friday. Christs painefull life tooke off none of the paines of his death, hee felt not the lesse then for having felt so much before. Nor will any thing that shall be said before, lessen, but rather inlarge the devotion, to that which shall be said of his passion at the time of due solemnization thereof. Christ bled not a droppe the lesse at the last, for having bled at his Circumcision before, nor wil you shed a teare the lesse then, if you shed some now. And therefore bee now content to consider with mee how to this God the Lord belong'd the issues of death. That God, this Lord, the Lord of life could die, is a strange contemplation; That the red Sea could bee drie, That the Sun could stand still, That an Oven could be seaven times heat and not burne, That Lions could be hungry and not bite, is strange, miraculously strange, but supermiraculous that God could die; but that God would die is an exaltation of that. But even of that also it is a superexaltation, that God shold die, must die, and non exitus (said S. Augustin, God the Lord had no issue but by death, and oportuit pati (says Christ himself, all this Christ ought to suffer, was bound to suffer; Deus ultionum Deus says David, God is the God of revenges, he wold not passe over the sinne of man unrevenged, unpunished. But then Deus ultionum liberè egit (sayes that place) The God of revenges workes freely, he punishes, he spares whome he will. And wold he not spare himselfe? he would not: Dilectio fortis ut mors, love is strong as death, stronger, it drew in death that naturally is not welcom. Si possibile, says Christ, If it be possible, let this Cup passe, when his love expressed in a former decree with his Father, had made it impossible. Many waters quench not love, Christ tried many; He was Baptized out of his love, and his love determined not there. He mingled blood with water in his

agony and that determined not his love; hee wept pure blood, all his blood at all his eyes, at all his pores, in his flagellation and thornes (to the Lord our God belong'd the issues of blood) and these expressed, but these did not quench his love. Hee would not spare, nay he could not spare himselfe. There was nothing more free, more voluntary, more spontaneous than the death of Christ. 'Tis true, libere egit, he died voluntarily, but yet when we consider the contract that had passed betweene his Father and him, there was an oportuit, a kind of necessity upon him. All this Christ ought to suffer. And when shall we date this obligation, this oportuit, this necessity? when shall wee say that begun? Certainly this decree by which Christ was to suffer all this, was an eternall decree, and was there any thing before that, that was eternall? Infinite love, eternall love; be pleased to follow this home, and to consider it seriously, that what liberty soever wee can conceive in Christ, to die or not to die; this necessity of dying, this decree is as eternall as that liberty; and yet how small a matter made hee of this necessity and this dying? His Father cals it but a bruise, and but a bruising of his heele (the serpent shall bruise his heele) and yet that was that, the serpent should practise and compasse his death. Himselfe calls it but a Baptisme, as though he were to bee the better for it. I have a Baptisme to be Baptized with, and he was in paine till it was accomplished, and yet this Baptisme was his death. The holy Ghost calls it Joy (for the Joy which was set before him hee indured the Crosse) which was not a joy of his reward after his passion, but a joy that filled him even in the middest of those torments, and arose from him; when Christ calls his Calicem, a Cuppe, and no worse (can ye drink of my Cuppe) he speakes not odiously, not with detestation of it: Indeed it was a Cup, salus mundo, a health to all the world. And quid retribuam, says David, what shall I render to the Lord? answere you with David, accipiam Calicem, I will take the Cup of salvation, take it, that Cup is salvation, his passion, if not

into your present imitation, yet into your present contemplation. And behold how that Lord that was God, yet could die, would die, must die, for your salvation. That Moses and Elias talkt with Christ in the transfiguration, both Saint Mathew and Saint Marke tell us, but what they talkt of onely S. Luke, Dicebant excessum ejus, says he, they talkt of his decease, of his death which was to be accomplished at Jerusalem, The word is of his Exodus, the very word of our text, exitus, his issue by death. Moses who in his Exodus had prefigured this issue of our Lord, and in passing Israel out of Egypt through the red Sea, had foretold in that actuall prophesie, Christ passing of mankind through the sea of his blood. And Elias, whose Exodus and issue out of this world was a figure of Christs ascension, had no doubt a great satisfaction in talking with our blessed Lord de excessu ejus, of the full consummation of all this in his death, which was to bee accomplished at Jerusalem. Our meditation of his death should be more viscerall and affect us more because it is of a thing already done. The ancient Romans had a certain tendernesse and detestation of the name of death, they could not name death, no, not in their wills. There they could not say Si mori contigerit, but si quid humanitus contingat, not if, or when I die, but when the course of nature is accomplished upon me. To us that speake daily of the death of Christ, (he was crucified, dead and buried) can the memory or the mention of our owne death bee irkesome or bitter? There are in these latter times amongst us, that name death freely enough, and the death of God, but in blasphemous oathes and execrations. Miserable men, who shall therefore bee said never to have named Jesus, because they have named him too often. And therefore heare Jesus say, Nescivi vos, I never knew you, because they made themselves too familiar with him. Moses and Elias talkt with Christ of his death, only, in a holy and joyfull sense of the benefit which they and all the world were to receive by that. Discourses of Religion should not.

be out of curiosity, but to edification. And then they talkt with Christ of his death at that time, when he was in the greatest height of glory that ever he admitted in this world, that is, his transfiguration. And wee are afraid to speake to the great men of this world of their death, but nourish in them a vaine imagination of immortality, and immutability. But bonum est nobis esse hic (as Saint Peter said there) It is good to dwell here, in this consideration of his death, and therefore transferre wee our tabernacle (our devotions) through some of those steps which God the Lord made to his issue of death that day. Take in the whole day from the houre that Christ received the passeover upon Thursday, unto the houre in which hee died the next day. Make this present day that day in thy devotion, and consider what hee did, and remember what you have done. Before hee instituted and celebrated the Sacrament, (which was after the eating of the passeover) hee proceeded to that act of humility, to wash his disciples feete, even Peters, who for a while resisted him; In thy preparation to the holy and blessed Sacrament, hast thou with a sincere humility sought a reconciliation with all the world, even with those that have beene averse from it, and refused that reconciliation from thee? If so and not else thou hast spent that first part of his last day, in a conformity with him. After the Sacrament hee spent the time till night in prayer, in preaching, in Psalmes; Hast thou considered that a worthy receaving of the Sacrament consists in a continuation of holinesse after, as wel as in a preparation before? If so, thou hast therein also conformed thy selfe to him, so Christ spent his time till night; At night hee went into the garden to pray, and he prayed prolixius he spent much time in prayer. How much? Because it is literally expressed, that he prayed there three severall times, and that returning to his Disciples after his first prayer, and finding them asleepe said, could ye not watch with me one houre, it is collected that he spent three houres in prayer. I dare scarce aske thee whither thou wentest, or how thou

disposedst of thy self, when it grew darke and after last night: If that time were spent in a holy recommendation of thy selfe to God, and a submission of thy will to his, It was spent in a conformity to him. In that time and in those prayers was his agony and bloody sweat. I will hope that thou didst pray, but not every ordinary and customary prayer, but prayer actually accompanied with shedding of teares, and dispositively in a readines to shed blood for his glory in necessary cases, puts thee into a conformity with him; About midnight he was taken and bound with a kisse. Art thou not too conformable to him in that? Is not that too literally, too exactly thy case? at midnight to have bene taken and bound with a kisse? from thence he was caried back to Jerusalem, first to Annas, then to Caiphas, and (as late as it was) then hee was examined and buffeted, and delivered over to the custody of those officers, from whome he received all those irrisions, and violences, the covering of his face, the spitting upon his face, the blasphemies of words, and the smartnes of blowes which that Gospell mentions. In which compasse fell that Gallicinium, that crowing of the Cock which called up Peter to his repentance. How thou passedst all that time last night thou knowest. If thou didst any thing that needed Peters teares, and hast not shed them, let me be thy Cock, doe it now, Now thy Master (in the unworthiest of his servants) lookes back upon thee, doe it now; Betimes, in the morning, so soone as it was day, the Jewes held a counsell in the high Priests hall, and agreed upon their evidence against him, and then caried him to Pilate, who was to be his Judge; diddest thou accuse thy selfe when thou wakedst this morning, and wast thou content even with false accusations (that is) rather to suspect actions to have beene sin, which were not, than to smother and justify such as were truly sins? then thou spentst that houre in conformity to him: Pilate found no evidence against him, and therefore to ease himselfe, and to passe a complement upon Herod, Tetrarch of Galilee, who was at that time at Jerusalem (because Christ

being a Galilean was of Herods jurisdiction) Pilat sent him to Herod, and rather as a madman than a malefactor, Herod remaunded him (with scornes) to Pilat to proceed against him; And this was about eight of the clock. Hast thou been content to come to this Inquisition, this examination, this agitation, this cribration, this pursuit of thy conscience, to sift it, to follow it from the sinnes of thy youth to thy present sinnes, from the sinnes of thy bed, to the sinnes of thy boorde, and from the substance to the circumstance of thy sinnes? That's time spent like thy Saviours. Pilat wold have saved Christ, by using the priviledge of the day in his behalfe, because that day one prisoner was to be delivered, but they choose Barrabas. Hee would have saved him from death, by satisfying their fury, with inflicting other torments upon him, scourging and crowning with thornes, and loading him with many scornefull and ignominous contumelies; But they regarded him not, they pressed a crucifying. Hast thou gone about to redeeme thy sinne, by fasting, by Almes, by disciplines and mortifications, in way of satisfaction to the Justice of God? that will not serve, that's not the right way, wee presse an utter Crucifying of that sinne that governes thee; and that conformes thee to Christ. Towards noone Pilat gave judgement, and they made such hast to execution, as that by noone hee was upon the Crosse. There now hangs that sacred Body upon the Crosse, rebaptized in his owne teares and sweat, and embalmed in his owne blood alive. There are those bowells of compassion, which are so conspicuous, so manifested, as that you may see them through his wounds. There those glorious eyes grew faint in their light: so as the Sun ashamed to survive them, departed with his light too. And then that Sonne of God, who was never from us, and yet had now come a new way unto us in assuming our nature, delivers that soule (which was never out of his Fathers hands) by a new way, a voluntary emission of it into his Fathers hands; For though to this God our Lord, belong'd these issues of death, so that considered in his owne contract, he must necessarily die, yet at no breach or battery, which they had made upon his sacred Body, issued his soule, but emisit, hee gave up the Ghost, and as God breathed a soule into the first Adam, so this second Adam breathed his soule into God, into the hands of God. There wee leave you in that blessed dependancy, to hang upon him that hangs upon the Crosse, there bath in his teares, there suck at his woundes, and lie downe in peace in his grave, till hee vouchsafe you a resurrection, and an ascension into that Kingdome, which hee hath purchas'd for you, with the inestimable price of his incorruptible blood. Amen.

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"It is the Text that saves us; the interlineary glosses, and the marginal notes, and the variæ lectiones, controversies and perplexities, undo us." [XXVI Sermons, 4, p. 47.]

THE textual and explanatory notes which appear in the following pages are very far from being exhaustive. They do not, in any sense, form an apparatus criticus to Donne's writings. To do so, another volume of equal size would be necessary, and its contents would consist very largely of repetitions of annotations made by previous editors. I have confined myself therefore to points which hitherto have received little attention, and to important variant readings, those, in particular, which I have adopted in preference to the choice of other editors. The notes to the poems acknowledge in many cases the help I have received from Professor Grierson's edition. It has been impossible, in so limited a space, to indicate the sources of emendations selected from MSS. and printed editions where the original text is corrupt. For the punctuation of the poems I have received many suggestions from Professor Grierson's edition, with whose standards I usually agree. At the same time I have endeavoured to preserve as far as possible the original punctuation except where it is definitely misleading. New light has been thrown on Elizabethan punctuation in recent years by Mr. Percy Simpson; and Mrs. Simpson (Rev. Eng. Studies, IV, 15, July, 1928) has shown that Donne himself was aware of its importance. The punctuation of the Sermons, which Donne prepared for the press, was obviously intentional.

POEMS

SONGS AND SONETS

p. 3, 1. 17. The Good-morrow. The MSS. and editions are divided over the choice of the epithet for hemispheares. 'better' is the reading of 1633 and some of the best MSS. 'fitter' the reading of the later editions and the majority of MSS. Probably Donne himself was uncertain which to use. After much consideration I have adopted 'better', which seems to express the idea which he had in mind.

p. 6, 1. 10. The Sunne Rising: "which are the rags of time." Cf. LXXX Sermons, II, 12-13.

- p. 8, ll. 13-16. Loves Usury. The meaning of this passage is obscure. The poet is boasting in this stanza of his lust and exalting it above love. "Let mee love no one," he says, "not even the physical act, so long as I am informed, in town and country, of any opportunity of pleasure." (But see add. note, p. 794).
 - 1. 20. Mr. Sparrow suggested the emendation, which I have adopted, and which the sense justifies, of placing the comma before 'most', i.e. "If thou covet, etc., thou shalt gain most at that age when I am old." This is the reading of MS. Lec. All the editions and MSS. read: covet most, ...
- p. 9, 1. 22. The Canonization. "The Eagle and the Dove."

 These birds were symbols, respectively, for strength and purity. Cf. Crashaw, "The Flaming Heart": "By all the Eagle in thee, all the dove."
- p. 10, ll. 37-45 Grierson's interpretation of this stanza is obviously correct and I have accepted his changes: a semi-colon after 'rage,' a mark of exclamation after 'love,' and the brackets (So made . . . epitomize,).
- p. 13, l. 32. Song. "That art the best of me." This is the reading of 1635, 1639, 1650. 1669 reads: 'which.' 1633 and a majority of MSS. read 'Thou...' which is Grierson's reading The repetition of 'That' opening a sentence in the space of three lines is awkward, but 'Thou' seems to be a copyist's and printer's error and makes no sense.
- p. 20, l. 15. Twicknam Garden. 'nor yet leave loving.' This is the reading of 1633. In some of the best MSS. (e.g. Dowden, Harleian 4955, Leconfield) there is a lacuna. Later editions and most of the MSS. print: 'nor leave this garden,' which is probably an alternative reading.
- p. 26, l. II. Confined Love. 'a-night.' I have inserted the hyphen, omitted in 1633.
- p. 27, 1. 8 A Valediction: of Weeping. 'that thou falls.' This is the reading of the best MSS. All the editions read 'that thou falst,' an obvious error of a short-sighted printer who supposed that 'thou falls' was an error in his MS. for 'thou falst.' It is difficult to see why Professor Grierson has adopted the reading of

the editions. Surely the meaning of this line is: 'when a tear falls, that Thou (i.e. that image of Thee reflected in my tear) which it bore, falls too.' The printing of 'Thou' in italics with a capital would simplify matters. This poem is a good example of Donne's choosing a stanza form and forcing his meaning into it. ("Wreathing iron pokers into true love knots"). The second and third stanzas, where he is more at ease, are far clearer. (v. Pierre Legouis. "Donne the Craftsman," Paris, 1928.)

- p. 31, l. 27. The Curse. "What Plants, Myne, Beasts . . .".

 'Myne' is the reading of the editions and some of the best MSS. I have adopted it in preference to the 'mynes' of the other MSS. Cf. 'Land of Myne' (Progress of the Soule, 17), a favourite name given by Donne to the West Indies.
- p. 34. The Baite. This is the title given in all the editions except 1633. The MSS. give 'Song' and no title. MS. Sloane 542 gives: "An Invitation to his Mrs. to come and fish."
- A Valediction: forbidding mourning. p. 37, l. 35. firmnes drawes my circle just,". I have boldly adopted the reading which none of the editions or MSS. gives (Eds. and MSS. read: "Thy firmnes makes my circle just"), from Sloane MS. 1792 and a XVII cent. commonplace book belonging to Mr. John Sparrow. The repetition of 'makes' is extremely awkward, and although it can hardly be supposed that all the copyists were guilty of inserting 'makes' in line 36 from the previous line, there can be no doubt that drawes is the better reading. The reading preferred by Walton in his Life of Donne, where this poem is quoted, is:
 - 'Thy firmness makes my circle just And me to end where I begun.'

But cf. LXXX Sermons 39: "that we may make up this circle and end as we begun . . ."

p. 38, 1. 42. The Ecstasy. 'Interinanimates': the reading of a majority of MSS. as against 'interanimates' of the editions is obviously correct. Grierson notes that the verb inanimate occurs more than once in the Sermons. As a matter of fact it is one of Donne's favourite verbs and occurs more than forty times in the

Sermons, usually uncompounded, though there are several examples of the compound: 're-inanimate' (cf. also "First Anniversary," 1. 68).

- 'spheares' is the reading of the editions. **11.** 52–53. Most of the MSS, give the singular form, in deference, no doubt, to the rhyme. Donne, however, was capable of rhyming singular with plural: cf. Verse Letter to Sir Henry Wotton (p. 158), ll. 22-23, and "Elegie" XVII (p. 91), 11. 7-8 and 38-39, in the last of which examples I have adopted the reading of 'time' from 1669, the earlier editions and MSS. reading 'times.' Professor Grierson's reasons for printing the singular form are not very convincing. Donne's meaning surely is: "Our body acts according to the impulses given to it by our intelligence; it is a machine (a spheare) over which we have control through the intelligence." Cf. "Sermon on Judges," v. 20, 1622, "they are intelligences that move great spheres." Professor Grierson contends that the bodies joined are one spheare, controlled by two intelligences. But why if the union of bodies produces a single spheare does not the union of souls, in love, produce one intelligence? The lovers in the poem are not yet joined in bodily union. In these lines Donne is simply adducing a reason for using carnal means to a spiritual end—the union or ecstasy of souls. Cf. also "Good Friday. Riding Westward," ll. 1-2. LXXX Sermons, 37: "the Holy Ghost is the intelligence in that sphere," Fifty Sermons, 3: " I shall see a divorce between the spheres and all their intelligences."
- p. 41, l. I. Loves Diet. Cf. Fifty Sermons, I. "A dropsy hath extended me to an enormous corpulency and unwieldiness."
 - 1. 12. This is a difficult line which has been passed over by previous commentators. Reference to the succeeding stanza will help to explain its obscurity. Donne is describing the diet (meat: sighs. drink: tears.) upon which his love feeds, a diet that did not nourish because both meat and drink were counterfeit: "His drink was counterfeit, as was his meat" (l. 17). The meaning of this line is expressed differently and more obscurely in 1. 12 of the

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second stanza: "Twas neither very sound, nor meant to me," i.e. the she-sigh from his mistress's heart was neither genuine nor (presumably) intended for him. Although I have allowed this line to stand in the text, I am still aware of two difficulties: (1) If the sigh was not meant for him, what did it matter if it was 'sound' or not: if it was not' sound,' it would have been of little value even if it was intended for him. (2) ' meant to me,' in the sense 'meant for me' is not quoted in the N.E.D., and though it is possible that the dictionary has overlooked this use (meant to), it seems odd that Donne should have used it in preference to the common one (meant for). Yet none of the editions or MSS. I have examined changes the preposition. Under these circumstances I was inclined to adopt this emendation suggested to me by Mr. John Sparrow:

"Twas neither very sound nor meat to me." The very slight alteration made by dropping one letter adds not only to the sense but to the force of the line, which, in its altered form, is more nearly parallel to 1. 17. A further though not necessary emendation is: "Twas neither very sound" to "Twas not her very sound," i.e. Twas not the genuine sound of her sigh and therefore not nourishing (not meat) to the poet's love. Cf. Fifty Sermons, V, "-which are all but forced dishes of hot brains and not sound

meat."

"Naked you have odds p. 48, 1. 24. enough . . ." Naked you have out of the majority The editions except 1633, and of the majority of the MSS. 1633, and a small but authoritative group of MSS. read: "In that you have odds enough," which one suspects is a bowdlerism of the stronger and surely more characteristic reading. The evidence in favour of this reading is strong enough to justify the change. 'Naked' is not a variation that can readily be ascribed to the MS. copyists, or to the printers of editions subsequent to 1633. It is possible that Donne himself, after his conversion, re-reading a copy of this poem in the house of some friend, quietly altered the line, thereby unintentionally authorizing an alternative reading, which crept into other MSS. made from the expurgated copy, including that from which the edition of 1633 was set up.

- p. 49, 11. 7-8. A Jeat Ring Sent. "Except in thy name..." An explanation of these two difficult lines has been communicated to me by Mr. F. L. Lucas. "Except in thy name... fling me away." Donne, indulging his passion for making puns, has tried to squeeze one out of the two words Jeat and jete. (Fr: throw away: imperative singular). Compare jetsam.
- p. 53, ll. 28-30. Farewell to Love. Taken together these lines are the most unintelligible in the whole canon of Donne's poetry. The basis of my text is the edition of 1635 in which this poem first appeared. The only MS. containing it, which I have examined, is Stowe 961 in the British Museum; but neither this MS. nor any of the early editions throw any light on its obscurity. Among modern editors Grierson alone has, by a brilliant emendation, offered an explanation.

The following, in order, are the readings of the old editions, of Grierson, and of the present text:

Because that other curse of being short, And only for a minute made to be Eager, desires to raise posterity.

Because that other curse of being short, And onely for a minute made to be, [Eagers desire] to raise posterity.

Because that other curse of being short, And onely for a minute made to be Eager desires, to raise posterity.

Grierson's emendation is at first sight exattractive. Almost immediately, tremely however, one wonders if such a radical change is either justified or necessary. That some change is necessary is certain. But a change that involves placing a comma after 'to be' (l. 29), thereby checking the flow of the phrase 'onely for a minute made to be eager, etc.', the rhythm of which is characteristic of Donne, cannot be admitted without question. Nor do I agree personally with Grierson's explanation that "the other curse of being short And onely for a minute made to be" refers to the curse of mortality brought upon

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man by Adam. Surely these lines must refer to the short ecstasy of physical union:

the thing which lovers so

Blindly admire, and with such worship wooe Being had, enjoying it decayes, (ll. 14-16)

an act that leaves "Cocks and Lyons jocund," but man in a state of "sorrowing dulnesse." And why, if the curse of mortality stimulates "[Eagers] desire "to raise posterity, does Nature decree that man shall despise

that very reasonable desire?

Donne's meaning, as I understand it, is this: "Unlike the beasts, man feels sad after the act of love. Why is this? Nature decreed that it should be so, and would have man despise the sport of raising posterity since the act itself is short and the desires that promote it are made eager by nature for a moment only; moreover, it is said that each such act diminishes the length of life a day."

Personally, I believe this to be a closer interpretation of the text than Grierson's. The difficulty is, of course, to reconcile it to the text of the early editions. The reading I have adopted makes it possible to preserve the original punctuation, with one exception, the placing of a comma after, instead of before desires.' But I have had to assume that Because that other curse . . .' means Because of that other curse . . .' a use not quoted in the N.E.D.

It may help the reader to bracket the second subordinate clause, viz.:

Unlesse wise

Nature decreed (since each such Act, they say,

Diminisheth the length of life a day)

This; as shee would man should despise the sport,

(Because ['of' understood] that other curse of being short,

And onely for a minute made to be Eager desires), to raise posterity.

This line is obscure unless we remember that wormseed (wormwood var. Santonicum: 'semence de Sainctes') is a powerful anaphrodisiac, and that the Latin word for tail is penis. Tail in this sense is common in Elizabethan literature.

- p. 54, l. 2. A Lecture upon the Shadow. I am indebted to Mr. Desmond MacCarthy for the suggestion that this line should read: "A Lecture, love, in Loves philosophy," i.e. transferring the capital from 'love' to 'Loves.' Although the MSS. and editions do not support this reading, I am inclined to think it correct.
- P. 55. Selfe Love. This poem is without a title in the old editions. I have adopted Chambers' appropriate suggestion.

ELEGIES

- p. 66. Elegie II. This poem was printed in "Parnassus Biceps," 1656, where it is entitled "On the praise of an ill-favoured Gentlewoman "; there is also a copy in B.M. Add. MS. 30982. Neither of these recensions is noted by Professor Grierson. Mr. Thorn Drury (" Parnassus Biceps," 1927) considers the 1656 text superior to any other, although it omits sixteen lines of the 1633 version. I cannot agree. The editor of "Parnassus Biceps " has polished up the rough surfaces, making a poem more smooth than Donne's, but also less characteristic. At the same time divergencies in the text indicate a MS. source different from any used for the editions. Thus 1. 4 reads: "Though her lips Ivory be, her teeth be fat." 1. 10 reads: "Compounded are in one she needs must please." 1. 35 reads: "Beauty is barren oft; and husbands say." Add. MS. 30982 reads: 'good husbands,' thereby avoiding the awkward repetition of 'best.' 1. 37 reads: "soveraigne medicine." ll. 41-43: "When Belgia's Cities th'ruind country drown That durty foulness armes and guards the Town." 'ruind' occurs in no other version that I have examined, though the MS. collections differ over the choice of epithet and read variously: 'round,' 'lowe' (Add. MS. 30982), 'foul.'
- p. 71, l. 8. Elegie V. The editions and MSS. disagree over this line. I have followed 1633. Subsequent editions read:
 - "With cares harsh sodaine horiness o'erspread,"

which is the Westmoreland MS. version (but

for 'harsh' read 'rash'). It is probable that Donne himself altered the line and that some readings are composed of both versions, the original and the altered.

- 78. Elegie XI. It is impossible to understand this elegy unless one realizes that, throughout it, Donne is drawing an elaborate and punning comparison between angels (spirits) and angels (coins).
- 80, 1. 104. Elegie XI. 1633 reads: 'itching desire.' I have followed the reading of several important MSS. and printed 'Itchy,' which appears more likely to be Donne's choice. Cf. Satire I, 38: 'Itchy lust.' "Progress of the Soule," 483: 'an itchie warmth.' "Holy Sonnets III," 10: 'Itchy Letcher.'
- 81, l. 19. Elegie XII. 'Rite.' I have altered the confusing spelling of the 1669 edition: 'Right.'
 - "Yea, thy pale inwards, and thy panting l. 54. heart?" The explanation of this difficult line has baffled previous commentators. Surely it is intelligible as it stands. Donne is describing the intimacies of love-making, and seems to be referring in this line to the physical signs of passion in his mistress—to the beating of her heart and the pang that she feels within her, an intimation that she must yield because she has not the strength to withstand. For the use of pale in this sense of weak v. N.E.D. Also cf. Ecclogue (p. 109, 1. 61): "The Earth doth in her inward bowels hold." Also cf. "An Essay of Valour ": 'our pale valour'; and "Essays in Divinity": "In whose inwards and Sanctum Sanctorum, what treasure of saving mysteries do his priests see."
 - 1. 87. I have adopted Professor Grierson's reading of this line, which follows the version given in MS. Harleian 4064, but spells 'portions' with a capital letter.
- S5, 1. 24. Elegie XIV. "The traffique of the I[n]land seas had marr'd." This is Professor Grierson's emendation. The editions of 1635, 1639, 1650, 1654 read: 'Iland.' Chambers and Grosart read: 'Island.' 1669 reads: 'Midland.' Ward was a notorious pirate whose headquarters were in the Mediterranean (The Inland) Sea.

- p. 94, 1. 50. Elegie XVIII. Cf. LXXX Sermons, 68: "to be come to the Canaries, the fortunate islands. . . ."
- p. 96, 1. 5. Elegie XIX. "heavens Zone glistering": I have adopted 'glistering' from the MS. collections rather than the 'glittering' of the editions. Glistering is one of Donne's favourite epithets. Cf. Paradoxes and Problemes: "a gay man leaning at the wall, so glistering, and so painted." That a Wise Man, etc.; and "It dares appeare and spread and glister in the World..." (That good, etc.); and Sermon on Matt. 21, 44 in "Six Sermons," 1634, p. 25: 'glistering sins' altered to 'glittering' in "Fifty Sermons," 35, p. 319
- p. 98, l. 44. Elegie XX. B.M. Add. MS. 30982 (not quoted by Professor Grierson) reads:
 - "To warrs; But stay swords, weapons, armes and shot."

SATYRES

- p. 122, l. 58. Satyre I. "The Infanta of London, Heire to an India"; this is the reading of B.M. Add. MS. 25707. I have followed Professor Grierson and changed the comma of the MS. to a semi-colon. The edition of 1633 prints: "The infant of London."
 - 1. 63. 'canst': an obvious correction from the John Cave MS. of the 'can' in the editions.
 - 1. 97. 'pleate': this is the spelling of several MSS.

 The edition of 1633 prints the awkward form 'plight.'
- p. 125, l. 32. Satyre II. "To out-swive Dildoes." After some hesitation I have adopted this reading from three authoritative sources, the Dowden MS., B.M. Harleian 4955 and the West-moreland MS. The editions and the majority of MSS. read: "to out-doe Dildoes," which, one suspects, is mere palliation, for 'swive' is the obvious verb for 'Dildoes,' as well as being more direct. That the Westmoreland MS. should support this reading is a strong point in favour of adopting it, since this is one of the earliest extant MS. collections.
- p. 128, l. 49. Satyre III. 'Crantz': The Westmoreland MS. is the only MS. I have examined which gives

this, the correct form. Editions and other MSS. read variously 'Crants,' Grants,' etc.

- p. 131, 1. 38. Satyre IIII. "He speakes one language": Professor Grierson prefers the reading of B.M. Add. 25707, "speakes no language." I have retained: "one language," which is found in all the editions and most of the MS. collections.
 - 1. 56. "Some other Jesuites": the editions omit 'other,' which is found only in the Hawthornden MS. I have not been able to examine this MS., the reading of which I have taken in this case from Professor Grierson's edition.
 - 1. 175. 'Mews': 'Mues' in the edition of 1633. 'Catchannel' in line 187 is, of course, Cochineal.
- p. 139, l. 91. Satyre V. 'what's ': I have followed Professor Grierson, whose authority is the Norton MS. at Harvard, which I have not seen. The editions and MSS. omit the ''s '.
- p. 139.

 Upon Mr. Thomas Coryat's Crudities. I am indebted to Messrs. Pickering & Chatto for permission to collate from a copy in their possession the 1633 text with the text of 'Coryat's Crudities,' 1611, where this and the following poem is printed with others in the introductory matter.

VERSE LETTERS TO SEVERALL PERSONAGES

- p. 146, l. 38. The Storme. "Ay, and the Sunne": Professor Grierson prints "I, and the Sunne," though he seems to regard 'I' as an adverb. The early editions and MS. collections read 'I', and modern editors take 'I' as a pronoun instead of an adverb and obscure the meaning.
- p. 148, 1. 37. The Calme. The 1633 edition reads: 'Sea-goales', an awkward and misleading form which I have altered to 'Sea-gaols'. All the later editions except 1669 and Professor Grierson read: 'Sea-gulls', which is certainly incorrect.
- p. 149.

 To the Countess of Huntingdon. I have ventured to incorporate in the canon of Donne's poetry this letter addressed to the Countess of Huntingdon (1635, p. 191. Grierson I,

Appendix, p. 417). Although I have been unable to add to the evidence already put forward by Professor Grierson, I am convinced that the poem is by Donne. From internal evidence it is difficult to imagine who, if not he, could have written it. Moreover, I do not think that the evidence against Donne's authorship is strong enough warrant its exclusion. It is the only poem outside the canon established by Professor Grierson that admits any doubt of this kind, and Professor Grierson himself now agrees that it should be admitted. (Since this note was written, Professor Grierson has included it in the one-volume reprint of Donne's Poems, prepared by him for "The Oxford Poets," 1930.) Although it is not possible to establish the date of its composition, it is probable that this letter was written when Donne was on the Islands Voyage (1597), "The Storm' when two other letters, and "The Calme," were sent to his friend Christopher Brooke. I have placed it therefore after these two poems.

- p. 154, l. 52. To Sir Henry Wotton. 'gaole': 1633 misprints 'goale'. Subsequent editions print 'gaile'.
- p. 158.

 Henrico Wottoni. The Burley MS., from which this single poem was printed as Donne's by Professor Grierson, was destroyed by fire. I have expanded the title which is abbreviated in the Clarendon Press transcript.
- p. 159, l. 1. To the Countesse of Bedford. Cf. LXXX Sermons, 22: "faith is man's right hand, with that man takes all."
- p. 172, II. 13-16. To Mr. T. W. This is one of the cruces in Donne's text. The difficulty arises over the correct position for the brackets. 1633 brackets: 'alas . . . Schoole'. Professor Grierson: 'Before . . . begger'. Professor Chambers follows the reading of the editions subsequent to 1633: 'But for thy grace . . . Schoole'. In the first and second impressions of this edition, I attempted an argument in favour of placing the brackets in front of Before and after Monster. Since then I have been convinced by Professor H. M. Belden's reading of the text, which requires that the parenthesis should begin at alas and end after Schoole, and have there-

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fore emended the text accordingly (v. Belden in "The Journal of English and Germanic Philology," XIV, 135 et seq.).

p. 172, ll. 5-6.

To Mr. T. W. These two lines are found only in the Westmoreland MS., which is an important authority for many of the Verse Letters. In the letter to Mr. I. L. (page 178) lines 11–12 are also in the Westmoreland MS. and in no other recension. In each case I am indebted to Sir Edmund Gosse for permission to include them in this edition.

p. 178.

To Mr. I. L. The title in the editions is: "To M. I. P." The MSS. collections read: "To M. I. L." i.e. "Mr. I. L.", the initials of the addressee of the previous letter. Who he was I have been unable to discover, but it is clear that he lived beyond the Trent.

ANNIVERSARIES

"The Anatomy of the World" and its sequel, "Of the Progresse of the Soule," were the first of the few poems printed in Donne's lifetime. "The Anatomy of the World" was printed in 1611, and the following year it was reprinted with "The Second Anniversary." In 1621 and 1625 this volume was reprinted, and in 1633 the two poems were incorporated in the first collected edition of Donne's poems. The best text is that given by the edition of 1633; the separate editions, more particularly the later ones, were carelessly set up. "The Anniversaries" are not included, to my knowledge, in any MS. collections.

The basis of the present text is the edition of 1633 which has been collated with the editions of 1621 (facsimile reprint of the British Museum copy by Noel Douglas, 1926) and 1625 (copy formerly owned by Mr. Everard Meynell and lent to me by Mr. Francis Meynell). I have been unable to examine copies of the 1611 and 1612 editions. The Ellesmere copy of 1611, the only copy extant, according to Mr. Geoffrey Keynes' bibliography, used by Professor Grierson, is now in the Huntington Library, California: the Hoe and Huth copies of 1612 are also in American libraries, one in the Huntington Library, the other in the Beverley Chew collection [v. Note, p. 794]. I have been compelled therefore to use Professor Grierson's edition in the preparation of my text

Where I have adopted a reading from Professor Grierson's collation of 1611 or 1612 the fact is stated in a note.

p. 195.

To the Praise of the dead, etc. This introductory poem, and "The Harbinger to the Progresse" which introduces the "Second Anniversary," were written probably by Joseph Hall. See Drummond. 'Conversations'. ed. Patterson, 1923, p. 50. In order to differentiate them from Donne's work I have printed them in italic type.

The following readings have been taken from Professor Grierson's collation of the editions

of 1611 and 1612:

To the Praise of the dead, etc.

l. 43. what an high (1611-12).

The First Anniversary.

1. 6. In-mate (1611-12).

1. 10. Song, (1611).

l. 18. shee, (1611).

l. 33. Font, (1611).

36. Palace (1611-12).
 90. marginal note: The sicknesses (1612).

1. 149. silver; (1611-12).

l. 169. man, (1611).

l. 171. any thing (1611-12).

l. 177. Sex; (1611).

l. 181. thoughts, (1611-12).

l. 210. Firmament (1611-12).

1. 230. West Indies (1611).

1. 237. knowst (1611).

1. 266. ingredients, (1612).

l. 270. breake (1612).

1. 313. infer, (1611-12).

1. 318. proportions (1611-12).

l. 321. Elements, (1611-12).

l. 370. knowst (1611).

1. 387. Th'Ayre (1611).

1. 415. Impressions (1611).

1. 416. But (1611) by Receivers (1611-12).

1. 421. this (1611).

p. 217, l. 87 The Second Anniversarie. "a little glimmering light". There is an interesting parallel in "Ignatius his Conclave", which was written in the same year (1611) as this poem: "Of which kind I thinke they give a little glimmering and intimation. . ."

P. 220, l. 228. "The Western treasure, Easterne spicerie". Cf. LXXX Sermons 17: "the western hemisphere, the land of gold, and treasure, and the eastern hemisphere, the land of spices and perfumes. . . ."

EPICEDES AND OBSEQUIES

- Elegie upon Prince Henry: " If Faith have such p. 233, l. 71. a chaine . . ." All the early editions and Professor Grierson read: " If Fate have such a chaine ". Professor Grierson, without commenting on the text, refers to the passage in the "Second Anniversary," 1. 143: "She who was such a chaine as Fate employes", etc. It is not easy to explain away the reading, 'Faith' of the 1613 text which was printed in Donne's lifetime and twenty years before the edition of 1633 where it is reprinted. The whole poem is concerned with a discussion of Faith and Reason and how Donne was shaken in both by the untimely death of the prince. In 1. 65, Reason, regarded as a connection of causes is discussed, and is found wanting since its subject no longer exists: 1. 71 a similar analysis is applied to Faith: miracle steales in a new linke in the chaine of Faith, thereby upsetting man's belief.
- p. 242, 1. 34. Elegie on the Lady Marcham. "deaths' dust", i.e. the dust of the younger and elder death. I have followed the editor of the Grolier Club edition and put an apostrophe after "deaths'" in order to make the meaning clear.
- p. 246, 1. 48. Elegie. Death. "to feast... to pray". I have italicized those two words, following Professor Grierson.
- p. 247.

 Elegie on L. C. For an interesting and convincing solution of the initials L. C., which hitherto have received no satisfactory explanation, see Essays and Studies of the English Association, Vol. VII, 1921, John Sampson: "Contemporary Light upon John Donne," p. 95 et seq. Professor Sampson bases his remarks upon the expansion L. Cary which he discovered in an annotated copy of the 1639 edition formerly owned by the Rev. Giles Oldesworth (1619-1678). L. Cary, Henry Carey, Baron Hunsdon, became Lord Chamberlain of the Queen's Household in

1583 and died in 1596. The initials must certainly stand for Lord Chamberlain.

p. 249, l. 18. An Hymne to the Saints. "Gangred all orders". This is the reading of the 1633 edition. Subsequent editions and Professor Grierson read: "Gangreend," the usual form that occurs two or three times in the Sermons. The N.E.D. quotes the noun: ganger, but gives no example of the verb. It is natural to suppose that an 'n' was dropped by the printer of the 1633 edition, but I am still persuaded that the unusual and expressive form was Donne's original choice. Cf. Devotions, Meditation XII, l. 62: 'a pinne, a combe, a haire, pulled, hath gangred, and killd'.

THE PROGRESSE OF THE SOULE

Since Professor Grierson's edition a valuable MS. (B.M. Harleian MS. 3993) of this poem has come to light. (See Introductory Note.) In the following notes I refer to this manuscript simply as MS.

- p. 256, l. 29. Stanza III. MS. reads 'Bark'.
 - 1. 36. Stanza IV. "vouch thou safe": this is the reading of all the MSS. I have examined. Editions read: "vouch safe thou".
- p. 258, 11. 114-117. Stanza XII. Cf. LXXX Sermons 4: "they . . . become none, but vanish into nothing, as boy's bubbles . . . by an overblowing become nothing."
- p. 259, l. 137. Stanza XIV. The MS. reading of this line, which is printed here from the Gosse MS., is: "To see the Prince, so filled is the way".
- p. 260, l. 160. Stanza XVI. Cf. LXXX Sermons 11: "this living dead man, this dead and buried man."
- p. 261, l. 195. Stanza XX. "who did so last": the emendation 'last' for 'tast' (editions, MSS. and modern editors) is the most valuable contribution of the MS. to Donne's text. Before I examined the MS. it had already occurred to me to make this change.
- p. 262, l. 214. Stanza XXII. MS. agrees with the Gosse MS. against the editions and other MSS, and reads: 'hidd'. It agrees also with the Gosse MS. Stanza XXX, line 296, a reading superior to any other.

- p. 265, ll. 321-322. Stanza XXXIII. MS. has a variant reading:
 - ". . . a favourite

Lies still at Court, and is himselfe a nett."

- p. 267, 11. 383-384. Stanza XXXIX. MS. has a variant reading:
 - "Of beasts; who had been king but that too wise

He was just, thankfull, loth t'offend."

- Stanza XLII. "Nor much resist". This is p. 269, l. 419. an awkward passage. Professor Grierson emends, thus: "Nor [make] resist." I do not think that there is sufficient justification for changing the text. Donne was constantly falling foul of grammar, and was quite capable of using the same word as a noun and a verb in the same sentence, provided that his meaning remained tolerably clear, which it does in this case. I have retained, therefore, the reading of the early editions (also in Camb. Univ. Add. MS. 5778, an authoritative MS. not quoted by Grierson), rather than fall into the easy mistake of making Donne's text conform with modern grammatical standards. The other MSS. I have examined all read: "Nowe much resist". Cf. "Ignatius his Conclave": "Nor would they much resist it, if the Pope himselfe would vouchsafe to go with them."
- p. 271, l. 485. Stanza XLIX. "more than halfe loth": thus MS. and Professor Grierson's conjecture. The MS. reading is a valuable addition to Donne's text. 'loth' is obviously correct, but the editions and MS. collections contain the wildest conjectures. 1633 and the Gosse MS.: 'Tooth': later editions: 'wroth'. The remaining MSS. leave a blank space, though a later hand has inserted 'loath' in the Trinity College, Cambridge, MS.

p. 272. Stanza LII. MS. omits this stanza.

DIVINE POEMS

The Ode "Vengeance will sit above our thoughts" (Editions 1635-69) (ed. Grierson. I, 358) has been excluded from the canon in the present edition. Professor Grierson, though doubtful of its authenticity, transferred

it from an appendix. On internal evidence alone it is quite unlike any of Donne's "Divine Poems." In Rawlinson Poet: MS. 31 (Bodleian), this poem is attributed to Herbert of Cherbury, and Professor Moore Smith is almost certainly correct in adding it to the canon of the "Poems of Lord Herbert of Cherbury" (Oxford, 1923). In support of Donne's authorship, however, are the initials "J.D.," which appear at the foot of the poem in the early editions. Although this means that the MS. from which the edition of 1635 was set up contained them, I am not therefore convinced. Even a slight acquaintance with MS. collections of seventeenth-century verse teaches an editor to suspect such initialled ascriptions, which are a perpetual trap for the unwary. It seems to have been a practice among amanuenses to add initials or names of authors, not necessarily with intent to deceive, but rather from ignorance, or a belief in their own detective abilities.

- p. 276.

 Holy Sonnets, La Corona, etc. In this series of seven sonnets I have made the first line of each sonnet conform orthographically with the last line of the preceding stanza. Cf. Sonnet 2, 1. 14, and Sonnet 3, 1. 1. 1633 edition reads: 'Immensity' and 'Immensitie'. This is a good example of the casual spelling of the early seventeenth-century printer.
- p. 282, 1. 6. Holy Sonnets VII. Cf. XXVI Sermons 5:

 "And these, war, and dearth, and sickness, are the weapons of God's displeasure; and these he pours out of his treasury, in this world." 'dearth' is the reading of the Westmoreland MS., the most authoritative MS. for the "Holy Sonnets". The editions and MSS. all read: 'death', which is obviously incorrect. See Professor Grierson's note (II, 232): "the poet is enumerating various modes in which death comes; death itself cannot be one of these." The quotation from XXVI Sermons is a powerful support of the Westmoreland version.
- p. 292, l. 22. Goodfriday 1613, etc. "And tune all spheares at once": this is the reading of all the early editions and a consensus of important MSS. Professor Grierson, following another group of MSS., reads: "And turne all spheares at once"; and supports this variation with the remark that Donne was more of a Schoolman

and Aristotelian than a Platonist. (The harmony of the spheres was a platonic theory.) As a matter of fact, Donne was not a follower of any one school of thought. He was an eclectic and incorporated in his work various and often contradictory theories which had interested him in the course of a vast and discursive examination of the Schoolmen and the early Fathers. (See, for example, the list of authorities in Biathanatos.) It is impossible to relate them to any one definite system. But it is certain that he was deeply influenced by the neoplatonic doctrines (in particular the doctrine of ecstasy) of Plotinus, which he had studied in Paracelsus and Fludd. For these reasons I have retained the reading of the editions, and all that it implies. Cf. the following passages, which support the platonic theory of harmony:

- "A sinner is more musique, when he prayes, Than spheares. . . ." (Litany 199.)
- "The Spheares have music, but they have no tongue, Their harmony is rather danced than sung." (Upon the Translation of the Psalms, 25.)
- "Peace is in Sion; God's whole choir is in tune: nay, here is the music of the spheres." (Fifty Sermons, 26.)
- "This is the true harmony of the spheres ..." (ibid., 39.)
- "... for the music of the spheres, whatsoever it be, we cannot hear it." (XXVI Sermons, 2.)
- "The heavens declare the glory of God; and that should be the harmony of the spheres." (ibid., 4).
- The Lamentations of Jeremy. The numbering of the stanzas and parts of stanzas refers to the verses in the Vulgate text. Tremellius' Latin translation of the New Testament which Donne used is a valuable check for the text when the editions and MSS. disagree.
- A Hymne to God the Father. Professor Grierson prints two versions of this poem: (1) based on the 1633 edition, (2) based on a MS. at Trinity College, Dublin, which I have not

p. 307.

examined; (a version similar to this occurs in B.M. Add. MS. 18647 and in five other MSS.) Starting with the 1633 edition as a basis, I have combined the two versions. The following are the readings I have incorporated from Add. MS. 18647:

- 1. 2. which is. 1633: which was.
- 1. 3. those sinnes. 1633: that sinne.
- 1. 7. I'have wonne. 1633: I lave wonne.
- l. 15. Sweare by thy selfe. 1633: But sweare by thy selfe.

LATIN POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS

- p. 325, II. 21-22. Epigramma. These two lines are printed in the editions as the third and fourth lines of the letter. The Grolier Club editor first pointed out that they had obviously been misplaced. I have followed Professor Grierson and removed them to the end of the letter, under the heading 'Epigramma.' Since it is doubtful if Donne wrote them, they are printed here in italics.
- p. 327, 11. 1-2. To Mr. George Herbert, etc. The old editions print the first two lines as a title, the poem beginning at "Adopted in God's family." The Grolier Club and the Oxford (Professor Grierson) editions incorporate these lines in the text.
 - 1. 22. "[Wishes] and Prayers:" the editions read 'Works', which is a false rendering of the Latin and upsets the metre. [Wishes] is Professor Grierson's emendation which I have adopted. The Latin version shows clearly that it is correct:
 - "Pignora amicitiæ, et munera: Vota, preces."

PROSE

PARADOXES AND PROBLEMES

p. 335. Paradox I. Cf. LXXX Sermons 25:"... some men out of a petulancy and wantonness of wit, and out of the extravagancy of paradoxes, and such singularities, have called the faculties, and abilities of women in question, even in the root thereof, in the reasonable and immortal soul. ..." This quotation applies

equally well to Donne's early poems, with which the "Paradoxes and Problemes" should be compared. In them the same attitude towards womankind is evident, the attitude of a relentless, gibing wit. 'weary,' 1633: 1652 'wary'.

- p. 339, 1. 20. Paradox IV. [Lustre]: the editions give the corrupt reading: 'lush'. Mrs. Simpson has shown that the reading 'lustre', which is found in two MS. copies of Donne's 'Juvenilia' (MS. Wyburd, which Mr. P. J. Dobell, its present owner, allowed me to examine, and MS. O'Flaherty, Harvard) is certainly correct. (See Donne's Paradoxes and Problems. Rev. Eng. Studies, III, 10, 1927.)
 - 1. 23. Edns: 'dotage': read 'dotage,'—MS. emendation quoted in Mrs. Simpson's essay in "A Garland for John Donne" (Harvard, 1931).
- p. 341, l. 11. Paradox VIII. 'our reasonableness': the editions read: 'or reason, noblenesse', which is nonsense. The present emendation is found in two MSS. (v. note, p. 339, l. 20).
- p. 344, l. 11. Paradox X. Edns: 'Arras, hanging': MS.: 'Arras hanging,' (v. note, p. 339, l. 23).
- p. 345, 1. 8. Paradox XI. 'conveiance', 1633: 1652, 'conveiance'.
- p. 347, l. 27. Paradox XII. 'Defect': the editions read 'defect'.
- P. 350, 1. II. Probleme VI. [Peputian]: the editions read 'Palputian'. Mrs. Simpson was the first to point out this emendation (v. A Study of the Prose works of John Donne, 1924), which had been suggested to her by Professor C. C. J. Webb. But cf. Fifty Sermons III, apparently overlooked by Mrs. Simpson: "as that they may be your priests, as your Peputian hereticks did."
- p. 351, l. 22. Probleme IX. Edns: 'Sunnes': MS.: 'Love' (v. note, p. 339, l. 23).
- p. 353, l. 4. Probleme XVI. Mad[e] at Court, neck[s] [put] out and [in]: the edition of 1652 reads: "mad at Court, Necks putt out and joynt there," which is nonsense. The two MSS. quoted by Mrs. Simpson (op. cit.) give the correct meaning, and I am indebted to her for the emendation. MS. Wyburd, which I have examined, omits 'in' before 'joynt'.

IGNATIUS HIS CONCLAVE, 1611

Variant Readings of the First and Second Editions in English. 1611-1626.

1611 Reading.	1626 Reading.
P• 359, 1. 1. least	lest
1. 4. face,	face;
1. 11. Ghest	Guest
p. 360, 1. 5. *th'eternall	th'etheriall
1. 6. Harpe,	Harpe:
1. 7. agen	agen,
1. 7. agen1. 8. safely say	safely say,
1. 25. Adrian 6,	Adrian 6.
p. 361, l. 1. Papists;	Papists,
p. 362, l. 7. 50000 Saints least	5000 Saints lest
p. 364, l. 28. *O, you	Do you
p. 365, l. 14. *Notion	motion
p. 366, l. 16. matter of faith	matter of Faith
1. 17. Antehema	Anathema
1. 26. *Bohenheim	Hohenheim
p. 367, l. 32. *hammer; It	name. It
p. 368. l. 15. Bul	Bull
1. 29. *from these	from you these
1. 33. Lord	Lords
p. 369, l. 18. kings atturney	Kings Atturney
l. 23. *Pampelnus	Pampelune
l. 35. Dtead	Dread
p. 370, l. 27. *too long	so long
l. 35. *understandings	undertakings
p. 371, l. 12. *befote	before
p. 377, l. 16. *sonnes	scumme
p. 378, l. 2. to profit all	to perfect all
1. 9. *Boniface	Benefices
p. 380, l. 31. *it is	it is not
p. 381, l. 3. *Our Author	one another
1. 25. *Protolipe	prototype
1. 33. *curried	caried
p. 385, l. 1. *prayers l. 30. *obsolute	prayse s obsolete
l. 30. using I must confesse	using, I must con-
his	fesse, his
l. 35. pronounce; that	pronounce, that
p. 391, l. 23. *and to loose	and so lose
p. 392, l. 18. *longer	long
p. 393, l. 2. to a 150	to 150
l. 12. in steed	in stead
* 1. 15. *drug	dung
1. 20. since that seemes	since that, seemes
p. 394, l. 20. neere the gate	neerer the gate

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Exorcismes p. 395, 1. 22. Exorcisme shake off agen p. 407, 1. 37. shake of agen

* indicates that the reading is corrected in the Errata of the 1611 edition.

MISCELLANEOUS

"Newes from the very Countrey," a collection of witty sayings, was first printed over the initials J.D. in the second impression of "Overbury's Wife," 1614: "A Wife: now the Widdow of Sir Thomas Overburye. . . . Whereunto are added many witty Characters, and conceited Newes, written by himselfe and other learned Gentlemen his friends." Donne's contribution to the "conceited Newes" was reprinted among his poems in the editions of 1650, 1654, 1669. The present text is that of the 1614 edition of Overbury's "Wife," with one difference, that the single paragraph of the original has here been broken up into separate sentences.

"The Character of a Scot at the first sight" was first printed in the 1652 edition of the "Paradoxes and

Problems," from which it is now reprinted.

"The True Character of a Dunce" and "An Essay of Valour" both appear in the eleventh edition (1622) of Overbury's "Wife." The authorship of many of the "Characters" has still to be decided, but Mr. F. L. Lucas in his complete edition of Webster has shown that Webster was certainly the author of one group. It is interesting to find Donne engaged like Webster, whom he resembles in many ways, in composing these trifles. The "Character" and the "Essay" were afterwards reprinted in the 1652 edition of the "Paradoxes and Problems." The present text is from the 1622 edition of "A Wife." (P. 418, 1. 31. 1622: Mistrisses. 1652:

"BIAGANATOE, a declaration of that paradoxe, or thesis, Masters). that Self-homicide is not so naturally Sin, that it may never be otherwise," was written about the year 1608, and is therefore the second of Donne's prose works, and his first essay in controversy. During his lifetime it was circulated in manuscript, and two MS. copies were written at Donne's command for Lord Herbert of Cherbury and Sir Robert Ker. The former was presented to the Bodleian by Lord Herbert in 1642 (MS. e Musæo 131). The letters that accompanied these presentation copies have also survived, and one is printed in this edition (p. 470). Donne seems to have regarded this curious and

ingenious piece of casuistry with more affection than his other prose writings, for, although he was unwilling that it should be printed, he would not have it destroyed. "Let any that your discretion admits to the sight of it, know the date of it," he wrote to Ker, "and that it is a book written by Jack Donne, and not by D. Donne: Reserve it for me, if I live, and if I die, I only forbid it the Presse, and the Fire: publish it not, but yet burn it not; and between those, do what you will with it." The outcome of these reservations was a license for the publication of Biathanatos, granted in September 1644. 1648 the sheets of the undated first edition were re-issued with a cancel title, and upon this text the present selection Some readings from the Bodleian MS. have been introduced, and they are mentioned below.

Readings from Bodleian MS. (e Musæo 131) of Biathanatos incorporated in the text.

PREFACE.	340
p. 421, l. 24. l. 31. l. 32. l. 34. p. 422, l. 77. p. 423, l. 97. p. 424, l. 129. p. 425, l. 168. l. 178.	so peremptory some excuse he calls us repaires not another in Gods pathes hee pronounceth I doubt not but they God in his judgement they shall pardon me this opinion

1648 text such peremptory some excuses he called us repaires not anothers in Gods path hee pronounces I doubt not that they God in his judgments They shall pardon this opinion

PART III, DIS. I, SECT. I.

p. 426, l. 7. by departing farther and farther

l. 11. and further exercise

23. we can behold withall

l. 38. or other apparances

is Diametrally under 42. them

p. 427, l. 77. so much worth reduc-

p. 428, l. 82. He shall see the way the better

90.

by dedeparting further and further for further exercise we can be bold withall or other apparance is Divine truely under them so much the worth reducing He shall the way the better clamour and bitings

clamour and biting The proper names, Trismegistus and Ennodius, wrongly

given in the 1648 issue, have been corrected from the MS. The square brackets, denoting quotations, have been retained from the 1648 issue.

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"Essays in Divinity. Being Severall Disquisitions, Interwoven with meditations and prayers," were written about the year 1615, but were not printed until 1651, and were re-issued with a new dedication by Donne's son in the same volume as "Paradoxes, Problemes, etc.," 1652. One can only suppose that the younger Donne introduced these grave and rather dull theological essays as a palliative into an otherwise wanton collection.

The first of the five prayers now printed is in the body of the essays in the 1651 edition, the remaining four are collected at the end of the volume in an appendix. The

present text is that of the 1651 edition.

LETTERS

Forty-one letters, from various sources, have been selected to illustrate, as far as possible, the trend of Donne's thought over the whole period of his adult life. Sixteen are printed from "Letters to several persons of honour. 1651": (Nos. VII-XIII, XVI, XXI, XXII, XXV, XXVIII, XXXIV, XXXVIII, XXXIX, XL); nine from "A collection of letters, made by Sir Tobie Mathew, 1660": (Nos. XVIII, XX, XXIV, XXIX, XXX, XXXV, XXXVI, XXXVII, XLI); four from A. J. Kempe's account of the Loseley MSS. 1835, which contains the Loseley letters not printed, according to Mr. Keynes' bibliography (1914), until 1852: (Nos. IV, V, VI, XXXII); four from the Burley MS.: (Nos. I, II, III, XIV); two from the Domestic State Papers at the Record Office: (Nos. XXVI, XXXIII); and one each from the autograph original: (No. XXXI); the Herbert MSS.: (No. XIX); the Bodleian Tanner MS. LXXXIII: (No. XXVII); the Portland MSS., Hist. MSS. Comm. Rep. 14, App. 2, 6: (No. XVII); the Loder-Symonds MSS., Hist. MSS. Rep. 13, App. 4, 383: (No. XXIII); the Bath MSS. II, 59 (No. XV).

Unfortunately it was impossible to print the letters from the Loseley MS. from the original copies, which exist, though for some reason they may not be examined; the present text, therefore, follows Kempe's transcript,

which appears to have been made with care.

The Burley MS. having been destroyed by fire, it is with Mrs. Simpson's permission that four of the letters it once contained are reprinted here, from her "Study of the Prose Works of John Donne. 1924." I am much

obliged to Dr. Chapman, secretary to the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, who possess the only transcript, and

to Mrs. Simpson, for their courtesy.

The letter to Edward Herbert is printed here for the first time by permission of the Earl of Powis, among whose Herbert MSS., while under examination at the Record Office, it was discovered by Mr. S. C. Ratcliff, who communicated the discovery to me. It adds one small and hitherto unknown fact to Donne's biography—the exact date of his ordination.

The letters have been arranged in chronological order; conjectural dates have been added in square brackets.

- Letter I. This is the earliest of Donne's letters that has been preserved. There is no evidence to whom it was addressed, but it is clear that it was written at the beginning of the Islands Voyage (1597), when the fleet was driven back by storm to shelter in Plymouth. At the same time Donne sent his friend Christopher Brooke some verses ("The Storme," p. 145) describing the perilous retreat. It is possible that he was also the recipient of this letter. 1. 3, "ast ego vicissem (Cicero)". Burley MS. omits the brackets. Cicero is obviously a gloss that has crept into the text.
- Letter II. Mrs. Simpson conjectures that this letter was sent to Wotton with copies of the "Paradoxes and Problemes" (q.v.). It must have been written at the end of the century. The transcriber of the Burley MS., from which this letter is printed, added: "Here follow Donne's Paradoxes: 'That all things kill themselves' etc." 1. 38, 'Areti[n]us'. Burley MS.: 'Aretius'. 1. 45, 'sirrope'. Burley MS.: 'sirrops'. The remarks on Aretine recall a similar passage in "Ignatius his Conclave" (see p. 391).
- Letter III. The interest of this letter lies in the mention of Dante, with whose works Donne was certainly acquainted. The debt which he owes to Dante in "Ignatius his Conclave" is pointed out by Signor Praz in his work: "Secentismo e Marinismo in Inghilterra." 1. 35, '[so] far'. Burley MS.: 'far'. 11. 50-1: this passage is corrupt. Mrs. Simpson suggests 'malle malum', or 'malorum ultimum'. 1. 62: 'qui'. Burley MS.: 'que'.
- Letter IV. This and the two following letters were written at the time of Donne's runaway marriage with Anne More, as a result of which he and the two friends who had assisted him, Christopher and Samuel Brooke, were thrown into prison. Sir George More was his father-in-law; Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, was

- Donne's employer. The letter to Egerton from the Losely MS. was omitted in Sir Edmund Gosse's 'Life and Letters.'
- Letter VII. The loss to which Donne refers at the beginning of the letter was that of Sir Henry Goodyer's wife, who died in 1604. At that time Donne was residing in Sir Francis Wooley's house at Pyrford. (1651 text reads: 'Pyesford' in the address.)
- Letter VIII. The date of this letter must be fixed about the year 1604, when Sir George More had become reconciled to his son-in-law. Already, it appears from the last sentences, Donne had begun to regret that his "Juvenilia" had been made public. 1.8: of all these times. 1651:
- Letter X. The Litany which Donne wrote at Mitcham during his illness was printed in 1633 (p. 293 of this edition). The book of 300 pages is "Pseudo-Martyr," published in 1610 (see Letter XV). 1. 68: 'latter'. 1651: 'later'.
- Letter XI. "When I must shipwracke, etc." Cf. "A Hymne to Christ," p. 306.
- Letter XII. A Vuestra Merced (sp. To your Worship). This letter was probably sent to Sir Henry Goodyer. Mrs. Mearely was a lady-in-waiting to the Countess of Bedford. "My Lady" is Lucy, Countess of Bedford; "Mistress Herbert," mother of George Herbert and Edward Herbert, baron Cherbury, one of Donne's oldest friends. She married later Sir John Danvers, and her funeral sermon was preached by Donne. 1. 30: 'coarse'. 1651: 'course'.
 - Letter XIII. This letter was written when Donne was a frequent visitor at Lady Bedford's house at Twickenham. The references to 'the Countesse' and 'her Ladyship' are to her. 1.50: 'umbrellas'. 1651: 'umbrella's'.
 - Letter XIV. Mrs. Simpson, who printed this letter for the first time in her 'Study of the Prose Works,' suggests that it was written to the Countess of Bedford. "Tamerlins last dayes black ensignes." Cf. Marlowe, 'Tamburlaine' II, Act V, sc. 3. This interesting reference to the drama—there are very few to be found in the body of Donne's work—suggests that at one time Donne did frequent the theatre. Cf. Sir Richard Baker's 'Chronicle of the Kings of England': "Mr. John Dunne, who leaving Oxford, liv'd at the Inns of Court, not dissolute but very neat: a great Visiter of Ladies, a great Frequenter of Plays, a great Writer of conceited Verses." See also Verse Letter to Mr. E. G., p. 175, l. 8. l. 24: 'are named are made', so Burley MS. Conjecture: 'are named and made'.

- Letter XV. This letter was not printed by Sir Edmund Gosse in his 'Life and Letters,' nor is it recorded in Mr. Geoffrey Keynes' bibliography (1914). 'Pseudo-martyr,' the book to which Donne refers, was dedicated to James I.
- Letter XVI. George Gerrard, to whom this letter is addressed, was Donne's most intimate friend. 1. 13 et seq. Donne did not continue his law studies at Lincoln's Inn, at which he was a student after he left Cambridge, although he never lost touch with the society. After his ordination he was elected preacher and given rooms in the Inn. For the "Anniversaries" see p. 195, et seq., and note on same.
- Letter XVII. This letter is not printed in Gosse's 'Life and Letters' and is not recorded in Mr. Geoffrey Keynes' bibliography (1914). Montgomery Castle was a seat of the Herbert family (Philip Herbert, Earl of Montgomery). See poems "The Primrose, being at Montgomery Castle, upon the hill, on which it is situate," p. 45, and "Good Friday riding westward," p. 292. Bellarmine (1. 7) was one of the Catholic casuists most studied by Donne in the preparation of his "Pseudo-martyr."
- Letter XVIII. From the Tobie Mathew Collection; not reprinted by Gosse. Although there is no evidence either of date or to whom this letter was sent, the reference to Lord Clifford (b. 1591) suggests that it was written to George Gerrard who, it seems, was intimate with him. (Cf. Letters 1651, 106 [1613]).
- Letter XIX. This letter has not been printed before. Sir Edward Herbert was afterwards ennobled and took the title of Lord Herbert of Cherbury. Hitherto the exact date of Donne's conversion was not known, though Dr. Jessop ingeniously suggested January 25, 1614-15, the festival of the Conversion of St. Paul.
- Letter XX. From the Tobie Mathew Collection; not reprinted by Gosse. The remark, "For it is but earlie daies with me here..." might well refer to Donne's early days in the Church. Internal evidence is in favour of a date around the year 1614.
- Letter XXI. 'The Countesse': i.e. Lady Bedford, who at this time was out of favour with the poet. Her rival was 'the other Countesse' of Huntingdon. The verses, to which reference is made, were probably the Verse Letter "Man to God's image, etc." (see p. 169). 1.44: 'Dregs'. 1651: 'Drugs'.
- Letter XXII. To Sir Robert Carre, i.e. Ker. (See Note and Preface to "Biathanatos," p. 420.)

- Letter XXIV. Donne's mother was a great-great-grandchild of Elizabeth More, sister of Sir Thomas More. Elizabeth More married John Rastall, the jurist, and her grandchild Elizabeth married John Heywood, the writer of interludes. Mrs. Donne remained a Catholic all her life, and survived her son; she was buried on the 28th of January, 1632. The Mr. Rainsford mentioned in the letter was Mrs. Donne's third husband; after his death she came to live with her son at St. Paul's Deanery.
- Letter XXVI. Sir Thomas Roe was ambassador to the Porte from the end of 1621 until 1628. This letter is interesting for the details it gives of Donne's way of preaching. The sermon preached on 'Gunpowder day' is number 43 of the volume of Fifty Sermons. 1.21: '[Our]'. S. P. Dom. James I, from which this letter is printed, omits.
- Letter XXVII. 1. 29: '[is]'. Tanner MS. LXXIII, from which this letter is printed, omits. 1. 30: '[Of]'. Tanner MS. omits. Address [Pa]uls. [1]623. Tanner MS. torn.
- Letter XXVIII. For information on Donne's book of 'Devotions,' to which reference is made in this and the following letter, see note, p. 506.
- Letter XXX. The sermon in question was probably number 17 of LXXX Sermons. Cf. quotation in note on 1. 228 "Second Anniversarie."
- Letter XXXI. First printed in Letters 1651. Lady Kingsmill (Bridget White) was an old acquaintance of Donne, and several letters to her from Donne have been preserved. Her husband died on October 26th, 1624 (v. Note, p. 794).
- Letter XXXII. This letter from the Loseley MS. is not printed in Gosse's 'Life and Letters,' and was overlooked by Keynes in his bibliography (1914). Sir John Danvers, from whose house it was addressed—Donne had retired there during the plague months of 1625—was the second husband of Magdalen Herbert, the mother of two of Donne's oldest friends.
- Letter XXXIII. Sir Edmund Gosse ('Life and Letters,' II, 222) suggests that this letter may have been addressed to the 4th Earl of Dorset. I have been unable to find evidence to support his conjecture. Donne was on intimate terms with the Sackville family and was a frequent guest at Knole, where he is known to have preached a sermon. (See Diary of Lady Anne Clifford. (Heinemann, 1923), wife of the 3rd Earl, where this occasion, hitherto overlooked by Donne's biographers, is recorded.) Richard the 3rd Earl had presented Donne to the living of St. Dunstan's in the West in 1624 (v. Note, p. 794).

The eighty sermons (mentioned in the postscript) which Donne had revised during his sojourn at Chelsea must not be mistaken for the volume of LXXX Sermons, published in 1640.

- Letter XXXIV. For an account of the incidents described in this letter see Gosse's 'Life and Letters,' II, 242-3. Donne was supposed to have supported in a sermon (April 1st, 1637. Fifty Sermons, 27) the Low Church principles of Archbishop Abbot against Laud and the Royal party. Laud persuaded Charles I to demand a copy of Donne's sermon. Donne, alarmed at his sudden decline from royal favour, wrote to Sir Robert Ker for advice. 1. 11: 1651: 'exscrcribed.'
- Letter XXXV. Mrs. Ann Cokain (mother of the dramatist Sir Aston Cokain) was the daughter of Sir John Stanhope of Elvaston. She married early in the century Thomas Cokain of Ashbourne, who later went mad and deserted her in order to compose an English-Greek lexicon. Donne had probably become acquainted with her through Sir Henry Goodyer.
- Letter XL. 'more with the [uvula]'. The 1651 edition reads: 'more with the vurbah', which is nonsense. almost certainly wrote 'uvula' (or uvulah) and the printer interchanged the u and v and stumbled on as best he The symptoms which Donne describes in this passage are obviously those of the quinsy, inflammation of the uvula and tonsils.

DEVOTIONS, 1624

The following editions are quoted in the notes: 1st edition, 1624; 2nd edition, 1624; 3rd edition, 1626; Alford, 1839; Pickering, 1840; Sparrow, 1923.

Meditation II, p. 509, l. 10. 'lead . . . iron . . . brasse' Italics from 1626 edition.

1. 16. 'of those two'. Early editions read: 'of these two'. This is Mr. John Sparrow's emendation.

'in an equall pace'. Early 1. 17. editions read: 'place'. This emendation is found in Alford's edition (1839) and in Pickering's (1840).

the picture, the copie of 1. 30. death'. Italics from 1626 The edition. second edition of 1624 prints 'copy of death', but the

		first edition of the same year prints the whole passage in roman.
Meditation IV,	p. 512, l. 18	'Meditation'. The editions read: 'Meditations'.
Meditation IX,	p. 521, l. 8.	'[As] if'. Mr. John Spar- row's conjecture, which I have adopted. The editions read: 'If'.
		'put[s]'. Early editions read: 'put'.
Meditation XIV,	p. 532, l. 10.	'made of'. Early editions read: 'made off'.
Meditation XVIII,	p. 541, 1. 82.	'for a clocke'. So 1624, 1st edition. All the early editions, as well as Alford and Pickering, read: 'for a cloake'.
Meditation XXII,	p. 549, l. 38.	'sometime[s] the very situa- tion'. The editions read: 'sometime, etc.'.

SERMONS

Six of Donne's sermons were printed during his lifetime, between 1622 and 1627, and seven more soon after his death. These were followed by three folio volumes of LXXX, Fifty and XXVI Sermons in the years 1640, 1649, 1660 respectively; and recently a hitherto unpublished sermon has been discovered in a MS. belonging to Mr. Wilfred Merton.

The sermons were carefully edited by Donne for the Press, and at his death they were bequeathed to his son who undertook to print them. It appears that it was Donne's custom to write his sermons after they had been delivered, so that the printed text cannot be regarded as the exact form of the sermon as it was originally spoken. The nineteenth sermon in the volume of XXVI sermons ("A Sermon of Valediction at my going into Germany, at Lincolnes-Inne, April 18, 1619") exists in two versions, the earlier of which (printed in "Sapientia Clamitans. 1638") probably follows the original more closely. A text very similar to that of 1638 is also found in a MS. volume of sermons belonging to Mr. Wilfred Merton, and in Ashmole MS. 718, at the Bodleian, Oxford.

The sources of the selections in this edition will be found at the head of each passage or group of passages; in every case the text follows that of the earliest printed

edition. The punctuation has been corrected in a few obvious places and the marginal references deleted, but the text, on the whole, is an exact reprint of the version designed by Donne for publication, and preserves the original spelling, punctuation and italics. At first sight the apparently arbitrary use of italics and stops is puzzling, but a curious reader will soon discover in it a system of emphasis and rhythm devised by Donne to retain in print the modulations of his own voice.

SERMON TO THE KING AT WHITEHALL, 1625

p. 557, 1, l. 76. o[u]r (Editor) or (1626 text) p. 558, 2, l. 22. estab[l]ished (Editor) established (1626 text)

SIX SERMONS, 1634

Collation with 1649 folio of Fifty Sermons.

Col	lation with 1649) folio of Fifty Sern	no ns.
	Six Seri	mons	Fifty Sermons
I,	p. 577, l. 25. f	furnishing	xxvIII. finishing
	p. 578, 1. 50. 0	an shake the earth	Sermon XXVIII
			adds: 'and
			these fires
			in minutes '
II,	p. 579, l. 17.	lovers	xxix. lower
III,	p. 580, l. 6.	can persons	III. can these per-
			sons
	l. 31.	have	leave
(V)			xxxv. could
		these	those
	l. 20.	Ad distinctionem	and then men
			Ad dist
	l. 26.	of the promises	of all those pro-
	• •		mises
	1. 26.	in the midst of	into the midst
			of.
	1. 31.	look graciously	graciously on
		at last	them at last
		sonne of grace	sunne of grace
		clangour	danger
	1. 57.	the inexpressible	an unspeakable
	1 6.	love	love
	1. 01.	who is Alpha	who is Almighty - α and ω
	1 62	and Omega that God is also	Sermon XXXV
	1. 02.	love First	omits
		and last	0//463
	1. 66.	a strange assur-	that strong as-
	1. 00.	ance	surance
	p. 583, 1. 75.	saw a storm	saw a gust,
	£. 2.22 12.		

storm

EIGHTY SERMONS, 1640

EIGH	ITY SERMONS, 10	540
Editor's eme vii. i, p. 591, l. 9. i, p. 592, l. 41. 5, p. 595, l. 11. ix. i, p. 597, l. 9. 2, p. 598, l. 2. xxiii. 3, p. 613, l. 16.	œconom[ic]us [it] is his voice man[n]er a[n] oath some [of] you S[o]n of right-	maner a oath some you Sun of righteousnesse
LXIII. p. 642, l. 110.	eousnesse sor[r]ows	sorows
	FTY SERMONS, 16	
Tilleanie om	andation	1640 text

Editor's eme XXXI. 2, p. 700, l. 5. XXXIII. p. 704, l. 106. p. 706, l. 170. XL. 2, p. 715, l. 12. 3, p. 717, l. 35.	[T]o Chri[sti]ani momenta[r]y with [a] Process	Lo Chri-ani momentay with Process more man, to fight
--	---	--

TWENTY-SIX SERMONS, 1660

TWEN	I I -OIT OFFICIACION -	•••
Editor's eme vi. p. 726, l. 31.	ndation thou ar[t] pre- sently left	1660 text
xxv. 2, p. 735, l. 14.	[411]	membroic
	DEATHY'S DIETT	

DEATH'S DUELL

	DEATH S	DUELL	
Death's D	uell, 1632 text	XXVI	Sermons, No. 26, 1660 text
p. 739, l. 8. l. 27. p. 741, l. 6. l. 8. l. 29. p. 742, l. 7.	God of all salvation and salvation of all salvation in all our death In all our period such knowledge and no strength	ion s	salvation; ad salutes God of all salvations in all our deaths And all our periods Such knowledge and there is not strength
1. 14.	our parents have	to say	our parents have reason to say
1. 23. p. 743, l. 8. p. 744, l. 1. l. 8.	Theba cordes of hestae By what measure but our common	•	Thebah cordes of flesh By that measure but one common grave [falls
p. 745, l. 11. l. 31.	heavier than dea from manifold d	th fall eaths	heavier than death from the manifold deaths [not
p. 746, l. 9. l. 25. l. 27.	no corruption has embalming his for all his union		nor corruption had embalming this for all this union

DEATH'S DUELL-continued.

p. 748, l. 16.	their hestae shall not see	their flesh shall not
	breath into them	breathed into them
	reanimating	re-inanimating
p. 751, l. 5.	that [he]	he omitted in 1632 and 1660 texts
ll. 15, 21.	Bartaam	Barlaam [for it
	to have staid longer	to have staid longer
p. 752, l. 19.	Fac hoc et vive	fac hoc et vives
p. 753, l. 4.	death of another.	death of another, by the death of Christ.
p. 755, l. 32.	and not worse	and no worse
p. 756, l. 20.	a certain terdernesse	a certain tendernesse
l. 23.	contingat, nor if	contingat, not if
p. 758, 1. 22.	all that time thou knowest	all that time, last night, etc.
p. 759, l. 30.	faint in their sight	faint in their light

Some changes in orthography have been incorporated from the text of the 1660 folio.

ADDITIONAL NOTES

P. 8, ll. 13-16. Mr. John Sparrow has communicated to me Dr. Edwyn Bevan's new and convincing interpretation of this passage, though his emendation is not supported by any edition or MS. By altering not in line 13 to but, Donne's meaning would be: "Let me love no one object of desire, but only the sport (the physical act) itself."

P. 126, l. 14, Satyre II. 'Bearing-like Asses'; this is Professor Grierson's emendation of the text of 1633, which reads: 'Bearing lixe Asses, and more shamelesse, etc.' For a further discussion of this difficult passage v. Times Literary

Supplement: 20.2; 6.3; 13.3; 1930.

P. 305, I. 10. I have adopted the reading: 'refined dust' in place of 'sublimed dust,' thereby avoiding an awkward repetition. This reading was communicated to me by Professor Grierson, who found it in a commonplace book of XVIIth century poetry at Taverham Hall, Norwich. It contains an interesting poem entitled: "Mr. Tilman of Pembroke Hall in Cambridge his motives not to take orders." (For an account of this MS., which was sold to Messrs. Maggs in 1935, see "Essays and Studies," XVI, 1931.)

P. 483. Letter XXXI. The bracketed words in the address

and the text are from the printed version in Letters 1651.

P. 773. Note on "The Anniversaries." The Huth-Chew copy of 1612 is now (1935) in the Leicester Harmsworth collection. Mr. Keynes (Bibliography, 1932) has traced two more copies, one at Harvard, another (imperfect) now in his own collection.

ADDITIONAL NOTES-continued.

P. 789. Note on Letter XXXIII. Gosse's suggestion was tentatively adopted in the first three impressions of this edition. It has since been proved that this letter was addressed to Sir Thomas Roe. (v. Times Literary Supplement: 31.1; 7.2; 1935.)

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